

The city Madam


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THE CITY MADAM.



TO THE TRULY NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS

LADY ANN COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

HONOURED LADY,—In that age when wit and learning were not ~~so much~~ ^{as} that dares be false the object of love and commendations, it being composed by ~~any other~~ ^{master, though unjust, will be} true In this epistle I shall not need to make an apology for ~~any other~~ ^{any other}. Look not for reward word, they are mirrors or glasses which ~~not~~ ^{encouragement I had to} ~~encourage~~ ^{encourage} me. I will shun thy sight As I would do a basilisk's: thank my pity. If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order Your practice shall be silenced.

Over. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

[Attempts to kill MARGARET.]

Loe. [spring forward.] Hold, for your own sake!

Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be cross'd.

Over. Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares shew itself, where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

Loe. I am ready.

L. All. Stay, sir,
Content with one distracted!

Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Over. Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.—
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place:
Alone I can do nothing; but I have servants,
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes, (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave
One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions!

Mar. Is't not brave sport?

Greedy. Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en
away my stomach;

I do not like the sauce.

All. Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed no-
I can do twenty neater, if you please [thing?]

Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's: thank my pity.
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you will have me, sir.

Well. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.

Ord. Take this kick with you.

Amb. And this.
Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.

Mar. This is the haven
False servants still arrive at.

[Exit.]

Re-enter OVERMARCH.

L. All. Come again!

Loe. Fear not, I am your guard.

Well. His looks are ghastly.

Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under
your favours,

In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.

Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a
squadron

Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am
mounted

Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?

No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,

[Flourishing his sword sheathed.]

I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,

And takes away the me of't; and my sword,

Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure,
hangmen.

That come to bind my hands, and then to drag
me

Before the judgment-seat: now they are new
shapes,

And do appear like Furies, with steel whips

To scourge my vicious soul. Shall I then fall

Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate,

I will be as hell like to myself.

Though you are legions of accursed spirits,

Thus would I fly among you.

[Rushes forward, and flings himself on the ground.]

L. Frug. And good reason why
You should continue so.

Anne. Who did new clothe you?

Marg. Admitted you to the dining-room?

Mill. Allow'd you

A fresh bed in the garret?

L. Frug. Or from whom
Received you spending money?

Luke. I owe all this

To your goodness, madam; for it you have my
prayers.

The beggar's satisfaction: all my studies
(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty
Remembering what I am) are how to please you.
And if in my long stay I have offended,
I ask your pardon; though you may consider,
Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,
These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,
I could not come much sooner. [ater,

Gold. Here was a walk

To breathe a footman!

Anne. 'Tis a curious fan.

Marg. These roses will shew rare: would 'twere
That the garters might be seen too! [in fashion

Mill. Many ladies

That know they have good legs, wish the same
Men that way have the advantage. [with you;

Luke. I was with

The lady, and delivered her the satin
For her gown, and velvet for her petticoat;
This night she vows she'll pay you

[Aside to GOLDWIRE.

Gold. How I am bound

To your favour, master Luke!

Mill. As I live, you will

Perfume all rooms you walk in.

L. Frug. Get your fur,

You shall pull them on within. [Exit LUKE.

Gold. That servile office

Her pride imposes on him.

Sir John. [within.] Goldwire! Tradewell!

Trade. My master calls.—We come, sir.

[Exit GOLDWIRE and TRADEWELL.

Enter HOLDFAST, and Porters with Baskets, &c.

L. Frug. What have you brought there?

Hold. The cream o' the market;

Provision enough to serve a garrison.

I weep to think on't: when my master got
His wealth, his family fed on roots and livers,
And necks of beef on Sundays.—

But now I fear it will be spent in poultry;

Butcher's-meat will not go down.

L. Frug. Why, you rascal, is it

At your expense? what cooks have you provided?

Hold. The best of the city: they've wrought
At your lord mayor's.

Anne. Fie on them! they smell of Fleet-lane,
and Pie-corner.

Marg. And think the happiness of man's life
In a mighty shoulder of mutton. [consists

L. Frug. I'll have none

Shall touch what I shall eat, you grumbling cur,
But Frenchmen and Italians; they wear satin,
And dish no meat but in silver.

Hold. You may want, though,

A dish or two when the service ends.

L. Frug. Leave prating;

I'll have my will: do you as I command you.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Street before FRUGAL'S House.

Enter Sir MAURICE LACY and Page.

Sir Maur. You were with Plenty?

Page. Yes, sir.

Sir Maur. And what answer

Return'd the clown?

Page. Clown, sir! he is transform'd,
And grown a gallant of the last edition;
More rich than gaudy in his habit; yet
The freedom and the bluntness of his language
Continues with him. When I told him that
You gave him caution, as he loved the peace
And safety of his life, he should forbear
To pass the merchant's threshold, until you,
Of his two daughters, had made choice of her
Whom you design'd to honour as your wife,
He smiled in scorn.

Sir Maur. In scorn!

Page. His words confirm'd it;
They were few, but to this purpose: Tell your
master,

Though his lordship in reversion were now his,
It cannot awe me. I was born a freeman,
And will not yield, in the way of affection,
Precedence to him: I will visit them,
Though he sets porter to deny me entrance;
When I meet him next, I'll say more to his face.
Deliver thou this: then gave me a piece,
To help my memory, and so we parted.

Sir Maur. Where got he this spirit?

Page. At the academy of valour,
Newly erected for the institution
Of elder brothers; where they are taught the ways,
Though they refuse to seal for a duellist,
How to decline a challenge. He himself
Can best resolve you.

Enter PLENTY and three Servants.

Sir Maur. You, sir!

Plenty. What with me, sir?

How big you look! I will not loose a hat
To a hair's breadth: move your beaver, I'll move
mine;

Or if you desire to prove your sword, mine hangs
As near my right hand, and will as soon out;
though I keep not

A fencer to breathe me. Walk into Moorfields—
I dare look on your Toledo. Do not shew
A foolish valour in the streets, to make
Work for shopkeepers and their clubs, 'tis scurvy.
And the women will laugh at us.

Sir Maur. You presume
On the protection of your hands.

Plenty. I scorn it!

Though I keep men, I fight not with their fingers,
Nor make it my religion to follow
The gallant's fashion, to have my family
Consisting in a footman and a page,
And those two sometimes hungry. I can afford these,
And clothe them too, my gay sir.

Sir Maur. What a fine man
Hath your tailor made you!

Plenty. 'Tis quite contrary.

I have made my tailor, for my clothes are paid for
As soon as put on; a sin your man of title
Is seldom guilty of; but Heaven forgiv'd it!
I have other faults, too, very incident
To a plain gentleman: I eat my venison

With my neighbours in the country and present not

My pheasants, partridges, and grown to the usurer,
Nor ever yet paid brokage to his usurer
I flatter not my mercer's wife nor cheat her
With the first cherries, or peaches to prepare me
Credit with her husband when I come to London
The wool of my sheep or a score or two of fat oxen
In Smithfield, give me money for my expenses
I can make my wife a purchaser of such lands too
As are not encumbered with annuity
Or statute lying on them. Thus I can do
As it please you to my honour and why there
You should find it my being suitor with you for
My dullness as much as not

Page This is bitter

Sir Maur I have heard you, sir, and in my patience shown

Too much of the stoic. But to parky further,
Or answer your gross jests, would write me coward
This only—thy great grandfather was a butcher,
And his son a grazier, thy sire, constable
Of the hundred, and thou the first of your dunghill
Created gentleman. Now you may come on, sir,
You and your thrashers

Plenty Stir not, on your lives

This for the grazier—this for the butcher

Sir Maur So, sir!

Page I'll not stand idle, draw! [to the Servants] my little rapier,

Against your bumb blades! I'll one by one dispatch you,

Then house this instrument of death and horror

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Lord George Junior, and Tradewell Junior

Sir John Beat down their weapons. My gate
What insolence is this? [ruffian's hall]

Lucy Noble sir Maurice,
Worshipful master Plenty—

Sir John I blush for you
Men of your quality expose your fame
To every vulgar censure! 'tis at midnight,
After a drunken supper in a tavern
(No civil man abroad to censure it)
Hid shewn poor in you, but in the day, and view
Of all that pass by monstrous!

Plenty Very well, sir,
You look'd for this defence

Sir Maur Is thy protection,
But it will deceive thee

Sir John Hold! if you proceed thus
I must make use of the next justice power,
And leave persuasion, and in plain terms tell you,

Enter Lady Falstaff, Anne, Mary, and Millicent
Neither your birth, sir Maurice, nor your wealth,
Shall privilege this riot. See whom you have drawn
To be spectators of it! can you imagine
It can stand with the credit of my daughters,
To be the argument of your swordsmen's th' street
Nay, ere you do salute, or I give way [too]
To any private conference, shake hands
In sign of peace. He that draws back parts with
My good opinion. [They shake hands] This is as
it should be

Make your approaches and if their affection
Can sympathise with yours, they shall not come
On my credit beggars to you. I will hear
What you reply within

Sir Maur May I have the honour
To support you, lady?

Plenty I know not what's supporting
But by this fair hand glove and all, I love you!

[To Mary]
[I scent all] *Plenty*

Enter HOPE, FORTUNE and FORTUNE

Lucy You are come with all advantage. I will
To the speech of my brother [Help you]

For Have you moved him for us?

Lucy With the best of my endeavours, and I
You'll find him tractable [hope]

Pen Heaven grant he prove so!

Hope How'er, I'll speak my mind

Enter Lord Lacy

Lucy Do so, master Hope
Go in. I'll pay my duty to this lord,
And then I am wholly yours

[to HOPE, FORTUNE and FORTUNE]
Heaven bless your honour

I Lacy Your hand, master Luke. the world
much changed with you

Within these few months, then you were the gallant
No meeting at the horse race, cocking, hunting,
Shooting, or bowling, at which master Luke
Was not a principal gamester and companion
For the nobility

Lucy I have paid dear
For those follies, my good lord, and tis but just
That such as soar above their pitch, and will not
Be warn'd by my example, should like me
Shake in the miseries that wait upon it
Your honour in your charity, may do well
Not to upbraid me with those weaknesses
Too late repent'd

L. Lacy I nor do, nor will,
And you shall find I'll lend a helping hand
To raise your fortunes, how dears your brother
with you?

Lucy Beyond my merit I think his goodness
I am a free man, all my debts discharged [for t
Nor does one creditor, undone by me,
Curse my loose riots. I have meat and clothes,
Time to ask heaven remission for what's past,
Cares of the world by me laid aside,
My present poverty a blessing to me
And though I have been long, I dare not say
I ever liv'd till now

I Lacy You hear it well
Yet as you wish I should receive for truth
What you deliver, with that truth acquaint me
With your brother's inclination. I have heard,
In the acquisition of his wealth, he weighs not
What he ruins he builds upon

Lucy In that report
Wrong'd him, my lord. He is a citizen,
And would increase his wealth, and will not lose
What the law gives him. Such are worldly wise
Pursue that track, or they will ne'er wear scarlet
But if your honour please to know his temper,
You are come opportunely. I can bring you
Where you, unseen, shall see and hear his carriage
Towards some poor men whose making or un-
Depends upon his pleasure [doing]

L. Lacy To my wish
I know no object that could more content me

[Accout]

SCENE III.—A Counting-room in FRUGAL'S House.

Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL, HOGST, FORTUNE, PENURY, and GOLDWIRE, Junior.

Sir John. What would you have me do? reach me a chair.

When I lent my monies I appear'd an angel;

But now I would call in mine own, a devil.

Hogst. Were you the devil's dam, you must stay till I have it,

For as I am a gentleman—

Re-enter LUKE, behind, with Lord LACY, whom he places near the door

Luke. There you may hear all.

Hogst. I pawn'd you my land for the tenth part of the value:

Now, 'cause I am a gamester, and keep ordinaries, And a livery punk or so, and trade not with The money-mongers' wives, not one will be bound for me;

'Tis a hard case; you must give me longer day; Or I shall grow very angry.

Sir John. Fret, and spare not.

I know no obligation lies upon me

With my honey to feed drones. But to the purpose, How much owes Penury?

Gold. Two hundred pounds:

His bond three times since forfeited.

Sir John. Is it sued?

Gold. Yes, sir, and execution out against him.

Sir John. For body and goods?

Gold. For both, sir.

Sir John. See it served.

Pen. I am undone; my wife and family Must starve for want of bread.

Sir John. More infidel thou, In not providing better to support them.

What's Fortune's debt?

Gold. A thousand, sir.

Sir John. An estate

For a good man! You were the glorious trader, Embraced all bargains: the main venturer In every ship that launch'd forth; kept your wife As a lady; she had her coach, her choice Of summer-houses, built with other men's monies Ta'en up at interest, the certain road To Ludgate in a citizen. Pray you acquaint me, How were my thousand pounds employ'd?

For. Insult not

On my calamity; though, being a debtor, And a slave to him that lends, I must endure it. Yet hear me speak thus much in my defence; Losses at sea, and those, sir, great and many, By storms and tempests, not domestic riots In soothing my wife's humour, or mine own, Have brought me to this low ebb.

Sir John. Suppose that true,

What is't to me! I must and will have my money, Or I'll protest you first, and, that done, have The statute made for bankrupts served upon you.

For. 'Tis in your power, but not in mine to shun it.

Luke. [comes forward.] Not, as a brother, sir, but with such duty,

As I should use unto my father, since Your charity is my parent, give me leave To speak my thoughts.

Sir John. What would you say?

Luke. No word, sir,

I hope, shall give offence: nor let it relish Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud, I glory in the bravery of your mind, To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches Is, or should be, condemn'd, it being a blessing Derived from heaven, and by your industry Pull'd down upon you; but in this, dear sir, You have many equals: such a man's possessions Extend as far as yours; a second hath His bags as full; a third in credit flies As high in the popular voice: but the distinction And noble difference by which you are Divided from them, is, that you are styled, Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty; And that you feel compassion in your bowels Of others' miseries, (I have found it, sir, Heaven keep me thankful for't!) while they are As rigid and inexorable.

Sir John. I delight not

To hear this spoke to my face.

Luke. That shall not grieve you.

Your affability, and mildness, clothed In the garments of your [thankful] debtors' breath, Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it, Be seen and wonder'd at, and in the act With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such As are born only for themselves, and live so, Though prosperous in worldly understandings, Are but like boasts of rapine, that, by odds Of strength, usurp, and tyrannize o'er others Brought under their subjection.

L. Lacy. A rare fellow!

I am strangely taken with him.

Luke. Can you think, sir,

In your unquestion'd wisdom, I beseech you, The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry, His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forced To beg their bread; this gentleman's estate, By wrong extorted, can advantage you?

Hogst. If it thrive with him, hang me, as it will If he be not converted. [damn him,

Luke. You are too violent.—

Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant, For such he was esteem'd, though now decay'd, Will raise your reputation with good men? But you may urge, (pray you pardon me, my dear) Makes me thus bold and vehement,) in this You satisfy your anger, and revenge For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not Repair your loss, and there was never yet But shame and scandal in a victory, When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it. Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever Contemn'd, though offered; entertain'd by none But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers To moral honesty, and never yet Acquainted with religion.

L. Lacy. Our divines

Cannot speak more effectually.

Sir John. Shall I be

Talk'd out of my money?

Luke. No, sir, but entreated

To do yourself a benefit, and preserve What you possess entire.

Sir John. How, my good brother?

Luke. By making these your headsmen. When they eat,

Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your mercy;

When your ships are at sea, their prayers will
swell
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them
from

Tempests, and pirates; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears.

Sir John. No more.

Luke. Write you a good man in the people's
hearts,

Follow you everywhere.

Sir John. If this could be—

Luke. It must, or our devotions are but words.
I see a gentle promise in your eye,
Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich,
In being the instrument.

Sir John. You shall prevail;

Give them longer day: but, do you hear, no talk
of't.

Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange,
I shall be laugh'd at for my foolish pity,
Which money-men hate deadly. Take your own
time,

But see you break not. Carry them to the cellar;
Drink a health, and thank your orator.

Pen. On our knees, sir.

For. Honest master Luke!

Hoyst. I bless the counter, where
You learn'd this rhetoric.

Luke. No more of that, friends.

[*Exeunt LUKE, HOYST, FORTUNE, and PENURY. LORD
LACY comes forward.*]

Sir John. My honourable lord.

L. Lacy. I have seen and heard all.

Excuse my manners, and wish heartily
You were all of a piece. Your charity to your
debtors,

I do commend; but where you should express
Your piety to the height, I must boldly tell you,
You shew yourself an atheist.

Sir John. Make me know

My error, and for what I am thus censured,

And I will purge myself, or else confess
A guilty cause.

L. Lacy. It is your harsh demeanour
To your poor brother.

Sir John. Is that all?

L. Lacy. 'Tis more

Than can admit defence. You keep him as
A parasite to your table, subject to
The scorn of your proud wife; an underling
To his own nieces: and can I with mine honour
Mix my blood with his, that is not sensible
Of his brother's miseries?

Sir John. Pray you, take me with you;
And let me yield my reasons why I am
No opener-handed to him. I was born
His elder brother, yet my father's fondness
To him, the younger, robb'd me of my birthright:
He had a fair estate, which his loose riots
Soon brought to nothing; wants grew heavy on him,
And when laid up for debt, of all forsaken,
And in his own hopes lost, I did redeem him.

L. Lacy. You could not do less.

Sir John. Was I bound to it, my lord?
What I possess I may, with justice, call
The harvest of my industry. Would you have me,
Neglecting mine own family, to give up
My estate to his disposal?

L. Lacy. I would have you,
What's pass'd forgot, to use him as a brother;
A brother of fair parts, of a clear soul,
Religious, good, and honest.

Sir John. Outward gloss
Often deceives, may it not prove so in him!
And yet my long acquaintance with his nature
Renders me doubtful; but that shall not make
A breach between us: let us in to dinner,
And what trust, or employment you think fit,
Shall be conferr'd upon him: if he prove
True gold in the touch, I'll be no mourner for it.

L. Lacy. If counterfeit, I'll never trust my
judgment. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S House.

*Enter LUKE, HOLDFAST, GOLDWIRE Junior, and
TRADEWELL Junior.*

Hold. The like was never seen.

Luke. Why in this rage, man?

Hold. Men may talk of country-christmasses,
and court-gluttony,
Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of
carps' tongues,
Their pheasants drench'd with ambergris, the
carcasses

Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their feasts
Were fasts, compared with the city's.

Trade. What dear dainty
Was it, thou murmur'st at?

Hold. Did you not observe it?

There were three sucking pigs serv'd up in a dish,
Ta'en from the sow as soon as farrowed,
A fortnight fed with dates, and muskadine,
That stood my master in twenty marks apiece,

Besides the puddings in their bellies, made
Of I know not what.—I dare swear the cook that
dress'd it

Was the devil, disguised like a Dutchman.

Gold. Yet all this

Will not make you fat, fellow Holdfast.

Hold. I am rather

Starv'd to look on't. But here's the mischief—
The dishes were raised one upon another, [though
As woodmongers do billets, for the first,
The second, and third course, and most of the
shops

Of the best confectioners in London ransack'd,
To furnish out a banquet for my lady
Call'd me penurious, and cried out,
There was nothing worth the eating.

Gold. You must have patience,
This is not done often.

Hold. 'Tis not fit it should;

Three such dinners more would break an alderman,
And make him give up his cloak: I am resolv'd
To have no hand in't. I'll make up my accounts,
And since my master longs to be undone, *

The great fiend be his steward : I will pray,
And bless myself from him ! [Exit.

Gold. The wretch shews in this
An honest care.

Luke. Out on him ! with the fortune
Of a slave he has the mind of one. However
She bears me hard, I like my lady's humour,
And my brother's suffrage to it. They are now
Busy on all hands ; one side eager for
Large portions, the other arguing strictly
For jointures and security ; but this
Being above our scale, no way concerns us.
How dull you look ! in the meantime, how intend
To spend the hours ? [you

Gold. We well know how we would,
But dare not serve our wills.

Trade. Being prentices,
We are bound to attendance.

Luke. Have you also served out
The term of your indentures, yet make conscience
By starts to use your liberty ! Hast thou traded
[To TRADEWELL.

In the other world, exposed unto all dangers,
To make thy master rich, yet dar'st not take
Some portion of the profit for thy pleasure ?
Or wilt thou ; [to GOLD.] being keeper of the cash,
Like an ass that carries dainties, feed on thistles ?
Are you gentlemen born, yet have no gallant tinc-
Of gentry in you ? you are no mechanics, [ture
Nor serve some needy shopkeeper, who surveys
His every-day takings : you have in your keeping
A mass of wealth, from which you may take boldly,
And no way be discover'd. He's no rich man
That knows all he possesses, and leaves nothing
For his servants to make prey of. I blush for you,
Blush at your poverty of spirit ; you,
The brave sparks of the city !

Gold. Master Luke,
I wonder you should urge this, having felt
What misery follows riot.

Trade. And the penance
You endured for't in the counter.

Luke. You are fools.
The case is not the same ; I spent mine own
money,
And my stock being small, no marvel 'twas soon
wasted ;

But you, without the least doubt or suspicion,
If cautious, may make bold with your master's.
As, for example, when his ships come home,
And you take your receipts, as 'tis the fashion,
For fifty bales of silk you may write forty ;
Or for so many pieces of cloth of bodkin,
Tissue, gold, silver, velvets, satins, taffetas,
A piece of each deducted from the gross
Will ne'er be miss'd, a dash of a pen will do it.

Trade. Ay, but our father's bonds, that lie in
For our honesties, must pay for't. [pawn

Luke. A mere bugbear,
Invented to fright children ! As I live,
Were I the master of my brother's fortunes,
I should glory in such servants. Didst thou know
What ravishing lechery it is to enter
An ordinary, cap-à-pie, trimm'd like a gallant,
For which, in trunks conceal'd, be ever furnish'd ;
The reverence, respect, the crouches, cringes,
The musical chime of gold in your cramm'd
pockets,

Commands from the attendants, and poor por-
[ters—
Trade. O rare !

Luke. Then sitting at the table with
The braveries of the kingdom, you shall hear
Occurrences from all corners of the world,
The plots, the counsels, the designs of princes,
And freely censure them ; the city wits
Cried up, or decried, as their passions lead them ;
Judgment having nought to do there.

Trade. Admirable !

Luke. My lord no sooner shall rise out of his
chair,
The gaming lord I mean, but you may boldly,
By the privilege of a gamester, fill his room,
For in play you are all fellows ; have your knife
As soon in the pheasant ; drink your health as
freely,

And, striking in a lucky hand or two,
Bdy out your time.

Trade. This may be ; but suppose
We should be known ?

Luke. Have money and good clothes,
And you may pass invisible. Or, if
You love a madam-punk, and your wide nostril
Be taken with the scent of cambric smocks,
Wrought and perfumed—

Gold. There, there, master Luke,
There lies my road of happiness !

Luke. Enjoy it.
And pleasures stolen, being sweetest, apprehend
The raptures of being hurried in a coach
To Brentford, Staines, or Barnet.

Gold. 'Tis enchanting.

I have proved it.

Luke. Hast thou ?

Gold. Yea, in all these places.

I have had my several pagans billeted
For my own tooth, and after ten-pound suppers
The curtains drawn, my fiddlers playing all night
Threshaking of the sheets, which I have danced
Again and again with my cockatrice :—master
Luke,

You shall be of my counsel, and we two sworn
brothers ;

And therefore I'll be open. I am out now
Six hundred in the cash, yet if on a sudden
I should be call'd to account, I have a trick
How to evade it, and make up the sum.

Trade. Is't possible ?

Luke. You can instruct your tutor.

How, ho, good Tom ?

Gold. Why, look you. We cash-keepers
Hold correspondence, supply one another
On all occasions : I can borrow for a week
Two hundred pounds of one, as much of a second,
A third lays down the rest ; and, when they want,
As my master's monies come in I do repay it :
Ka me, ka ther !

Luke. An excellent knot ! 'tis pity
It e'er should be unloosed : for me it shall not.
You are shewn the way, friend Tradewell, you
may make use on't,
Or freeze in the warehouse, and keep company
With the cater, Holdfast.

Trade. No, I am converted.

A Barbican broker will furnish me with outside,
And then, a crash at the ordinary !

Gold. I am for

The lady you saw this morning, who indeed is
My proper recreation.

Luke. Go to, Tom ;
What did you make me ?

Gold. I'll do as much for you,
Employ me when you please.

Luke. If you are enquired for,
I will excuse you both.

Trade. Kind master Luke!

Gold. We'll break my master to make you.
You know—

Luke. I cannot lose money. Go, boys!
[*Exeunt GOLDWIRE and TRADEWELL.*]

When time serves,
It shall appear I have another end in't. [*Exit.*]

SCENE — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL, LORD LACY, Sir MAURICK LACY,
PLENTY, Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, and MILLISCENT.

Sir John. Ten thousand pounds a piece I'll
make their portions,

And after my decease it shall be double,
Provided you assure them, for their jointures,
Eight hundred pounds per annum, and entail
A thousand more upon the heirs male
Begotten on their bodies.

L. Lacy. Sir, you bind us
To very strict conditions.

Plenty. You, my lord,
May do as you please: but to me it seems
strange,

We should conclude of portions, and of jointures,
Before our hearts are settled.

L. Frug. You say right:
There are counsels of more moment and impor-
On the making up of marriages, to be [*tance,*]
Consider'd duly, than the portion or the jointures,
In which a mother's care must be exacted;
And I, by special privilege, may challenge
A casting voice.

L. Lacy. How's this?

L. Frug. Even so, my lord;
In these affairs I govern.

L. Lacy. Give you way to't?

Sir John. I must, my lord.

L. Frug. 'Tis fit he should, and shall.
You may consult of something else, this province
Is wholly mine.

Sir Maur. By the city custom, madam?

Frug. Yes, my young sir; and both must
Will hold it by my copy. [*look my daughters*]

Plenty. Brave, I'faith!

Sir John. Give her leave to talk, we have the
power to do;

And now touching the business we last talk'd of,
In private, if you please.

L. Lacy. 'Tis well remember'd:
You shall take your own way, madam.

[*Exeunt* Lord Lacy and Sir JOHN FRUGAL.

Sir Maur. What strange lecture
Will she read unto us?

L. Frug. Such as wisdom warrants
From the superior bodies. Is Stargaze ready
With his several schemes?

Mil. Yes, madam, and attends
Your pleasure.

Sir Maur. Stargaze! lady: what is he?

L. Frug. Call him in.—[*Exit* MILLISCENT.]—
You shall first know him, then admire
him

For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones.
He's every thing, indeed; parcel physician,

And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels
My dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel poet,
And sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly;
My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher,
And as the stars move, with that due proportion
He walks before me: but an absolute master
In the calculation of nativities;
Guided by that ne'er-erring science call'd,
Judicial astrology.

Plenty. Stargaze! sure
I have a penny almanack about me
Inscribed to you, as to his patroness,
In his name publish'd.

L. Frug. Keep it as a jewel.
Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly
Govern'd by his predictions; for they serve
For any latitude in Christendom,
As well as our own climate.

Re-enter MILLISCENT, followed by STARGAZE with two
schemers.

Sir Maur. I believe so.

Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack?

L. Frug. Be silent;

And ere we do articulate, much more
Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us
Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise
Happy success in marriage.

Star. In omni
Parte, et toto.

Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English;
And since it is resolved we must be coxcombs,
Make us so in our own language.

Star. You are pleasant:
Thus in our vulgar tongue then.

L. Frug. Pray you observe him.

Star. Venus, in the west angle, the house of
marriage the seventh house, in trine of Mars, in
conjunction of Luna; and Mars Almuthen, or
lord of the horoscope.

Plenty. Hey-day!

L. Frug. The angels' language! I am ravish'd:
forward.

Star. Mars, as I said, lord of the horoscope, or
geniture, in mutual reception of each other; she
in her exaltation, and he in his triplicate trine,
and face, assure a fortunate combination to Hymen,
excellent, prosperous, and happy.

L. Frug. Kneel, and give thanks.

[*The Women kneel.*]

Sir Maur. For what we understand not?

Plenty. And have as little faith in?

L. Frug. Be incredulous;
To me, 'tis oracle.

Star. Now for the sovereignty of my future
ladies, your daughters, after they are married.

Plenty. Wearing the breeches, you mean?

L. Frug. Teach that point home:
It is a principle to be kept with London ladies,
Of main consequence.

Star. This Saturn out of all digni-
ties in his detriment, shall combust: and Venus
in the south, situated above him, lady of
both their natures, her essential and acciden-
tal dignities; and from the sun, oriental
from the angle, in the east, in cazini of the sun, in
her joy, and free from the malevolent beams of in-
fortunes; in a sign commanding, and Mars in a
constellation obeying; she fortunate, and he de-
jected: the disposers of marriage in the radix of
the native in feminine figures, argue, foretel, and

declare, rule, pre-eminence, and absolute sovereignty in women.

L. Frug. Is't possible!

Star. 'Tis drawn, I assure you, from the aphorisms of the old Chaldeans, Zoroaster the first and greatest magician, Mercurius Trismegistus, the later Ptolemy, and the everlasting prognosticator, old Erra Pater.

L. Frug. Are you yet satisfied?

Plenty. In what?

L. Frug. That you

Are bound to obey your wives; it being so Determined by the stars, against whose influence There is no opposition.

Plenty. Since I must

Be married by the almanack, as I may be, 'Twere requisite the services and duties Which, as you say, I must pay to my wife, Were set down in the calendar.

Sir Maur. With the date Of my apprenticeship.

L. Frug. Make your demands; I'll sit as moderatrix, if they press you With over-hard conditions.

Sir Maur. Mipe hath the van;

I stand your charge, sweet.

Star. Silence.

Anne. I require first,

And that, since 'tis in fashion with kind husbands, In civil manners you must grant, my will In all things whatsoever, and that will To be obey'd, not argued.

L. Frug. And good reason.

Plenty. A gentle *imprimis*!

Sir Maur. This in gross contains all: But your special items, lady.

Anne. When I am one.

And you are honour'd to be styled my husband, To urge my having my page, my gentleman-usher, My woman sworn to my secrets, my coach Drawn by six Flanders mares, my coachman, grooms,

Postillion and footmen.

Sir Maur. Is there ought else To be demanded?

Anne. Yes, sir, mine own doctor.

French and Italian cooks, musicians, songsters, And a chaplain that must preach to please my fancy:

A friend at court to place me at a masque;
The private box ta'en up at a new play,
For me and my retinue; a fresh habit,
Of a fashion never seen before, to draw
The gallant's eyes, that sit on the stage, upon me;
Some decayed lady for my parasite,
To flatter me, and rail at other madams;
And there ends my ambition.

Sir Maur. Your desires
Are modest, I confess!

Anne. These toys subservient to,
And you continuing an obedient husband,
Upon all fit occasions you shall make me
A most indulgent wife.

L. Frug. You have said I give place,
And hear your younger sister.

Plenty. If she speak
Her language, may the great fiend, booted and
spurr'd,

With a sithe at his girdle, as the Scotchman says,
Ride headlong down her throat!

Sir Maur. Curbe not the judge,
Before you hear the sentence.

Mary. In some part

My sister hath spoke well for the city pleasures,
But I am for the country's; and must say,
Under correction, in her demands
She was too modest.

Sir Maur. How like you this exordium?

Plenty. Too modest, with a mischief!

Mary. Yes, too modest:

I know my value, and prize it to the worth.

My youth, my beauty—

Plenty. How your glass deceives you!

Mary. The greatness of the portion I bring with
me,

And the sea of happiness that from me flows to you.

Sir Maur. She bears up close.

Mary. And can you, in your wisdom,

Or rustical simplicity, imagine

You have met some innocent country girl, that
never

Look'd further than her father's farm, nor knew
more.

Than the price of corn in the market; or at what
rate

Beef went a stone? that would survey your dairy,

And bring in mutton out of cheese and butter?

That could give directions at what time of the moon

To cut her cocks for capons against Christmas,

Or when to raise up goslings?

Plenty. These are arts

Would not misbecome you, though you should put
Obedience and duty. [in

Mary. Yes, and patience,

To sit like a fool at home, and eye your thrashers;

Then make provision for your slaving hounds,

When you come drunk from an alehouse, after
hunting

With your clown and comrades, as if all were
yours,

You the lord paramount, and I the drudge;

The case, sir, must be otherwise.

Plenty. How, I beseech you?

Mary. Marry, thus: I will not, like my sister,
challenge

What's useful or superfluous from my husband,

That's base all o'er; mine shall receive from

What I think fit; I'll have the state convey'd

Into my hands, and be put to his pension,

Which the wise viragos of our climate practise;—

I will receive your rents.

Plenty. You shall be hang'd first.

Mary. Make sale for purchase: nay I'll have
my neighbours

Instructed, when a passenger shall ask,
Whose house is this? (though you stand by) to
answer,

The lady Plenty's. Or who owns this manor?

The lady Plenty. Whose sheep are these, whose

The lady Plenty's. [oxen?

Plenty. A plentiful pox upon you!

Mary. And when I have children, if it be en-
quired

By a stranger, whose they are?—they shall still
echo,

My lady Plenty's, the husband never thought on.

Plenty. In their begetting: 'I think so.

Mary. Since you'll marry

In the city for our wealth, in justice, we

Must have the country's sovereignty.

Plenty. And we nothing.

Mary. A nag of forty shillings, a couple of spaniels,

With a sparrowhawk, is sufficient, and these too,
As you shall behave yourself, during my pleasure,
I will not greatly stand on. I have said, sir,
Now if you like me, so.

L. Frug. At my entreaty,
The articles shall be easier.

Plenty. Shall they, I' faith?
Like bitch, like whelps.

Sir Maur. Use fair words.

Plenty. I cannot;
I have read of a house of pride, and now I have
A whirlwind overturn it! [found one:]

Sir Maur. On these terms,
Will your minxship be a lady?

Plenty. A lady in a morris:
I'll wed a pedlar's punk first—

Sir Maur. Tinker's trull,
A beggar without a smock.

Plenty. Let monsieur almanack,
Since he is so cunning with his Jacob's staff,
Find you out a husband in a bowling-alley.

Sir Maur. The general pimp to a brothel.

Plenty. Though that now
All the loose desires of man were raked up in me,
And no means but thy maidenhead left to quench
them,

I would turn cinders, or the next sow-gelder,
On my life, should lib me, rather than embrace

Anne. Wooing do you call this! [thee.]
Mary. A bear-baiting rather.

Plenty. Were you worried, you deserve it, and
I shall live to see it. [I hope]

Sir Maur. I'll not rail, nor curse you:
Only this, you are pretty peats, and your great
portions

Add much unto your handsomeness; but as
You would command your husbands, you are beg-
Deform'd and ugly. [gars,]

L. Frug. Hear me.

Plenty. Not a word more.

[*Exit Sir MAURICE LACY and PLENTY.*]

Anne. I ever thought it would come to this.

Mary. We may
Lead apes in hell for husbands, if you bind us
To articulate thus with our suitors.

[*Both speak weeping.*]

Star. Now the cloud breaks,
And the storm will fall on me. [Aside.]

L. Frug. You rascal! juggler!
[*She breaks STARBUCK'S head, and beats him.*]

Star. Dear madam.

L. Frug. Hold you intelligence with the stars,
And thus deceive me!

Star. My art cannot err;
If it does, I'll burn my astrolabe. In mine own
I did foresee this broken head, and beating; [star]
And now your ladyship sees, as I do feel it,
It could not be avoided.

L. Frug. Did you?

Star. Madam.
Have patience but a week, and if you find not
All my predictions true, touching your daughters,
And a change of fortune to yourself, a rare one,
Turn me out of doors. These are not the men the
planets

Appointed for their husbands; there will come
Gallants of another metal.

Mill. Once more trust him.

Anne. Mary. Do, lady-mother.

L. Frug. I am vex'd, look to it;
Turn o'er your books; if once again you fool me,
You shall graze elsewhere: come, girls.

Star. I am glad I scaped thus.

[*Aside. Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

[*Enter Lord LACY and Sir JOHN FRUGAL.*]

L. Lacy. The plot shews very likely.

Sir John. I repose

My principal trust in your lordship; 'twill prepare
The physic I intend to minister
To my wife and daughters.

L. Lacy. I will do my parts,
To set it off to the life.

[*Enter Sir MAURICE LACY, and PLENTY.*]

Sir John. It may produce

A scene of no vulgar mirth. Here come the
suitors;

When we understand how they relish my wife's
The rest is feasible. [humours,]

L. Lacy. Their looks are cloudy.

Sir John. How sits the wind? are you ready to
launch forth

Into this sea of marriage?

Plenty. Call it rather,
A whirlpool of afflictions.

Sir Maur. If you please

To enjoin me to it, I will undertake
To find the north passage to the Indies sooner,
Than plough with your proud beifer.

Plenty. I will make

A voyage to hell first—

Sir John. How, sir!

Plenty. And court Proserpine,
In the sight of Pluto, his three-headed porter,
Cerberus, standing by, and all the Furies
With their whips to scourge me for't, than say, I
Take you, Mary, for my wife. [Jeffrey]

L. Lacy. Why, what's the matter?

Sir Maur. The matter is, the mother (with your
pardon,

I cannot but speak so much) is a most unsufferable,
Proud, insolent lady.

Plenty. And the daughters worse.

The dam in years had the advantage to be wicked,
But they were so in her belly.

Sir Maur. I must tell you,

With reverence to your wealth, I do begin

To think you of the same leaven.

Plenty. Take my counsel;

'Tis safer for your credit to profess

yourself a cuckold, and upon record,

Than say they are your daughters.

Sir John. You go too far, sir.

Sir Maur. They have so articulated with us!

Plenty. And will not take us

For their husbands, but their slaves; and so afore-
They do profess they'll use us. [hand]

Sir John. Leave this heat:

Though they are mine, I must tell you, the per-
verseness

Of their manners (which they did not take from
me,

But from their mother) qualified, they deserve
Your equals.

Sir Maur. True; but what's bred in the bone,
Admits no hope of cure.

Plenty. Though saints and angels
Were their physicians.

Sir John. You conclude too fast.

Plenty. God be wi' you! I'll travel three years,
This shame that lives upon me. [but I'll bury

Sir Maur. With your license,
I'll keep him company.

L. Lacy. Who shall furnish you
For your expenses.

Plenty. He shall not need your help,
My purse is his; we were rivals, but now friends,
And will live and die so.

Sir Maur. Ere we go, I'll pay
My duty as a son.

Plenty. And till then leave you.

[*Exeunt* *Sir MAURICE LACY* and *PLENTY*.]

L. Lacy. They are strangely moved.

Sir John. What's wealth, accompanied
With disobedience in a wife and children?
My heart will break.

L. Lacy. Be comforted, and hope better:
We'll ride abroad; the fresh air and discourse
May yield us new inventions.

Sir John. You are noble,
And shall in all things, as you please, command
me. [*Exeunt*.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in SECRET'S House.

[*Enter* *SHAVE'EM* and *SECRET*.]

Secret. Dead doings, daughter.

Shave. Doings! sufferings, mother:
[For poor] men have forgot what doing is;
And such as have to pay for what they do,
Are impotent, or eunuchs.

Secret. You have a friend yet,
And a striker too, I take it.

Shave. Goldwine is so, and comes
To me by stealth, and, as he can steal, maintains me
In clothes, I grant; but alas! dame, what's one
friend?

I would have a hundred;—for every hour, and use,
And change of humour I am in, a fresh one:
'Tis a flock of sheep that makes a lean wolf fat,
And not a single lambkin. I am starv'd,
Starv'd in my pleasures; I know not what a
coach is,

To hurry me to the Burse, or Old Exchange:
The neathouse for musk-melons, and the gardens,
Where we traffic for asparagus, are, to me,
In the other world.

Secret. There are other places, lady,
Where you might find customers.

Shave. You would have me foot it
To the dancing of the ropes, sit a whole afternoon
In expectation of nuts and pippins; [there
Gape round about me, and yet not find a chapman
That in courtesy will bid a chop of mutton,
Or a pint of drum-wine for me. *

Secret. You are so impatient!
But I can tell you news will comfort you,
And the whole sisterhood.

Shave. What's that?

Secret. I am told

Two ambassadors are come over: a French mon-
And a Venetian, one of the clarissimi, [sieur,
A hot-rein'd marmoset. Their followers,
For their countries' honour, after a long vacation,
Will make a full term with us.

Shave. They indeed are
Our certain and best customers:—[*knocking with-*
in.]—Who knocks there?

Ramb. [Within.] Open the door.

Secret. What are you?

Ramb. [Within.] Ramble.

Scuff. [Within.] Scuffle.

Ramb. [Within.] Your constant visitants.

Shave. Let them not in;

I know them, swaggering, suburban rovers,
Sixpenny truckers.

Ramb. [Within.] Down go all your windows,
And your neighbours' too shall suffer.

Scuff. [Within.] Force the doors!

Secret. They are outlaws, mistress *Shave'em*
and there is

No remedy against them. What should you fear?
They are but men; lying at your close ward,
You have fild their betters.

Shave. Out, you bawd! you care not
Upon what desperate service you employ me,
Nor with whom, so you have your fee.

Secret. Sweet lady-bird,
Sing in a milder key.

[*Exit*, and re-enters with *RAMBLE* and *SCUFFLE*.]

Scuff. Are you grown proud?

Ramb. I knew you a waistcoater in the garden
And would come to a sailor's whistle. [alleys,

Secret. Good sir *Ramble*,
Use her not roughly; she is very tender.

Ramb. Rank and rotten, is she not?

[*SHAVE'EM* draws her knife.

Shave. Your spittle rogueships

[*RAMBLE* draws his sword.

Shall not make me so.

Secret. As you are a man, squire *Scuffle*,
Step in between them: a weapon of that length
Was never drawn in my house.

Shave. Let him come on.

I'll scour it in your guts, you dog!

Ramb. You brache!

Are you turn'd mankind? you forgot I gave you,
When we last join'd issue, twenty pound—

Shave. O'er night,
And kick'd it out of me in the morning. I was then
A novice, but I know to make my game now.
Fetch the constable.

[*Enter* *GOLDWINE*, Junior, disguised like a Justice of Peace,
DING'EM like a Constable, and Musicians like Watchmen.

Secret. Ah me! here's one unsent for,
And a justice of peace, too.

Shave. I'll hang you both, you rascals!
I can but ride:—you for the purse you cut
In Paul's at a sermon; I have smok'd you, ha!
And you for the bacon you took on the highway,
From the poor market woman, as she rode
From Ramford.

Ramb. Mistress Shave'em.
Scuff. Mistress Secret,
 On our knees we beg your pardon.
Ramb. Set a ransom on us.
Secret. We cannot stand trifling; if you mean
 Shut them out at the back-door. [to save them,
Shave. First, for punishment,
 They shall leave their cloaks behind them; and in
 I am their sovereign, and they my vassals. [sign
 For homage kiss my shoe-sole, rogues, and vanish!
 [EXEUNT RAMBLE and SCUFFLE.
Gold. My brave v'irago! The coast's clear;
 strike up.
 [GOLDWIRE and the rest discover themselves.
Shave. My Goldwire made a justice!
Secret. And your scout
 Turn'd constable, and the musicians watchmen!
Gold. We come not to fright you, but to make
 you merry:
 A light *avolta*. [They dance.
Shave. I am tired; no more.
 This was your device?
Ding. Wholly his own; he is
 No pig-sconce, mistress.
Secret. He has an excellent headpiece.
Gold. Fie! no, not I; your jeering gallants say,
 We citizens have no wit.
Ding. Hev'lies that says so:
 This was a masterpiece.
Gold. A trifling stratagem,
 Not worth the talking of.
Shave. I must kiss thee for it.
 Again, and again. [They kiss.
Ding. Make much of her. Did you know
 What suitors she had since she saw you----
Gold. I'the way of marriage?
Ding. Yes, sir; for marriage, and the other
 thing too;
 Her mod'ity is the same. An Irish lord offer'd
 her a week.
 And a cashier'd captain, half
 payment.
 And a new-made courtier,
 That he could beg.
Gold. Did my sweet once
 Refuse him; for me?
Secret. Keep not for joy:
 'Tis true, but others talk of lords and commanders,
 And courtiers, and their servants; but give me
 My gallant justice! he parts with his money
 So civilly, and humbly, keeps no account
 Of his expense, and comes ever furnish'd.—
 I know thou hast brought money to make up
 My gown and petticoat, with the appurtenances.
Gold. I have it here, duck; thou shalt want for
 nothing.
Shave. Let the chamber be perfumed; and get
 you, sirrah, [To DING'KN.
 His cap and pantofoles ready.
Gold. There's for thee,
 And thee: that for a banquet.
Secret. And a candle
 Again you rise.
Gold. There. [Gives them money.
Shave. Usher us up in state.
Gold. You will be constant?
Shave. Thou art the whole world to me.
 [EXEUNT GOLD and SHAVE, embracing, music play-
 ing before them.

SCENE II. A Room in Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S
 House.

Enter LUKE.

Anne. [within.] Where is this uncle?
L. Frug. [within.] Call this beadsman-brother;
 He hath forgot attendance.
Mary. [within.] Seek him out;
 Idleness spoils him.
Luke. I deserve much more
 Than their scorn can load me with, and 'tis but
 justice
 That I should live the family's drudge, design'd
 To all the sordid offices their pride
 Imposes on me; since, if now I sat
 A judge in mine own cause, I should conclude
 I am not worth their pity. Such as want
 Discourse, and judgment, and through weakness fall,
 May merit man's compassion; but I,
 That knew profuseness of expense the parent
 Of wretched poverty, her fatal daughter,
 To riot out mine own, to live upon
 The alms of others, steering on a rock
 I might have shunn'd! O Heaven! it is not fit
 I should look upward, much less hope for mercy.

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, STEPMOTHER, and
 MILLICENT.

L. Frug. What are you devising, sir?
Anne. My uncle is much given
 To his devotion.
Mary. And takes time to mumble
 A paternoster to himself.
L. Frug. Know you where
 Your brother is? it better would become you
 (Your means of life depending wholly on him)
 To give your attendance.
Luke. In my will I do:
 But since he rode forth yesterday with lord Lacy,
 I have not seen him.
L. Frug. And why went not you
 By his stirrup? How do you look! were his eyes
 You'd be glad of such employment. [closed.
Luke. 'Twas his pleasure
 I should wait your commands, and those I am ever
 Most ready to receive.
L. Frug. I know you can speak well;
 But say, and do.

Enter Lord LACY.

Luke. Here comes my lord.
L. Frug. Further off:
 You are no companion for him, and his business
 Aims not at you, as I take it.
Luke. Can I live
 In this base condition! [He stands aside.
L. Frug. I hope, my lord,
 You had brought master Frugal with you; for I
 An account of him from you. [must ask
L. Lacy. I can give it, lady;
 But with the best discretion of a woman,
 And a strong fortified patience, I desire you
 To give it hearing.
Luke. My heart beats.
L. Frug. My lord, you much amaze me.
L. Lacy. I shall astonish you. The noble mer-
 Who, living, was, for his integrity [chant,
 And upright dealing, (a rare miracle
 In a rich citizen,) London's best honour;
 Is—I am loth to speak it.

Luke. Wonderous strange!

L. Frug. I do suppose the worst; not dead, I hope?

L. Lacy. Your supposition's true, your hopes He's dead. [are false;

L. Frug. Ah me!

Anne. My father!

Mary. My kind father!

Luke. Now they insult not.

L. Lacy. Pray hear me out.
He's dead; dead to the world and you, and, now, Lives only to himself.

Luke. What riddle's this?

L. Frug. Act not the torturer in my afflictions; But make me understand the sum of all That I must undergo.

L. Lacy. In few words take it:

He is retired into a monastery,
Where he resolves to end his days.

Luke. More strange.

L. Lacy. I saw him take post for Dover, and the wind

Sitting so fair, by this he's safe at Calais.
And ere long will be at Lovain.

L. Frug. Could I guess

What were the motives that induced him to it,
'Twere some allay to my sorrows.

L. Lacy. I'll instruct you,
And chide you into that knowledge; 'twas your pride

Above your rank, and stubborn disobedience
Of these your daughters, in their milk suck'd from you:

At home the harshness of his entertainment,
You wilfully forgetting that your all
Was borrow'd from him; and to hear abroad
The imputations dispers'd upon you,
And justly too, I fear, that drew him to
This strict retirement: and, thus much said for him,
I am myself to accuse you.

L. Frug. I confess
A guilty cause to him; but, in a thought,
My lord, I ne'er wrong'd you.

L. Lacy. In fact, you have.
The insolent disgrace you put upon
My only son, and Plenty, men that loved
Your daughters in a noble way, to wash off
The scandal, put a resolution in them
For three years travel.

L. Frug. I am much grieved for it.

L. Lacy. One thing I had forgot; your rigour to
His decay'd brother, in which your flatteries,
Or sorceries, made him a co-agent with you,
Wrought not the least impression.

Luke. Hum! this sounds well.

L. Frug. 'Tis now past help: after these storms,
A little calm, if you please. [my lord,

L. Lacy. If what I have told you,
Shew'd like a storm, what now I must deliver,
Will prove a raging tempest. His whole estate,
In lands and leases, debts and present monies,
With all the moveables he stood possess'd of,
With the best advice which he could get of gold
From his learned counsel, by this formal will
Is pass'd o'er to his brother.—[Giving the will to

LUKE, who comes forward.—With it take
The key of his counting-house. Not a groat left
Which you can call your own. [you,

L. Frug. Undone for ever!

Anne. Mary. What will become of us?

Luke. Hum!

[*Aside.*

L. Lacy. The scene is changed,
And he that was your slave, by Fate appointed
[Lady FRUGAL, MARY, and ANNE kneel.

Your governor: you kneel to me in vain,
I cannot help you; I discharge the trust
Imposed upon me. This humility,
From him may gain remission, and, perhaps,
Forgetfulness of your barbarous usage to him.

L. Frug. Am I come to this?

L. Lacy. Enjoy your own, good sir,
But use it with due reverence. I once heard you
Speak most divinely in the opposition
Of a revengeful humour; to these shew it,
And such who then depended on the mercy
Of your brother, wholly now at your devotion,
And make good the opinion I held of you,
Of which I am most confident.

Luke. Pray you rise,

[*Rebuke them.*

And rise with this assurance, I am still,
As I was of late, your creature; and if raised
In any thing, 'tis in my power to serve you,
My will is still the same. O my good lord!
This heap of wealth which you possess me of,
Which to a worldly man had been a blessing,
And to the messenger might with justice challenge
A kind of adoration, is to me
A curse I cannot thank you for: and, much less,
Rejoice in that tranquillity of mind
My brother's vows must purchase. I have made
A dear exchange with him: he now enjoys
My peace and poverty, the trouble of
His wealth conferr'd on me, and that a burthen
Too heavy for my weak shoulders.

L. Lacy. Honest soul,

With what feeling he receives it!

L. Frug. You shall have
My best assistance, if you please to use
To help you to support it.

Luke. By no means;

The weight shall rather sink me, than
With one short minute from those labours
Which you were born to, in your estate
You shall have all abundance. In
I was ever liberal; my lord, you know
Kind, affable.—And now methinks
Before my face the jubilee of joy,
When 'tis assured my brother lives
His debtors, in full cups crown'd with health,
With paeans to my praise will celebrate
For they well know 'tis far from me to take
The forfeiture of a bond: nay, I shall blush,
The interest never paid after three years,
When I demand my principal: and his servants,
Who from a slavish fear paid their obedience,
By him exacted, now, when they are mine,
Will grow familiar friends, and as such use me;
Being certain of the mildness of my temper,
Which my change of fortune, frequent in most men,
Hath not the power to alter.

L. Lacy. Yet take heed, sir,
You ruin not, with too much lenity,
What his fit severity raised.

L. Frug. And we fall from
That height we have maintain'd.

Luke. I'll build it higher,
To admiration higher. With disdain
I look upon these habits, no way suiting
The wife and daughters of a knighted citizen
Bless'd with abundance.

L. Lucy. There, sir, I join with you ;
A fit decorum must be kept, the court
Distinguish'd from the city.

Luke. With your favour,
I know what you would say ; but give me leave
In this to be your advocate. You are wide,
Wide the whole region, in what I purpose.
Since all the titles, honours, long descents,
Borrow their gloss from wealth, the rich with reason
May challenge their prerogatives : and it shall be
My glory, nay a triumph, to revive,
In the pomp that these shall shine, the memory
Of the Roman matrons, who kept captive queens
To be their handmaids. And when you appear,
Like Juno, in full majesty, and my nieces,
Like Iris, Hebe, or what deities else
Old poets fancy, (your cramm'd wardrobes richer
Than various nature's,) and draw down the envy
Of our western world upon you ; only hold me
Your vigilant Hermes with aerial wings,
(My caduceus, my strong zeal to serve you,)
Prest to fetch in all rarities may delight you,
And I am made immortal.

L. Lucy. A strange frenzy ? [Aside.

Luke. Off with these rags, and then to bed ;
there dream
Of future greatness, which, when you awake,
I'll make a certain truth : but I must be
A doer, not a promiser. The performance
Requiring haste, I kiss your hands, and leave you.

[Exit.
L. Lucy. Are we all turn'd statues ? have his
strange words charm'd us ?

What muse you on, lady ?

L. Frug. Do not trouble me.

L. Lucy. Sleep you too, young ones ?

Anne. Swift-wing'd time till now

Was never tedious to me. Would 'twere night !

Mary. Nay, morning rather.

L. Lucy. Can you ground your faith
On such impossibilities ? have you so soon
Forgot your good husband ?

L. Frug. He was a vanity
I must no more remember.

L. Lucy. Excellent !

You, your kind father ?

Anne. Such an uncle never
Was read of in story !

L. Lucy. Not one word in answer
Of my demands ?

Mary. You are but a lord ; and know,
My thoughts soar higher.

L. Lucy. Admirable ! I'll leave you
To your castles in the air.—When I relate this,
It will exceed belief ; but he must know it.

[Aside and exit.
Star. Now I may boldly speak. May it please
you, madam,

To look upon your vassal ; I foresaw this,
The stars assured it.

L. Frug. I begin to feel
Myself another woman.

Star. Now you shall find
All my predictions true, and nobler matches
Prepared for my young ladies.

Mull. Princely husbands.

Anne. I'll go no less.

Mary. Not a word more ;
Provide my night-rail.

Mull. What shall we be to-morrow ! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter LUKE.

Luke. 'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,
A real truth ; nor dream : I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't ! it did endure the touch ;
I saw and felt it ! Yet what I beheld
And handled oft, did so transcend belief,
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er,)
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician,—[*Taking out a key.*—
that without a charm

Didst make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish and toil for ! Hermes' moly,
Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir,
Imagined only by the alchemist,
Compared with thee are shadows,—thou the sub-
And guardian of felicity ! No marvel, [stance,
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hug'd ever ! In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light ; the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd :
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd
Each sparkling diamond, from itself, shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and, in the roof,
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract, or epitome !—rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
But look on with contempt. And yet I found,
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these : here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting ;
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The usurper's power : there being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more. I am sublimed ! gross earth
Supports me not ; I walk on air !—Who's there ?

*Enter LORD LACY, with SIR JOHN FRUGAL, SIR MATRICK
LACY, and PLENTY, painted and disguised as Indians*

Thieves ! raise the street ! thieves !

L. Lucy. What strange passion's this !

Have you your eyes ? do you know me ?

Luke. You, my lord,
I do : but this retinue, in these shapes too,
May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your pleasure
That I should wait upon you, give me leave
To do it at your own house, for I must tell you,
Things as they now are with me well consider'd,
I do not like such visitants.

L. Lucy. Yesterday,
When you had nothing, praise your poverty for't,
You could have sung secure before a thief :
But now you are grown rich, doubts and suspicious,
And needless fears, possess you. Thank a good
But let not this exalt you, [brother ;

Luke. A good brother !
Good in his conscience, I confess, and wise,
In giving o'er the world. But his estate,

Which your lordship may conceive great, no way
The general opinion : alas ! [answers]

With a great charge, I am left a poor man by him.

L. Lacy. A poor man, say you ?

Luke. Poor, compared with what
'Tis thought I do possess. Some little land,
Fair household furniture, a few good debts,
But empty bags, I find : yet I will be
A faithful steward to his wife and daughters ;
And, to the utmost of my power, obey
His will in all things.

L. Lacy. I'll not argue with you
Of his estate, but bind you to performance
Of his last request, which is, for testimony
Of his religious charity, that you would
Receive these Indians, lately sent him from
Virginia, into your house ; and labour,
At any rate, with the best of your endeavours,
Assisted by the aids of our divines,
To make them Christians.

Luke. Call you this, my lord,
Religious charity ; to send indels,
Like hungry locusts, to devour the bread
Should feed his family ? I neither can,
Nor will consent to't.

L. Lacy. Do not slight it ; 'tis
With him a business of such consequence,
That should he only bear 'tis not embraced,
And cheerfully, in this his conscience aiming
At the saving of three souls, 'twill draw him o'er
To see it himself accomplish'd.

Luke. Heaven forbid
I should divert him from his holy purpose,
'To worldly cares again' I rather will
Sustain the burthen, and, with the converted,
Feast the converts, who, I know, will prove
The greater feeders.

Sir John. Oh, ha, enwah Chriah bully leika.

Plenty. Enaula.

Sir Maur. Harrico botikia bonnery.

Luke. Ha ! in this heathen language,
How is it possible our doctors should
Hold conference with them, or I use the means
For their conversion ?

L. Lacy. That shall be no hindrance
To your good purposes : they have lived long
In the English colony, and speak our language
As their own dialect ; the business does concern
you :

Mine own designs command me hence. Continue,
As in your poverty you were, a pious
And honest man. [Exit.]

Luke. That is interpreted,
A slave and beggar.

Sir John. You conceive it right ;
There being no religion, nor virtue,
But in abundance, and no vice but want.
All deities serve Plutus.

Luke. Oracle !

Sir John. Temples raised to ourselves in the
increase

Of wealth and reputation, speak a wise man ;
But sacrifice to an imagined Power,
Of which we have no sense but in belief,
A superstitious fool.

Luke. True worldly wisdom !

Sir John. All knowledge else is folly.

Sir Maur. Now we are yours,
Be confident your better angel is
Enter'd your house.

Plenty. There being nothing in
The compass of your wishes, but shall end
In their fruition to the full.

Sir John. As yet,
You do not know us ; but when you understand
The wonders we can do, and what the ends were
That brought us hither, you will entertain us
With more respect.

Luke. There's something whispers to me
These are no common men. [Aside.]—My house
is yours,

Enjoy it freely : only grant me this,
Not to be seen abroad till I have heard
More of your sacred principles. Pray enter :
You are learned Europeans, and we worse
Than ignorant Americans.

Sir John. You shall find it. [Facult.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in FRUGAL'S House.

Enter DINGEM, GETTALL, and HOLDFAST.

Ding. Not speak with him ! with fear survey
Thou figure of famine ! [me better.]

Gett. Coming, as we do,
From his quondam patrons, his dear ingles now,
The brave spark Tradewell—

Ding. And the man of men
In the service of a woman, gallant Goldwire !

Enter LUKE.

Hold. I know them for his prentices, without
These flourishes.—Here are rude fellows, sir.

Ding. Not yours, you rascal !

Hold. No, don pimp ; you may seek them
In Bridewell, or the hole, here are none of your
comrogues.

Luke. One of them looks as he would eat my
Your business, friends ? [throat :

Hold. I'll fetch a constable ;
Let him answer him in the stocks.

Ding. Stir, an thou dar'st :
Fright me with Bridewell and the stocks ! they
are fleabiths

I am familiar with. [Draws.]

Luke. Pray you put up :
And, sirrah, hold your peace. [To HOLDFAST.]

Ding. Thy word's a law,
And I obey. Live, scrape-shoe, and be thankful.
Thou man of muck and money, for as such
I now salute thee, the suburban gamesters
Have heard thy fortunes, and I am, in person,
Sent to congratulate.

Gett. The news hath reach'd
The ordinaries, and all the gamesters are
Ambitious to shake the golden golls
Of worshipful master Luke. I come from Trade-
Your fine facetious factor. [well,

Ding. I from Goldwire :

He and his Helen have prepared a banquet,
With the appurtenances, to entertain thee;
For, I must whisper in thine ear, thou art
To be her Paris: but bring money with thee,
To quit old scores.

Gett. Blind chance hath frown'd upon
Brave Tradewell: he's blown up, but not without
Hope of recovery, so you supply him
With a good round sum. In my house, I can
There's half a million stirring. [assure you,

Luke. What hath he lost?

Gett. Three hundred.

Luke. A trifle.

Gett. Make it up a thousand,
And I will fit him with such tools as shall
Bring in a myriad.

Luke. They know me well,
Nor need you use such circumstances for them:
What's mine, is theirs. They are my friends, not
servants,

But in their care to enrich me; and these courses,
The speeding means. Your name, I pray you?

Gett. Gettall.

I have been many years an ordinary-keeper,
My box my poor revenue.

Luke. Your name suits well
With your profession. Bid him bear up; he shall
Sit long on Peniless-Bench. [not

Gett. There spake an angel!

Luke. You know mistress Shave'em:

Gett. The pontifical punk?

Luke. The same. Let him meet me there some
two hours hence:

And tell Tom Goldwire I will then be with him,
Furnish'd beyond his hopes; and let your mistress
Appear in her best trim.

Ding. She will make thee young,
Old Aeson: she is ever furnish'd with
Medea's drugs, restoratives. I fly
To keep them sober till thy worship come;
They will be drunk with joy else.

Gett. I'll run with you.

[*Exit DING'EM and GETTALL.*]

Hold. You will not do as you say, I hope?

Luke. Enquire not;

I shall do what becomes me.—[*Knocking within.*]

—To the door.

[*Exit HOLDFAST.*]

New visitants!

Re-enter HOLDFAST.

What are they?

Hold. A whole batch, sir,
Almost of the same heaven: your needy debtors,
Penury, Fortune, Hoyst.

Luke. They come to gratulate
The fortune fallen upon me.

Hold. Rather, sir,
Like the others, to prey on you.

Luke. I am simple; they
Know my good nature: but let them in, however.
Hold. All will come to ruin! I see beggary
Already knocking at the door.—You may enter—

[*Speaking to those without.*]

But use a conscience, and do not work upon
A tender-hearted gentleman too much;
'Twill shew like charity in you.

Enter FORTUNE, PENURY, and HOYST.

Luke. Welcome, friends:
I know your hearts, and wishes; you are glad
You have changed your creditor.

Pen. I weep for joy,
To look upon his worship's face.

For. His worship's!

I see lord mayor written on his forehead;
The cap of maintenance, and city sword,
Born up in state before him.

Hoyst. Hospitals,
And a third Burse, erected by his honour.

Pen. The city poet on the pageant day
Preferring him before Gresham.

Hoyst. All the conduits
Spouting canary sack.

For. Not a prisoner left,
Under ten pounds.

Pen. We, his poor beadsmen, feasting
Our neighbours on his bounty.

Luke. May I make good
Your prophecies, gentle friends, as I'll endeavour.
To the utmost of my power!

Hold. Yes, for one year,
And break the next.

Luke. You are ever prating, sirrah.
Your present business, friends?

For. Were your brother present,
Mine had been of some consequence; but now
The power lies in your worship's hand, 'tis little,
And will, I know, as soon as a-k'd, be granted.

Luke. 'Tis very probable.

For. The kind forbearance
Of my great debt, by your means. Heaven be
prais'd for't!

Hath raised my sunk estate. I have two ships,
Which I long since gave for lost, above my hopes
Return'd from Barbary, and richly freighted.

Luke. Where are they?

For. Near Gravesend.

Luke. I am truly glad of it.

For. I find your worship's charity, and dare
swear so,

Now may I have your licence, as I know
With willingness I shall, to make the best
Of the commodities, though you have execution,
And after judgment, against all that's mine,
As my poor body, I shall be enabled
To make payment of my debts to all the world,
And leave myself a competence.

Luke. You much wrong me,
If you only doubt it. Yours, master Hoyst?

Hoyst. 'Tis the surrendering back the mort-
gage of

My lands, and on good terms, but three days
patience;

By an uncle's death I have means left to redeem it,
And cancel all the forfeited bonds I seal'd to,
In my riots, to the merchant; for I am
Resolv'd to leave off play, and turn good husband.

Luke. A good intent, and to be cherish'd in you.
Yours, Penury?

Pen. My state stands as it did, sir:
What I owed I owe, but can pay nothing to you.
Yet, if you please to trust me with ten pounds more,
I can buy a commodity of a sailor,
Will make me a freeman. There, sir, is his name;
And the parcels I am to deal for.

[*Gives him a paper.*]

Luke. You are all so reasonable
In your demands, that I must freely grant them.
Some three hours hence meet me on the Exchange,
You shall be amply satisfied.

Pen. Heaven preserve you!

For. Happy were London, if, within her walls,
She had many such rich men!

Luke. No more; now leave me:
I am full of various thoughts.—[*Exeunt* FORTUNE,
HOYSE, and PENURY.]—Be careful,
Holdfast;

I have much to do.

Hold. And I something to say,

Would you give me hearing.

Luke. At my better leisure.

Till my return look well unto the Indians;

In the mean time, do you as this directs you.

[*Gives him a paper.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in SHAVE'EM'S House.

Enter GOLDWIRE, JUNIOR, TRADEWELL, JUNIOR,
SHAVE'EM, SECRET, GILTALL, and DING'EM.

Gold. All that is mine is theirs. Those were
Ding. I am authentic. [his words?

Trade. And that I should not
Sit long on Penniles-Bench?

Gelt. But suddenly start up

A gamester at the height, and cry *At all!*

Shave. And did he seem to have an inclination
To toy with me?

Ding. He wish'd you would put on
Your best habiliments, for he resolved
To make a jovial day on't.

Gold. Hug him close, wench,
And thou may'st cat gold and amber. I well
know him

For a most insatiate drabber: he hath given,
Before he spent his own estate, which was
Nothing to the huge mass he's now possess'd of,
A hundred pound a leap.

Shave. Hell take my doctor!
He should have brought me some fresh oil of tale;
These ceruses are common.

Secret. Troth, sweet lady,

The colours are well laid on.

Gold. And thick enough;

I find that on my lips.

Shave. Do you so, Jack Sauce!

I'll keep them further off.

Gold. But be assured first

Of a new maintainer, ere you cashier the old one.
But bind him fast by thy sorceries, and thou shalt

Be my revenue; the whole college study

The reparation of thy ruin'd face;

Thou shalt have thy proper and bald-headed

Thy tailor and embroiderer shall kneel [coachman;

To thee, their idol: Cheapside and the Exchange

Shall court thy custom, and thou shalt forget

There e'er was a St. Martin's: thy procurer

Shall be sheath'd in velvet, and a reverend veil

Pass her for a grave matron. Have an eye to the
door,

And let loud music, when this monarch enters,

Proclaim his entertainment.

Ding. That's my office.

[*Flourish of cornets within.*]

The consort's ready.

Enter LUKE.

Trade. And the god of pleasure,

Master Luke, our Comus, enters.

Gold. Set your face in order,

I will prepare him.—Live I to see this day,

And to acknowledge you my royal master?

Trade. Let the iron chests fly open, and the gold,
Rusty for want of use, appear again!

Gelt. Make my ordinary flourish!

Shave. Welcome, sir,

To your own palace!

[*The music plays*]

Gold. Kiss your Cleopatra,

And shew yourself, in your magnificent bounties,
A second Antony!

Ding. All the nine worthies!

Secret. Variety of pleasures wait upon you,
And a strong back!

Luke. Give me leave to breathe, I pray you.

I am astonish'd! all this preparation

For me? and this choice modest beauty wrought
To feed my appetite?

All. We are all your creatures.

Luke. A house well furnish'd!

Gold. At your own cost, sir,

Glad I the instrument. I prophesied

You should possess what now you do, and there-
fore

Prepared it for your pleasure. There's no rag
This Venus wears, but, on my knowledge, was
Derived from your brother's cash: the lease of the
house,

And furniture, cost near a thousand, sir.

Shave. But now you are master both of it and
I hope you'll build elsewhere. [me,

Luke. And see you pleased,

Fair one, to your desert. As I live, friend Trade-
well,

I hardly knew you, your clothes so well become
What is your loss? speak truth. [you.

Trade. Three hundred, sir.

Gelt. But, on a new supply, he shall recover

The sum told twenty times o'er.

Shave. There's a banquet,

And after that a soft couch, that attends you.

Luke. I couple not in the daylight. Expecta-
tion

Heightens the pleasure of the night, my sweet one!

Your music's harsh, discharge it; I have provided

A better consort, and you shall frolic it

In another place. [The music ceases.

Gold. But have you brought gold, and store, sir.

Trade. I long to Ware the casket!

Gold. I to appear

In a fresh habit.

Shave. My mercer and my silkman

Wait'd me, two hours since.

Luke. I am no porter,

To carry so much gold as will supply

Your vast desires, but I have giv'n order for you;

Enter Sheriff, Marshal, and Officers.

You shall have what is fitting, and they come here
Will see it perform'd.—Do your offices: you have

My lord chief-justice's warrant for't.

Sher. Seize them all.

Shave. The city marshal!

Gold. And the sheriff! I know him.

Secret. We are betray'd.

Ding. Undone.

Gelt. Dear master Luke.

Gold. You cannot be so cruel; your persuasion
Chid us into these courses, oft repeating,

Shew yourselves city sparks, and hang up money!

Luke. True; when it was my brother's, I con-
temn'd it;

But now it is mine own, the case is alter'd.

Trade. Will you prove yourself a devil? tempt us to mischief,
And then discover it?

Luke. Argue that hereafter;
In the mean time, master Goldwire, you that made
Your ten-pound suppers; kept your punks at
livery

In Brentford, Staines, and Barnet, and this, in
London;

Held correspondence with your fellow-cashiers,
Ka me, ku thee! and knew, in your accounts,
To cheat my brother; if you can, evade me.
If there be law in London, your father's bonds
Shall answer for what you are out.

Gold. You often told us
It was a bugbear.

Luke. Such a one as shall fright them
Out of their estates, to make me satisfaction
To the utmost scruple. And for you, madam,
My *Cleopatra*, by your own confession,
Your house, and all your moveables, are mine;
Nor shall you nor your matron need to trouble
Your mercer, or your silkman; a blue gown,
And a whip to boot, as I will handle it,
Will serve the turn in Bridewell; and these soft
hands,

When they are inured to beating hemp, be scour'd
In your penitent tears, and quite forget their pow-
And bitter almonds. [ders]

Share. Secret. Ding. Will you shew no mercy?
Luke. I am inexorable.

Gett. I'll make bold

To take my leave; the gamesters stay my coming.

Luke. We must not part so, gentle master
Gettall.

Your box, your certain income, must pay back
Three hundred, as I take it, or you lie by it.
There's half a million stirring in your house,
This a poor trifle.—Master shrieve and master
marshal,

On your perils, do your offices.

Gold. Dost thou cry now [To TRADEWELL.
Like a maudlin gamester after loss? I'll suffer
Like a boman, and now, in my misery,
In scorn of all thy wealth, to thy teeth tell thee
Thou wert my pander.

Luke. Shall I hear this from
My prentice?

Mar. Stop his mouth.

Sher. Away with them.

[Exit Sheriff, Marshal, and Officers, with GOLD.
TRADE. SHARE. SECRET. GETT. and DING.

Luke. A prosperous omen in my entrance to
My alter'd nature! these house-thieves removed,
And what was lost, beyond my hopes, recover'd,
Will add unto my heap; increase of wealth
Is the rich man's ambition, and mine
Shall know no bounds. The valiant Macedon
Having in his conceit subdued one world,
Lamented that there were no more to conquer:
In my way, he shall be my great example.
And when my private house, in cramm'd abund-
Shall prove the chamber of the city poor, [ance,
And Genoa's bankers shall look pale with envy
When I am mentioned, I shall grieve there is
No more to be exhausted in one kingdom.
Religion, conscience, charity, farewell!
To me you are words only, and no more;
All human happiness consists in store. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter Serjeants with FORTUNE, HOYSE, and PENURY.

For. At master Luke's suit! the action twenty-
thousand!

1 Serj. With two or three executions, which
shall grind you
To powder, when we have you in the counter.

For. Thou dost belie him, varlet! he, good
gentleman,

Will weep when he hears how we are used.

1 Serj. Yes, millstones.

Pen. He promised to lend me ten pound for a
He will not do it this way. [bargain,

2 Serj. I have warrant

For what I have done. You are a poor fellow,
And there being little to be got by you,
In charity, as I am an officer,
I would not have seen you, but upon compulsion,
And for mine own security.

3 Serj. You are a gallant,
And I'll do you a courtesy, provided
That you have money: for a piece an hour,
I'll keep you in the house till you send for bail.

2 Serj. In the mean time, yeoman, run to the
other counter,
And search if there be aught else out against him.

3 Serj. That done, haste to his creditors: he's
And as we are city pirates by our oaths, [a prize,
We must make the best on't.

Hoyst. Do your worst, I care not.

I'll be removed to the Fleet, and drink and drab
In spite of your teeth. I now repent I ever [there
Intended to be honest.

Enter LUKE.

3 Serj. Here he comes
You had best tell so.

For. Worshipful sir,
You come in time to free us from these bandogs.
I know you gave no way to't.

Pen. Or if you did,
'Twas but to try our patience.

Hoys. I must tell you
I do not like such trials.

Luke. Are you serjeants,
Acquainted with the danger of a rescue,
Yet stand here prating in the street? the counter
Is a safer place to parley in.

For. Are you in earnest?

Luke. Yes, faith; I will be satisfied to a token,
Or, build upon't, you rot there.

For. Can a gentleman

Of your soft and silken temper, speak such lan-
Pen. So honest, so religious? [guage?

Hoys. That preach'd

So much of charity for us to your brother?

Luke. Yes, when I was in poverty it shew'd well;
But I inherit with his state, his mind,
And rougher nature. I grant then, I talk'd,
For some ends to myself conceal'd, of pity,
The poor man's orisons, and such like nothings:
But what I thought you all shall feel, and with
rigour;

Kind master Luke says so. Who pays for your
Do you wait gratis? [attendance?

For. Hear us speak.

Luke. While I,
Like the adder, stop mine ears: or did I listen,

Though you spake with the tongues of angels to
I am not to be alter'd. [me,

For. Let me make the best
Of my ships, and their freight.

Pen. Lend me the ten pounds you promised.

Hoy. A day or two's patience to redeem my
And you shall be satisfied. [mortgage,

For. To the utmost farthing.

Luke. I'll shew some mercy; which is, that I
will not

Torture you with false hopes, but make you know
What you shall trust to.—Your ships to my use
Are seized on.—I have got into my hands
Your bargain from the sailor, 'twas a good one
For such a petty sum.—I will likewise take
The extremity of your mortgage, and the forfeit
Of your several bonds; the use and principal
Shall not serve.—Think of the basket, wretches,
And a coal-sack for a winding-sheet.

For. Broker!

Hoy. Jew!

For. Imposter!

Hoy. Cut-throat!

For. Hypocrite!

Luke. Do, rail on;

Move mountains with your breath, it shakes not
me.

Pen. On my knees I beg compassion. My wife
Shall hourly pray for your worship. [and children

For. Mine betake thee

To the devil, thy tutor.

Pen. Look upon my tears.

Hoyst. My rage.

For. My wrongs.

Luke. They are all alike to me;

Entreaties, curses, prayers, or imprecations.

Do your duties, serjeants; I am elsewhere look'd
for. [Exit.

3 *Serj.* This your kind creditor!

2 *Serj.* A vast villain, rather.

Pen. See, see, the serjeants pity us! yet he's

Hoyst. Buried alive! [marble.

For. There's no means to avoid it. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S House.

Enter HOLDFAST, STARGAZE, and MILLISCENT.

Star. Not wait upon my lady?

Hold. Nor come at her;

You find it not in your almanack.

Mill. Nor I have license

To bring her breakfast?

Hold. My new master hath

Decreed this for a fasting-day. She hath feasted
And, after a carnival, Lent ever follows. [long.

Mill. Give me the key of her wardrobe. You'll
repent this;

I must know what gown she'll wear.

Hold. You are mistaken,

Dame president of the sweetmeats; she and her
daughters

Are turn'd philosophers, and must carry all

Their wealth about them: they have clothes laid
in their chamber,

If they please to put them on, and without help
too,

Or they may walk naked. You look, master Star-
gaze,

As you had seen a strange comet, and had now
foretold,

The end of the world, and on what day: and you,
As the wasps had broke into the gallipots,
And eaten up your apricots.

L. Frug. [within.] Stargaze! Milliscent!

Mill. My lady's voice.

Hold. Stir not, you are confined here.

Your ladyship may approach them, if you please;
But they are bound in this circle. [Aloud.

L. Frug. [within.] Mine own bees

Rebel against me! When my kind brother knows
I will be so revenged! [this,

Hold. The world's well alter'd.

He's your kind brother now; but yesterday
Your slave and jesting-stock.

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY, in coarse habits,
weeping.

Mill. What witch hath transform'd you?

Star. Is this the glorious shape your cheating
Promised you should appear in? [brother

Mill. My young ladies

In buffin gowns, and green aprons! tear them off;
Rather shew all than be seen thus.

Hold. 'Tis more comely,

I wis, than their other whim-whams.

Mill. A French hood too,

Now 'tis out of fashion! a fool's cap would shew
better.

L. Frug. We are fool'd indeed! by whose com-
mand are we used thus?

Enter LUKE.

Hold. Here he comes can best resolve you.

L. Frug. O, good brother!

Do you thus preserve your protestation to me?

Can queens envy this habit? or did Juno

E'er feast in such a shape?

Anne. You talk'd of Hebe,

Of Iris, and I know not what; but were they
Dress'd as we are? they were sure some chandler's

Bleaching linen in Moorfields. [daughters

Mary. Or Exchange wenchies,
Coming from eating pudding-pies on a Sunday,
At Pimlico, or Islington.

Luke. Save you, sister!

I now dare style you so: you were before
Too glorious to be look'd on, now you appear
Like a city matron; and my pretty nieces
Such things as were born and bred there. Why
should you ape

The fashions of court-ladies, whose high titles,
And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant
For their superfluous bravery? 'twas monstrous:
Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.

L. Frug. Is this spoken
In scorn?

Luke. Fie! no; with judgment. I make good
My promise, and now shew you like yourselves,
In your own natural shapes; and stand resolved
You shall continue so.

L. Frug. It is confess'd, sir.

Luke. Sir! sirrah: use your old phrase, I can
bear it.

L. Frug. That, if you please, forgotten, we
acknowledge

We have deserv'd ill from you; yet despair not,
Though we are at your disposal, you'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.

Luke. 'Tis my purpose.

L. Frug. And not make us ridiculous.

Luke. Admired rather,

As fair examples for our proud city dames,
And their proud brood to imitate. Do not frown;
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
The power, in you, to scourge a general vice,
And rise up a new satirist: but here gently,
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend
Your late disguised deformity, and cry up
This decency and neatness, with the advantage
You shall receive by't.

L. Frug. We are bound to hear you.

Luke. With a soul inclined to learn. Your father
was
An honest country farmer, Goodman Humble,
By his neighbours ne'er call'd Master. Did your
pride
Descend from him? but let that pass: your fortune,
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you
To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a
knight,

And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver cap, a silver pin,
Headed with a pearl worth three-pence, and thus far
You were privileged, and no man envied it;
It being for the city's honour that
There should be a distinction between
The wife of a patrician, and plebeian.

Mill. Pray you, leave preaching, or choose some
other text;
Your rhetoric is too moving, for it makes
Your auditory weep.

Luke. Pence, chattering magpie!
I'll treat of you anon:—but when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name lady mayoreess
Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the means
By which you were raised, my brother's fond indul-

gence,
Giving the reins to it; and no object pleased you
But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court;
What a strange, nay monstrous, metamorphosis
follow'd!

No English workman then could please your fancy,
The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse;
This bawd to prodigality, entertain'd
To buzz into your ears what shape this countess
Appear'd in the last masque, and how it drew
The young lord's eyes upon her; and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest prentice' place,
To walk before you—

L. Frug. Pray you, end.

Hold. Proceed, sir;

I could fast almost a prenticeship to hear you,
You touch them so to the quick.

Luke. Then, as I said,
The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,
And the richest orient pearl; your carcanets
That did adorn your neck, of equal value;
Your Hungerland hands, and Spanish quellio ruffs;
Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness feign'd,
That your night-rails of forty pounds a piece
Might be seen, with envy, of the visitants;

Rich pantofles in ostentation shewn,
And roses worth a family: you were served in
plate,

Stirr'd not a foot without your coach, and going
To church, not for devotion, but to shew
Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars
Heaven save your honour! this idolatry [cried,
Paid to a painted room.

Hold. Nay, you have reason
To blubber, all of you.

Luke. And when you lay
In childbed, at the christening of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute princess, since they have no more,
Three several chambers hung, the first with arras,
And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian die; a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle; you in state,
Like Pompey's Julia.

L. Frug. No more, I pray you.

Luke. Of this, be sure, you shall not. I'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you,
Or in [your] daughters, and reduce you to
Your natural forms and habits: not in revenge
Of your base usage of me, but to fright
Others by your example: 'tis decreed
You shall serve one another, for I will
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
With these useless drones!

Hold. Will you pack?

Mill. Not till I have
My trunks along with me.

Luke. Not a rag; you came
Hither without a box.

Star. You'll shew to me,
I hope, sir, more compassion.

Hold. Troth I'll be
Thus far a suitor for him: he hath printed
An almanack, for this year, at his own charge;
Let him have the impression with him, to set up
with.

Luke. For once I'll be entreated; let it be
Thrown to him out of the window.

Star. O cursed stars
That reign'd at my nativity! how have you cheated
Your poor observer!

Anne. Must we part in tears?

Mary. Farewell, good Milliscent!

L. Frug. I am sick, and meet with
A rough physician. O my pride and scorn!
How justly am I punish'd!

Mary. Now we suffer
For our stubbornness and disobedience
To our good father.

Anne. And the base conditions
We imposed upon our suitors.

Luke. Get you in,
And caterwaul in a corner.

L. Frug. There's no contending.

[Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY, go off at one door,
STARGLAZE and MILLISCENT at the other.]

Luke. How

Lik'st thou my carriage, Holdfast?

Hold. Well in some parts;
But it relishes, I know not how, a little
Of too much tyranny.

Luke. Thou art a fool:
He's cruel to himself, that dares not be
Severe to those that used him cruelly.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S House.

Enter LUKE, Sir JOHN FRUGAL, Sir MAURICE, LACY, and PLENTY.

Luke. You care not then, as it seems, to be To our religion? [converted]

Sir John. We know no such word, Nor power but the devil, and him we serve for fear, Not love.

Luke. I am glad that charge is saved.

Sir John. We put

That trick upon your brother, to have means To come to the city. Now, to you, we'll discover The close design that brought us, with assurance. If you lend your aids to furnish us with that Which in the colony was not to be purchased, No merchant ever made such a return

For his most precious venture, as you shall Receive from us: far, far above your hopes, Or fancy, to imagine.

Luke. It must be

Some strange commodity, and of a dear value, (Such an opinion is planted in me You will deal fairly,) that I would not hazard: Give me the name of it.

Sir Maur. I fear you will make Some scruple in your conscience, to grant it.

Luke. Conscience! no, no; so it may be done with safety,

And without danger of the law.

Plenty. For that,

You shall sleep securely: nor shall it diminish, But add unto your heap such an increase, As what you now possess shall appear an atom, To the mountain it brings with it.

Luke. Do not rack me

With expectation.

Sir John. Thus then in a word:

The devil—why start you at his name? if you Desire to wallow in wealth and worldly honours, You must make haste to be familiar with him.— This devil, whose priest I am, and by him made A deep magician, (for I can do wonders,) Appear'd to me in Virginia, and commanded, With many stripes, for that's his cruel custom, I should provide, on pain of his fierce wrath, Against the next great sacrifice, at which We, grovelling on our faces, fall before him, Two Christian virgins, that, with their pure blood, Might die his horrid altars; and a third, In his hate to such embraces as are lawful, Married, and with your ceremonious rites, As an oblation unto Hecate, And wanton Lust, her favourite.

Luke. A devilish custom!

And yet why should it startle me?—There are Enough of the sex fit for this use; but virgins, And such a matron as you speak of, hardly To be wrought to it.

Plenty. A mine of gold, for a fee.

Waits him that undertakes it and performs it.

Sir Maur. Know you no distressed widow, or poor maids,

Whose want of dower, though well born, makes Of their own country? [them weary]

Sir John. Such as had rather be

Miserable in another world, than where They have surfeited in felicity?

Luke. Give me leave—

[Walks aside]

I would not lose this purchase. A grave matron! And two pure virgins! Umph! I think my sister, Though proud, was ever honest; and my nieces Untainted yet. Why should not they be shipp'd For this employment? they are burthensome to me, And eat too much; and if they stay in London, They will find friends that, to my loss, will force To composition: 'twere a masterpiece, [me] If this could be effected. They were ever Ambitious of title: should I urge, Matching with these they shall live Indian queens, It may do much: but what shall I feel here, Knowing to what they are design'd? they absent, The thought of them will leave me. It shall be so. [Returns.]

I'll furnish you, and, to endear the service, In mine own family, and my blood too.

Sir John. Make this good, and your house shall The gold we'll send you. [not contain]

Luke. You have seen my sister, And my two nieces?

Sir John. Yes, sir.

Luke. These persuaded

How happily they shall live, and in what pomp, When they are in your kingdoms, for you must Work them a belief that you are kings—

Plenty. We are so.

Luke. I'll put it in practice instantly. Study you For moving language. Sister! nieces!

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY. *

How!

Still mourning? dry your eyes, and clear these clouds

That do obscure your beauties. Did you believe My personated reprehension, though It shew'd like a rough anger, could be serious? Forget the fright I put you in: my end, In humbling you, was to set off the height Of honour, principal honour, which my studies, When you least expect it, shall confer upon you! Still you seem doubtful: be not wanting to Yourself, nor let the strangeness of the means, With the shadow of some danger, render you Incredulous.

L. Frug. Our usage hath been such, As we can faintly hope that your intents And language are the same.

Luke. I'll change those hopes To certainties.

Sir John. With what art he winds about them! [Aside.]

Luke. What will you say, or what thanks shall I look for, *

If now I raise you to such eminence, as The wife and daughters of a citizen Never arrived at! many, for their wealth, I grant, Have written ladies of honour, and some few Have higher titles, and that's the furthest rise You can in England hope for. What think you, If I should mark you out a way to live Queens in another climate?

* *Anne.* We desire A competence.

Mary. And prefer our country's smoke
Before outlandish fire.

L. Frug. But should we listen
To such impossibilities, 'tis not in
The power of man to make it good.

Luke. I'll do it:
Nor is this seat of majesty far removed;
It is but to Virginia.

L. Frug. How! Virginia!
High heaven forbid! Remember, sir, I beseech
What creatures are shipp'd thither. [you,

Anne. Condemn'd wretches,
Forfeited to the law.

Mary. Strumpets and bawds,
For the abomination of their life,
Spew'd out of their own country.

Luke. Your false fears
Abuse my noble purposes. Such indeed
Are sent as slaves to labour there; but you,
To absolute sovereignty. Observe these men,
With reverence observe them; they are kings of
Such spacious territories and dominions,
As our Great Britain measured will appear
A garden to it.

Sir Maur. You shall be adored there
As goddesses.

Sir John. Your litters made of gold,
Supported by your vassals, proud to bear
The burthen on their shoulders.

Plenty. Pomp, and ease,
With delicacies that Europe never knew,
Like pages shall wait on you.

Luke. If you have minds
To entertain the greatness offer'd to you,
With outstretch'd arms, and willing hands, em-
brace it.

But this refused, imagine what can make you
Most miserable here; and rest assured,
In storms it falls upon you: take them in,
And use your best persuasion. If that fail,
I'll send them aboard in a dry fat.

[*Exeunt all but Sir John Frugal and Luke.*]

Sir John. Be not moved, sir;
We'll work them to your will. Yet, ere we part,
Your worldly cares deferr'd, a little mirth
Would not misbecome us.

Luke. You say well: and now
It comes into my memory, 'tis my birthday,
Which with solemnity I would observe,
But that it would ask cost.

Sir John. That shall not grieve you.
By my art I will prepare you such a feast,
As Persia, in her height of pomp and riot,
Did never equal; and such ravishing music
As the Italian princes seldom heard

At their greatest entertainments. Name your
Luke. I must have none. [guests.

Sir John. Not the city senate?

Luke. No;
Nor yet poor neighbours: the first would argue me
Of foolish ostentation, and the latter
Of too much hospitality; a virtue
Grown obsolete, and useless. I will sit
Alone, and surfeit in my store, while others
With envy pine at it; my genius pamper'd
With the thought of what I am, and what they
I have mark'd out to misery. [suffer

Sir John. You shall:
And something I will add you yet conceive not,
Nor will I be slow-paced.

Luke. I have one business,
And, that dispatch'd, I am free.

Sir John. About it, sir,
Leave the rest to me.

Luke. Till now I ne'er loved magic. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Lord Lacy, Goldwire, Senior, and Tradewell,
Senior.

L. Lacy. Believe me, gentlemen, I never was
So cozen'd in a fellow. He disguised
Hypocrisy in such a cunning shape
Of real goodness, that I would have sworn
This devil a saint. M. Goldwire, and M. Trade-
What do you mean to do? Put on. [well,

Gold. With your lordship's favour.

L. Lacy. I'll have it so.

Trade. Your will, my lord, excuses
The rudeness of our manners.

L. Lacy. You have received
Penitent letters from your sons, I doubt not?

Trade. They are our only sons.

Gold. And as we are fathers,
Remembering the errors of our youth,
We would pardon slips in them.

Trade. And pay for them
In a moderate way.

Gold. In which we hope your lordship
Will be our mediator.

L. Lacy. All my power

[*Enter Luke, richly dressed.*]

You freely shall command; 'tis he! You are well
met,

And to my wish,—and wonderous brave! your
Speaks you a merchant royal. [habit

Luke. What I wear
I take not upon trust.

L. Lacy. Your betters may,
And blush not for't.

Luke. If you have nought else with me
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.

L. Lacy. You are very peremptory; pray you
I once held you [stay:
An upright honest man.

Luke. I am honest now
By a hundred thousand pound, I thank my stars
for't,

Upon the Exchange; and if your late opinion
Be alter'd, who can help it? Good my lord,
To the point; I have other business than to talk
Of honesty, and opinions.

L. Lacy. Yet you may
Do well, if you please, to shew the one, and merit
The other from good men, in a case that now
Is offer'd to you.

Luke. What is it? I am troubled.

L. Lacy. Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of
Your brother's pretences.

Luke. Mine, my lord, I take it.

L. Lacy. Goldwire, and Tradewell.

Luke. They are welcome, if
They come prepared to satisfy the damage
I have sustain'd by their sons.

Gold. We are, so you please
To use a conscience.

Trade. Which we hope you will do,
For your own worship's sake.

Luke. Conscience, my friends,
And wealth, are not always neighbours. Should I
part

With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly
In my reputation ; for it would convince me
Of indiscretion : nor will you, I hope, move me
To do myself such prejudice.

L. Lacy. No moderation ?

Luke. They cannot look for't, and preserve in
me

A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie
For your sons' truth, and they shall answer all
They have run out : the masters never prosper'd
Since gentlemen's sons grew prentices : when we
look

To have our business done at home, they are
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge-alley,
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds,
look to't.

A thousand pounds apiece, and that will hardly
Repair my losses.

L. Lacy. Thou dar'st not shew thyself
Such a devil !

Luke. Good words

L. Lacy. Such a cut-throat ! I have heard of
The usage of your brother's wife and daughters ;
You shall find you are not lawless, and that your
Cannot justify your villainies. [monies

Luke. I endure this.

And, good my lord, now you talk in time of monies,
Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to
wonder

Your wisdom should have leisure to consider
The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage
To my sister, or my nieces, being yourself
So much in my danger.

L. Lacy. In thy danger ?

Luke. Mine.

I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd,
Pawn'd, my good lord ; Lacy manor, and that
manor

From which you have the title of a lord,
An it please your good lordship ! You are a
nobleman ;

Pray you pay in my monies : the interest
Will eat faster in't, than aquafortis in iron.

Now though you bear me hard, I love your lord-
I grant your person to be privileged [ship,
From all arrests ; yet there lives a foolish creature
Call'd an under-sheriff, who, being well paid, will
serve

An extent on lords or lowms' land. Pay it in :
I would be loth your name should sink, or that
Your hopeful son, when he returns from travel,
Should find you my lord-without-land. You are
angry

From my good counsel : look you to your bonds ;
had I known

Of your coming, believe't, I would have had ser-
jeants ready.

Lord, how you fret ! but that a tavern's near,
You should taste a cup of muscadine in my house,
To wash down sorrow ; but there it will do better :
I know you'll drink a health to me. [Exit.

L. Lacy. To thy damnation.

Was there ever such a villain ! heaven forgive me
For speaking so unchristianly, though he deserves
Gold. We are undone. [It.

Trade. Our families quite ruin'd.

L. Lucy. Take courage, gentlemen ; comfort
may appear,
And punishment overtake him, when he least ex-
pects it. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Sir JOHN FRUGAL and HOLFART.

Sir John. Be silent, on your life.

Hold. I am o'erjoy'd.

Sir John. Are the pictures placed as I directed ?

Hold. Yes, sir.

Sir John. And the musicians ready ?

Hold. All is done

As you commanded.

Sir John. [Goes to the door.] Make haste ; and
be careful ;

You know your cue, and postures ?

Plenty. [within.] We are perfect.

Sir John. 'Tis well. The rest are come, too ?

Hold. And disposed of
To your own wish.

Enter Servants with a rich banquet.

Sir John. Set forth the table : so !

A perfect banquet. At the upper end,
His chair in state : he shall feast like a prince.

Hold. And rise like a Dutch hangman.

Enter LUKE.

Sir John. Not a word more.—
How like you the preparation ? Fill your room,
And taste the cates ; then in your thought consider
A rich man, that lives wisely to himself,
In his full height of glory.

Luke. I can brook

No rival in this happiness. How sweetly
These dainties, when unpaid for, please my palate ?
Some wine. Jove's nectar ! Brightness to the star
That govern'd at my birth ! shoot down thy in-
And with a perpetuity of being [fluence,
Continue this felicity, not gain'd

By vows to saints above, and much less purchased
By thriving industry ; nor fallen upon me

As a reward to piety, and religion,
Or service to my country : I owe all
This to dissimulation, and the shape

I wore of goodness. Let my brother number
His beads devoutly, and believe his alms

To beggars, his compassion to his debtors,
Will wing his better part, disrobed of flesh,

To soar above the firmament. I am well ;
And so I surfeit here in all abundance,

Though styled a cormorant, a cut-throat, Jew,
And prosecuted with the fatal curses

Of widows, undone orphans, and what else
Such as malign my state can load me with,
I will not envy it. You promised music.

Sir John. And you shall hear the strength and
power of it,

The spirit of Orpheus raised to make it good.

And, in those ravishing strains, with which he
Charon and Cerberus to give him way, [moved
To fetch from hell his lost Eurydice.

—Appear ! swifter than thought ! [Aloud.

Musie. Enter at one door, Cerberus, at the other
Charon, Orpheus, and Chorus.

Luke. 'Tis wonderful strange !

[They represent the story of Orpheus, with dances and
gestures.

Sir John. Does not the object and the account take you?

Luke. A pretty fable. [*Exeunt Orpheus and the rest.*] But that music should

Alter, in fiends, their nature is to me impossible; since, in myself, I find, What I have once decreed shall know no change.

Sir John. You are constant to your purposes; That I could stagger you. [yet I think

Luke. How?

Sir John. Should I present Your servants, debtors, and the rest that suffer By your fit severity, I presume the sight Would move you to compassion.

Luke. Not a mote.

The music that your Orpheus made was harsh, To the delight I should receive in hearing Their cries and groans: if it be in your power, I would now see them.

Sir John. Spirits, in their shapes, Shall show them as they are: but if it should move you?—

Luke. If it do, may I ne'er find pity!

Sir John. Be your own judge.—
As I as I commanded.

Music. Enter GOLDWIRE, JUNIOR, and TRADEWELL, JUNIOR, as from prison; FORTUNE, HOUST, and PENURY; Serjeants with TRADEWELL, SENIOR, and GOLDWIRE, SENIOR;—these followed by SHAVE'EM in a blue gown, SECRET and DING'EM; then all kneel to LUKE, lifting up their hands. STARGAZE is seen, with a pack of almanacks, and MILLIGENT.

Luke. Ha, ha, ha!

This move me to compassion, or raise One sign of seeming pity in my face! You are deceived: it rather renders me More ~~happy~~, and obdurate. A south wind Shall sweep softer marble, and the rain That slides down gently from his flaggy wings, O'erflow the Alps, than knees, or tears, or groans, Shall wrest compunction from me. 'Tis my glory That they are wretched, and by me made so; It sets my happiness off:—I could not triumph If these were not my captives.—Ha! my barriers, As it appears, have seized on these old foxes, As I gave order; new addition to My scene of mirth: ha, ha!—They now grow tedious,

Let them be removed. [*Exeunt GOLD. and the rest.* Some other object, if

You can shew it.

Sir John. You shall perceive 'tis boundless. Yet, 'tis real, if you please?

Luke. What is it?

Sir John. Your nieces, ere they put to sea, crave humbly, Though absent in their bodies, they may take leave Of their late suitors' statues.

Enter LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY.

Luke. There they hang: As things indifferent, I am tractable.

Sir John. There pay your vows, you have liberty.

Anna. Sweet figure [*Kneels.*

Of my dear Lacy! when removed Into another world, I'll daily pay A sacrifice of sighs to thy remembrance; And with the power of tears strive to wash off The stain that contempt my foolish pride

And insolence threw upon thee.

Mary. I had been

Too happy, if I had enjoyed the substance; But far unworthy of it, now I fall Thus prostrate to thy statue. [*Kneels.*

L. Frug. My kind husband, [*Kneels* (Bless'd in my misery,) from the monastery To which my disobedience confined thee, With thy soul's eye, which distance cannot hinder, Look on my penitence. O, that I could Call back time past! thy holy vow dispensed, With what humility would I observe My long-neglected duty!

Sir John. Does not this move you?

Luke. Yes, as they do the statues, and her sorrow My absent brother. If, by your magic art, You can give life to these, or bring him hither To witness her repentance, I may have, Perchance, some feeling of it.

Sir John. For your sport, You shall see a masterpiece. Here's nothing but A superficies; colours, and no substance. Sit still, and to your wonder and amazement, I'll give these organs. This the sacrifice, To make the great work perfect.

[*Burns incense, and makes mystical gesticulations.*

SIR MAURICE LACY and PLENTY give signs of animation.

Luke. Prodigious!

Sir John. Nay, they have life, and motion. Descend!

[*SIR MAURICE LACY and PLENTY descend and come forward.*

And for your absent brother,—this wash'd off, Against your will you shall know him.

[*Discovers himself.*

Enter LORD LACY, with GOLDWIRE SENIOR and JUNIOR, TRADEWELL SENIOR and JUNIOR, the Debtors, &c. &c. as before.

Luke. I am lost.

Guilt strikes me dumb.

Sir John. You have seen, my lord, the pageant?

L. Lacy. I have, and am ravish'd with it.

Sir John. What think you now Of this clear soul? this honest, pious man? Have I stripp'd him bare, or will your lordship A further trial of him? 'Tis not in [have A wolf to change his nature.

L. Lacy. I long since Confess'd my error.

Sir John. Look up; I forgive you, And seal your pardons thus.

[*Raises and embraces LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, and MARY.*

L. Frug. I am too full Of joy, to speak it.

Anna. I am another creature;

Not what I was.

Mary. Now to shew myself, When last married, as a humble wife, Not a commanding mistress.

Anna. These things

I glory to shew you. [*To MARY.*

Sir John. Come to me, my dear half of myself,

I'll be your constant.

[*To ANNE.*

Sir John. Good sir, mercy!

Sir John. This day is sacred to it. All shall As for as joyful pity can give way to't, [find me, Indulge your wishes, though with loss

Unto myself.—My kind and honest brother,
Looking into yourself, have you seen the Gorgon?
What a golden dream you have had, in the possession

Of my estate !—but here's a revocation
That wakes you out of it. Monster in nature !
Revengeful, avaricious atheist,
Transcending all example !—but I shall be
A sharer in thy crimes, should I repeat them—
What wilt thou do ? turn hypocrite again,
With hope dissimulation can aid thee ?
Or that one eye will shed a tear in sign
Of sorrow for thee ? I have warrant to
Make bold with mine own, pray you uncase : this
key, too,
I must make bold with. Hide thyself in some
desart,

Where good men ne'er may find thee ; or in justice
Seek to Virginia, and repent ; not for
Those horrid ends to which thou didst design these.

Luke. I care not where I go : what's done,
with words

Cannot be undone. [Exit.]

L. Frug. Yet sir, shew some mercy ;
Because his cruelty to me and mine,
Did good upon us.

Sir John. Of that at better leisure,
As his penitency shall work me. Make you good
Your promised reformation, and instruct
Our city dames, whom wealth makes proud, to
move

In their own spheres ; and willingly to confess,
In their habits, manners, and their highest port,
A distance 'twixt the city and the court. [Exit.]

THE GUARDIAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALPHONSO, King of Naples.
 DUKE MONTENNIER, General of Milan.
 SEVERINO, a banished Nobleman.
 MONTENNIER, his Brother-in-Law. (supposed
 dead, & disguised under the name of LAVAL.
 DURAZZO, the GUARDIAN.
 CALISTO, his Nephew and Ward, in love with
 CALISTA.
 ADORIO, a young Libertine.
 CAMILLO, }
 LENTULO, } Neapolitan Gentlemen.
 DONATO, }

CARIO, Cook to ADORIO.
 CLAUDIO, a confidential Servant to SEVERINO.
 Captain.
 Banditti.
 Servants.

ISOLANTE, Wife to SEVERINO.
 CALISTA, her Daughter, in Love with ADORIO.
 MIRTILLA, CALISTA'S Maid.
 CALISO, the Confidant of ISOLANTE.

Singers, Countrymen.

SCENE,—PARTLY AT NAPLES, AND PARTLY IN THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

PROLOGUE.

*After twice putting forth to sea, his fame
 Shipwreck'd in either, and his once-known name
 In two years silence buried, perhaps lost
 In the general opinion ; at our cost
 (A zealous sacrificer to Neptune made
 For good success in his uncertain trade)
 Our author weighs up anchors, and once more
 Forsaking the security of the shore,
 Resolves to prove his fortune : what 'twill be,
 Is not in him, or us, to prophesie ;
 You only, can assure us : yet he pray'd
 This little, in his absence, might be said,
 Designing me his orator. He submits
 To the grave censure of those abler wits
 His weakness ; nor dares he profess that when
 The critics laugh, he'll laugh at them agen.*

*(Strange self-love in a writer !) He would know
 His errors as you find them, and bestow
 His future studies to reform from this,
 What in another might be judged amiss.
 And yet despair not, gentlemen ; though he fear
 His strengths to please, we hope that you shall
 Some things so writ, as you may truly say [hear
 He hath not quite forgot to make a play, -
 As 'tis with malice rumour'd : his intents
 Are fair ; and though he want the compliments
 Of wide-mouth'd promisers, who still engage,
 Before their works are brought upon the stage,
 Their parasites to proclaim them : this last birth,
 Deliver'd without noise, may yield such mirth,
 As, balanced equally, will cry down the boast
 Of arrogance, and regain his credit lost.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—NAPLES. A Grove.

Enter DURAZZO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO, and two Servants.

Dur. Tell me of his expenses ! Which of you
 Stands bound for a gazet ? he spends his own ;
 And you impertinent fools or knaves, (make choice
 Of either title, which your signiorships please.)
 To meddle in't.

Camil. Your age gives privilege
 To this harsh language.

Dur. My age ! do not use
 That word again ; if you do, I shall grow young,

And swing you soundly : I would have you know
 Though I write fifty odd, I do not carry
 An almanack in my bones to pre-declare
 What weather we shall have ; nor do I kneel
 In adoration, at the spring and fall,
 Before my doctor, for a dose or two
 Of his restoratives, which are things, I take it,
 You are familiar with.

Camil. This is from the purpose.

Dur. I cannot cut a deeper, or groan like you
 When I have done, nor run away so nimbly
 Out of the field : but bring me to a fence-school,
 And crack a blade or two for exercise.

Ride a barb'd horse, or take a leap after me,
Following my hounds or hawks, (and, by your
leave,

At a gamesome mistress,) and you shall confess
I am in the May of my abilities,
And you in your December.

Lent. We are glad you bear
Your years so well.

Dur. My years! no more of years;
If you do, at your peril.

Camil. We desire not
To prove your valour.

Dur. 'Tis your safest course.

Camil. But as friends to your fame and reputa-
tion,

Come to instruct you, your too much indulgence
To the exorbitant waste of young Caldoro,
Your nephew and your ward, hath rendered you
But a bad report among wise men in Naples.

Dur. Wise men!—in your opinion; but to me,
That understand myself and them, they are
Hide-bounded money-mongers: they would have
me

Train up my ward a hopeful youth, to keep
A merchant's book; or at the plough, and clothe
In canvass or coarse cotton; while I fell [him
His woods, grant leases, which he must make
good

When he comes to age, or be compell'd to marry
With a cast whore and three bastards; let him know
No more than how to cipher well, or do
His tricks by the square root; grant him no plea-
sure

But quoits and nine-pins; suffer him to converse
With none but clowns and coblers: as the Turk
Poverty, old age, and aches of all seasons, [says,
Light on such heathenish guardians!

Don. You do worse:

To the ruin of his state, under your favour,
In feeding his loose riots.

Dur. Riots! what riots?

He wears rich clothes, I do so; keeps horses,
games, and wenches;

'Tis not amiss, so it be done with decorum:

In an heir 'tis ten times more excusable
Than to be over-thrifty. Is there aught else
That you can charge him with?

Camil. With what we grieve for,
And you will not approve.

Dur. Out with it, man.

Camil. His rash endeavour, without your con-
To match himself into a family [sent,
Not gracious with the times.

Dur. 'Tis still the better;

By this means he shall scape court visitants,
And not be eaten out of house and home
In a summer progress: but does he mean to marry?

Camil. Yes, sir, to marry.

Dur. In a beardless chin

'Tis ten times worse than wenching. Family!
Camil. Signor Severino's. [whose family?

Dur. How! not he that kill'd

The brother of his wife, as it is rumour'd,
Then fled upon it; since proscribed, and chosen
Captain of the Banditti; the king's pardon
On no suit to be granted?

Lent. The same, sir.

Dur. This touches near: how is his love re-
turn'd
By the saint he worships?

Don. She affects him not,
But dotes upon another.

Dur. Worse and worse.

Camil. You know him, young Adorio.

Dur. A brave gentleman!

What proof of this?

Lent. I dogg'd him to the church;
Where he, not for devotion, as I guess,
But to make his approaches to his mistress,
Is often seen.

Camil. And would you stand conceal'd
Among these trees, for he must pass this green,
The matins ended, as she returns home,
You may observe the passages.

Dur. I thank you;
This torrent must be stopt.

Don. They come.

Camil. Stand close.

[They stand aside.

Enter ADORIO, CALISTA, MIRTILLA, and Cassano muffled.

Calis. I know I wrong my modesty.

Ador. And wrong me,
In being so importunate for that
I neither can nor must grant.

Calis. A hard sentence!

And to increase my misery, by you,
Whom fond affection hath made my judge,
Pronounced without compassion. Alas, sir,
Did I approach you with unchaste desires,
A sullied reputation; were deform'd,
As it may be I am, though many affirm
I am something more than handsome—

Dur. I dare swear it.

Calis. Or if I were no gentlewoman, but bred
coarsely,

You might, with some pretence of reason, slight
What you should sue for.

Dur. Were he not an eunuch,

He would, and sue again; I am sure I should.
Pray look in my collar, a flea troubles me:
Hey-day! there are a legion of young Cupids
At barley-break in my breeches.

Calis. Hear me, sir;

Though you continue, may increase your scorn,
Only vouchsafe to let me understand
What my defects are; of which once convinced
I will hereafter silence my harsh plea,
And spare your further trouble.

Ador. I will tell you,
And bluntly, as my usual manner is.

Though I were a woman-hater, which I am not,
But love the sex,—for my ends, take me with you;
If in my thought I found one taint or blemish
In the whole fabric of your outward features,
I would give myself the lie. You are a virgin
Possess'd of all your mother could wish in you;
Your father Severino's dire disaster

In killing of your uncle, which I grieve for,
In no part taking from you. I repeat it,

A noble virgin, for whose grace and favours
The Italian princes might contend as rivals;

Yet unto me, a thing far, far beneath you,
(A noted libertine I profess myself,)

In your mind there does appear one fault so gross
Nay, I might say unpardonable at your years,
If justly you consider it, that I cannot

As you desire, affect you.

Calis. Make me know it,
I'll soon reform it.

Ador. Would you'd keep your word!

Calis. Put me to the test.

Ador. I will. You are too honest,
And, like your mother, too strict and religious,
And talk too soon of marriage; I shall break,
If at that rate I purchase you. Can I part with
My uncurb'd liberty, and on my neck
Wear such a heavy yoke? hazard my fortunes,
With all the expected joys my life can yield me,
For one commodity, before I prove it?
Venus forbid on both sides! let crook'd hams,
Bald heads, declining shoulders, furrow'd cheeks,
Be awed by ceremonies: if you love me
In the way young people should, I'll fly to meet it,
And we'll meet merrily.

Calis. 'Tis strange such a man
Can use such language.

Ador. In my tongue my heart
Speaks freely, fair one. Think on't, a close friend,
Or private mistress, is court rhetoric;
A wife, mere rustic solecism: so good morrow!

[*Ador* offers to go, *Calisto* comes forward and stops him.

Camil. How like you this?

Dur. A well-bred gentleman!
I am thinking now if ever in the dark,
Or drunk, I met his mother: he must have
Some drops of my blood in him, for at his years
I was much of his religion.

Camil. Out upon you!

Don. The colt's tooth still in your mouth!

Dur. What means this whispering?

Ador. You may perceive I seek not to displant
you,

Where you desire to grow; for further thanks,
'Tis needless compliment.

Cald. There are some natures
Which blush to owe a benefit, if not
Received in corners; holding it an impairing
To their own worth, should they acknowledge it.
I am made of other clay, and therefore must
Trench so far on your leisure, as to win you
To lend a patient ear, while I profess
Before my glory, though your scorn, Calista,
How much I am your servant.

Ador. My designs
Are not so urgent, but they can dispense
With so much time.

Camil. Pray you now observe your nephew.

Dur. How he looks! like a school-boy that had
And went to be breech'd. [play'd the truant,

Cald. Madam!

Calis. A new affliction!

Your suit offends as much as his repulse,
It being not to be granted.

Miri. Hear him, madam;

His sorrow is not personated; he deserves
Your pity, not contempt.

Dur. He has made the maid his;
And, as the master of the *Art of Love*
Wisely affirms, it is a kind of passage
To the mistress' favour.

Cald. I come not to urge

My merit to deserve you, since you are,
Weigh'd truly to your worth, above all valde:
Much less to argue you of want of judgment
For following one that with wing'd feet flies from
you,

While I, at all parts, with my boast, his equal,
In vain pursue you; bidding those flames with
me.

Those lawful flames, (for, madam, know, with other
I never shall approach you,) which Adorio,
In scorn of Heben and religious rites,
With atheistical impudence contemns;
And in his loose attempt to undermine
The fortress of your honour, seeks to ruin
All holy altars by clear minds erected
To virgin honour.

Dur. My nephew is an ass;
What a devil hath he to do with virgin honour,
Altars, or lawful flames, when he should tell her
They are superstitious nothings; and speak to the
Of the delight to meet in the old dance, [purpose,
Between a pair of sheets; my grandam call'd it,
The Peopling of the World.

Calis. How, gentle sir!
To vindicate my honour! that is needless;
I dare not fear the worst aspersion malice
Can throw upon it.

Cald. Your sweet patience, lady,
And more than dove-like innocence, render you
Insensible of an injury, for which
I deeply suffer. Can you undergo
The scorn of being refused? I must confess
It makes for my ends; for had he embraced
Your gracious offers tender'd him, I had been
In my own hopes forsaken; and if yet
There can breathe any air of comfort in me,
To his contempt I owe it: but his ill
No more shall make way for my good intents,
Than virtue, powerful in herself, can need
The aids of vice.

Ador. You take that license, sir,
Which yet I never granted.

Cald. I'll force more;
Nor will I for my own ends undertake it,
As I will make apparent, but to do
A justice to your sex, with mine own wrong
And irrecoverable loss. To thee I turn,
Thou gontish ribald, in whom lust is grown
Defensible, the last descent to hell,
Which gapes wide for thee: look upon this lady,
And on her fame, (if it were possible,
Fairer than she is,) and if base desires,
And beastly appetite, will give thee leave,
Consider how she sought thee, how this lady,
In a noble way, desired thee. Was she fashion'd
In an inimitable mould, (which Nature broke,
The great work perfected,) to be made a slave
To thy libidinous twines, and, when commanded,
To be used as she is after drunken surfeits!
Mankind should rise against thee: what even now
I heard with horror, shew'd like blasphemy,
And as such I will punish it.

[*Strikes Ador*, the rest rush forward; they all draw.

Calis. Murder!

Miri. Help!

Dur. After a warring prologue, who would
have look'd for
Such a rough catastrophe? Nay, come on, fear
nothing.

Never till now my nephew! and do you hear, sir?
(And yet I love him too) if you take the wench
I'll have it paid first, then christened, [now,
Thou wert bound to it.

Ador. You think you have shewn
A memorable waterpiece of valour
In doing this; and as it may
Perhaps demand some setting for a favour:
Wear it with honour, and expect,

For this affront, when time serves, I shall call you
To a strict account. *[Exit.]*

Dur. Hook on, follow him, *[Exit.]*
You may feed upon this business a month,
If you manage it handsomely:

[Exeunt CAMILLO, LANTULO, and DONATO.]

When two heirs quarrel,
The swordmen of the city shortly after
Appear in plush, for their grave consultations
In taking up the difference; some, I know,
Make a set living on't. Nay, let him go,
Thou art master of the field; enjoy thy fortune
With moderation: for a flying foe,
Discreet and provident conquerors build up
A bridge of gold. To thy mistress, boy! if I were
In thy shirt, how I could nick it!

Cald. You stand, madam,
As you were rooted, and I more than fear
My passion hath offended: I perceive
The roses frightened from your cheeks, and paleness
To usurp their room: yet you may please to
ascribe it

To my excess of love, and boundless ardour
To do you right; for myself I have done nothing.
I will not curse my stars, howe'er assured
To me you are lost for ever: for suppose
Adorio slain, and by my hand, my life
Is forfeited to the law, which I condemn,
So with a tear or two you would remember
I was your martyr, and died in your service.

Cal. Alas, you weep! and in my just compassion
Of what you suffer, I were more than marble,
Should I not keep you company: you have sought
My favours nobly, and I am justly punish'd,
In wild Adorio's contempt and scorn,
For my ingratitude, it is no better,
To your deservings: yet such is my fate,
Though I would, I cannot help it. O Caldoro!
In our misplaced affection I prove
Too soon, and with dear-bought experience, Cupid
Is blind indeed, and hath mistook his arrows.
If it be possible, learn to forget,
(And yet that punishment is too light,) to hate,
A thankless virgin: practise it; and may
Your due consideration that I am so,
In your imagination, disperse
Loathsome deformity upon this face
That hath bewitch'd you! more I cannot say,
But that I truly pity you, and wish you
A better choice, which, in my prayers, Caldoro,
I ever will remember.

[Exeunt CALISTA and MISTILLA.]

Dur. 'Tis a sweet rogue.
Why, how now! thunderstruck?

Cald. I am not so happy!
Oh that I were but master of myself!
You soon should see me nothing.

Dur. What would you do?

Cald. With one stab give a fatal period
To my woes and life together.

Dur. For a woman!
Better the kind were lost, and generation
Maintain'd a new way.

Cald. Pray you, sir, forbear
This profane language.

Dur. Pray you, be you a man,
And whimper not like a girl: all shall be well,
As I live it shall; this is no hectic fever,
But a lovesick ague, easy to be cured,
And I'll be your physician, so, you subscribe

To my directions. First, you must change
This city whorish air, for 'tis infected,
And my potions will not work here; I must have
To my country villa: rise before the sun,
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Served up by nature on some grassy hill;
You'll find it nectar, and far more cordial
Than cullises, cock-broth, or your distillations
Of a hundred crowns a quart.

Cald. You talk of nothing.

Dur. This ta'en as a preparative, to strengthen
Your queasy stomach, vault into your saddle;
With all this flesh I can do it without a stirrup:—
My hounds uncoupled, and my huntsmen ready,
You shall hear such music from their tunable
mouths,

That you shall say the viol, harp, theorbo,
Ne'er made such ravishing harmony: from the
groves

And neighbouring woods, with frequent iterations,
Enamour'd of the cry, a thousand echoes
Repeating it.

Cald. What's this to me?

Dur. It shall be,

And you give thanks for't. In the afternoon,
For we will have variety of delights,
We'll to the field again, no game shall rise
But we'll be ready for't: if a hare, my greyhounds
Shall make a course; for the pie or jay, a spar-
hawk

Flies from the fist; the crow so near pursued,
Shall be compell'd to seek protection under
Our horses bellies; a hearn put from her siege,
And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall mount
So high, that, to your view, she'll seem to soar
Above the middle region of the air:
A cast of haggard falcons, by me mann'd,
Eyeing the prey at first, appear as if
They did turn tail; but with their labouring wings
Getting above her, with a thought their pinions
Cleaving the purer element, make in,
And by turns bind with her; the frightened fowl,
Lying at her defence upon her back,
With her dreadful beak a while defers her death,
But by degrees forced down, we part the prey,
And feast upon her.

Cald. This cannot be, I grant,
But pretty pastime.

Dur. Pretty pastime, nephew!
'Tis royal sport. Then, for an evening flight,
A tiercel gentle, which I call my masters,
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
In such a place flies, as he seems to say,
See me, or see me not! the partridge sprung,
He makes his stoop; but wanting breath, is forced
To cancelier; then, with such speed as if
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes
The trembling bird, who even in death appears
Proud to be made his quarry.

Cald. Yet all this
Is nothing to Calista.

Dur. Thou shalt find
Twenty Calistas there: for every night,
A fresh and lusty one; I'll give thee a ticket,
In which my name, Durazzo's name, subscribed,
My tenants' nut-brown daughters, wholesome girls,
At midnight shall consent to do thee service,
I have bred them to't; should their fathers
murmur,
Their losses are small for that is a main point

In my indentures ; and when we make our progress,
There is no entertainment perfect, if
This last dish be not offer'd.

Cald. You make me smile.

Dur. I'll make thee laugh outright.—My horses,
knaves !

'Tis but six short hours riding : yet ere night
Thou shalt be an alter'd man.

Cald. I wish I may, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

* SCENE II.—A Room in SEVERINO'S House.

Enter IOLANTE, CALISTA, CALIPPO, and MIRTILLA.

Iol. I had spies upon you, minion ; the relation
Of your behaviour was at home before you :
My daughter to hold parley, from the church too,
With noted libertines ! her fame and favours
The quarrel of their swords !

Calis. 'Twas not in me
To help my madam.

Iol. How have I lived ?
My neighbour knows my manners have been such,
That I presume I may affirm, and boldly,
In no particular action of my life
I can be justly censured.

Calip. Censured, madam !
What lord or lady lives, worthy to sit
A competent judge on you ?

Calis. Yet black detraction
Will find faults where they are not.

Calip. Her foul mouth
Is stopp'd, you being the object : give me leave
To speak my thoughts, yet still under correction ;
And if my young lady and her woman hear
With reverence, they may be edified.
You are my gracious patroness and supportress,
And I your poor observer, nay, your creature,
Fed by your bounties ; and but that I know
Your honour detests flattery, I might say,
And with an emphasis, you are the lady
Admired and envied at, far, far above
All imitation of the best of women
That are or ever shall be. This is truth :
I dare not be obsequious ; and 'twould ill
Become my gravity, and wisdom glean'd
From your oraculous ladyship, to act
The part of a she-parasite.

Iol. If you do,
I never shall acknowledge you.

Calis. Admirable !

This is no flattery !

[*Aside to Mirt.*]

Mirt. Do not interrupt her :
'Tis such a pleasing itch to your lady-mother,
That she may peradventure forget us,
To feed on her own praises.

Iol. I am not
So far in debt to age, but if I would
Listen to men's bewitching sorceries,
I could be courted.

Calip. Rest secure of that.
All the braveries of the city run mad for you,
And yet your virtue's such, not one attempts you.

Iol. I keep no mankind servant in my house,
In fear my chastity may be suspected :
How is that voiced in Naples ?

Calip. With loud applause,
I assure your honour.

Iol. It confirms I can
Command my sensual appetites.

Calip. As vassals to

Your more than masculine reason, that commands
them :

Your palace styled a nunnery of pureness,
In which not one lascivious thought dares enter,
Your clear soul standing centinel.

Mirt. Well said, Echo !

[*Aside.*]

Iol. Yet I have tasted those delights, which
women

So greedily long for, know their titillations ;
And when, with danger of his head, thy father
Comes to give comfort to my widow'd sheets,
As soon as his desires are satisfied,
I can with ease forget them.

Calip. Observe that,
It being indeed remarkable : 'tis nothing •
For a simple maid, that never had her hand
In the honey-pot of pleasure, to forbear it ;
But such as have lick'd there, and lick'd there
And felt the sweetness of't— [often,

Mirt. How her mouth runs o'er
With rank imagination !

[*Aside.*]

Calip. If such can,
As urged before, the kickshaw being offer'd,
Refuse to take it, like my matchless madam,
They may be sainted.

Iol. I'll lose no more breath
In fruitless reprehension ; look to it :
I'll have thee wear this habit of my mind,
As of my body.

Calip. Seek no other precedent :
In all the books of *Amadis de Gaul*,
The *Palmerins*, and that true Spanish story,
The *Mirror of Knighthood*,* which I have read
Read feelingly, nay more, I do believe in't, [often,
My lady has no parallel.

Iol. Do not provoke me :
If, from this minute, thou e'er stir abroad,
Write letter, or receive one ; or presume
To look upon a man, though from a window,
I'll chain thee like a slave in some dark corner ;
Prescribe thy daily labour, which omitted,
Expect the usage of a Fury from me,
Not an indulgent mother.—Come, Calippo.

Calip. Your ladyship's injunctions are so easy,
That I dare pawn my credit my young lady
And her woman shall obey them.

[*Exeunt IOLANTE and CALIPPO.*]

Mirt. You shall try first
For a rotten piece of touchwood, and give fire
To the great fiend's nostrils, when he smokes
tobacco !

Note the injustice, madam ; they would have us,
Being young and hungry, keep perpetual Lent,
And the whole year to them a carnival.
Easy injunctions, with a mischief to you !
Suffer this and suffer all.

Calis. Not stir abroad !
The use and pleasure of our eyes denied us

Mirt. Insufferable.

Calis. Nor write, nor yet receive
An amorous letter !

Mirt. Not to be endured.

Calis. Nor look upon a man out of a window !

Mirt. Flat tyranny, insupportable tyranny,
To a lady of your blood.

Calis. She is my mother,
And how should I decline it ?

Mirt. Run away from this,
Take any course.

Calis. But without means, *Mirtilla*,
How shall we live?

Mirt. What a question's that! as if
A buxom lady could want maintenance
In any place in the world, where there are men,
Wine, meat, or money stirring.

Calis. Be you more modest,
Or seek some other mistress: rather than
In a thought or dream I will consent to aught
That may take from my honour, I'll endure
More than my mother can impose upon me.

Mirt. I grant your honour is a specious dress-
But without conversation of men, [ing,
A kind of nothing. I will not persuade you
To disobedience: yet my confessor told me
(And he, you know, is held a learned clerk)
When parents do enjoin unnatural things,
Wise children may evade them. She may as well
Command when you are hungry, not to eat,
Or drink, or sleep: and yet all these are easy,
Compared with the not seeing of a man,
As I persuade no further; but to you
There is no such necessity; you have means
To shun your mother's rigour.

Calis. Lawful means?

Mirt. Lawful, and pleasing too; I will not urge
Caldoro's loyal love, you being averse to't;
Make trial of Adorio.

Calis. And give up
My honour to his lust!

Mirt. There's no such thing
Intended, madam; in few words, write to him
What slavish hours you spend under your mother;

That you desire not present marriage from him,
But as a noble gentleman to redeem you
From the tyranny you suffer. With your letter
Present him some rich jewel; you have one,
In which the rape of Proserpine, in little,
Is to the life express'd: I'll be the messenger
With any hazard, and at my return,
Yield you a good account of't.

Calis. 'Tis a business
To be consider'd of.

Mirt. Consideration,
When the converse of your lover is in question,
Is of no moment: if she would allow you
A dancer in the morning to well breathe you,
A songster in the afternoon, a servant
To air you in the evening; give you leave
To see the theatre twice a week, to make
How the old actors decay, the young grow up.
(A fitting observation,) you might bear
But not to see, or talk, or touch a man,
Abominable!

Calis. Do not my blushes speak
How willingly I would assent?

Mirt. Sweet lady,
Do something to deserve them, and blush after.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street near
SEVERINO'S House.*

Enter ISOLANTE and CALIPSO.

Isl. And are these Frenchmen, as you say, such
gallants?

Calip. Gallant and active; their free breeding
The Spanish and Italian preciseness (knows not
Practised among us; what we call immodest,
With them is styled bold courtship: they dare fight
Under a velvet ensign, at fourteen.

Isl. A petticoat, you mean?

Calip. You are in the right;
Let a mistress wear it under an armour of proof,
They are not to be beaten off.

Isl. You are merry, neighbour.

Calip. I fool to make you so: pray you observe
them,

They are the forward'st monsieurs; born phy-
sicians

For the malady of young wenches, and ne'er miss;
I owe my life to one of them. When I was
A raw young thing, not worth the ground I trod on,
And long'd to dip my bread in tar, my lips
As blue as salt-water, he came up roundly to me,
And cured me in an instant; Venus be praised for't!

*Enter ALPHONSO, MONTENNERO, LAVAL, Captain, and
Attendants.*

Isl. They come, leave prating.

Calip. I am dumb, an't like your honour.

Alph. We will not break the league confirm'd
between us

And your great master: the passage of his army
Through all our territories lies open to him;

Only we grieve that your design for Rome
Commands such haste, as it denies us means
To entertain you as your worth deserves,
And we would gladly tender.

Mont. Royal Alphonso,
The king my master, your confederate,
Will pay the debt he owes, in fact, which I
Want words to express. I must remove to-night;
And yet, that your intended favours may not
Be lost, I leave this gentleman behind me,
To whom you may vouchsafe them, I dare say,
Without repentance. I forbear to give
Your majesty his character; in France
He was a precedent for arts and arms,
Without a rival, and may prove in Naples
Worthy the imitation.

[Introduces LAVAL to the King.

Calip. Is he not, madam, [rare!
A monsieur in print! what a garb was there! O
Then, how he wears his clothes! and the fashion of
A main assurance that he is within [them!
All excellent: by this, wise ladies ever
Make their conjectures.

Isl. Peace, I have observed him
From head to foot.

Calip. Eye him again, all over.

Lav. It cannot, royal sir, but argue
Of much presumption, if not impudence,
To be a suitor to your majesty,
Before I have deserved a gracious grant,
By some employment prosperously achieved.
But pardon, gracious sir: when I left France
I made a vow to a bosom friend of mine,
(Which my lord general, if he please, can witness,)

With such humility as well becomes
A poor petitioner, to desire a boon
From your magnificence. *[He delivers a petition.]*

Calip. With what punctual form
He does deliver it!

Iñl. I have eyes : no more.

Alph. For Severino's pardon !—you must excuse
I dare not pardon murder. *[me,*

Lav. His fact, sir,
Ever submitting to your abler judgment,
Merits a fairer name : he was provoked,
As by unanswerable proofs it is confirm'd,
By Montecarlo's rashness ; who repining
That Severino, without his consent,
Had married Iolante, his sole sister,
(It being conceal'd almost for thirteen years,)
Though the gentleman, at all parts, was his equal,
First challeng'd him, and, that declined, he gave
A blow in public. *[him*

Mont. Not to be endured,
But by a slave.

Lav. This, great sir, justly weigh'd,
You may a little, if you please, take from
The rigour of your justice, and express
An act of mercy.

Iñl. I can hear no more.
This opens an old wound, and makes a new one.
Would it were cicatrized ! wait me.

Calip. As your shadow.

[Exeunt IOLANTE and CALIPSO.]

Alph. We grant you these are glorious pre-
Revenge appearing in the shape of valour, *[teases,*
Which wise kings must distinguish : the defence
Of reputation, now made a bawd
To murder ; every trifle falsely styled
An injury, and not to be determined
But by a bloody duel : though this vice
Hath taken root and growth beyond the mountains,
(As France, and, in strange fashions, her ape,
England, can dearly witness with the loss
Of more brave spirits, than would have stood the
Of the Turk's army,) while Alphouso lives *[shock*
It shall not here be planted. Move me no further
In this ; in what else suiting you to ask,
And me to give, expect a gracious answer :
However, welcome to our court. Lord General,
I'll bring you out of the ports, and then betake you
To your good fortune.

Mont. Your grace overwhelms me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A Room in SEVERINO'S House.

Enter CALIPSO and IOLANTE.

Calip. You are bound to favour him : mark you
For my lord's pardon. *[how he pleaded]*

Iñl. That's indeed a tie ;
But I have a stronger on me.

Calip. Say you love
His person, be not ashamed o'f't ; he's a man,
For whose embraces, though Eudymion
Lay sleeping by, Cynthia would leave her orb,
And exchange kisses with him.

Iñl. Do not fan
A fire that burns already too hot in me ;
I am in my honour sick, sick to the death,
Never to be recovered.

Calip. What a coil's here
For loving a man ! It is no Africk wonder :
If, like Pausanias, you doted on a bull,

Indeed 'twere monstrous ; but in this you have
A thousand thousand precedents to excuse you.
A seaman's wife may ask relief of her neighbour,
When her husband's bound to the Indies, and not
blamed for't ;

And many more besides of higher calling,
Though I forbear to name them. You have a hus-
But, as the case stands with my lord, he is *[band ;*
A kind of no husband ; and your ladyship
As free as a widow can be. I confess,
If ladies should seek change, that have their hus-
bands

At board and bed, to pay their marriage duties,
(The surest bond of concord,) 'twere a fault,
Indeed it were : but for your honour, that
Do lie alone so often—body of me !

I am zealous in your cause—let me take breath.

Iñl. I apprehend what thou wouldst say, I want
all

As means to quench the spurious fire that burns
here.

Calip. Want means, while I, your creature,
Be so unthankful. *[live ! I dare not]*

Iñl. Wilt thou undertake it ?

And, as an earnest of much more to come,
Receive this jewel, and purse cramm'd full of
crowns.—

How dearly I am forced to buy dishonour ! *[Aside.]*

Calip. I would do it gratis, but 'twould ill
become

My breeding to refuse your honour's bounty ;
Nay, say no more, all rhetoric in this
Is comprehended ; let me alone to work him.
He shall be yours ; that's poor, he is already
At your devotion. I will not boast
My faculties this way, but suppose he were
Coy as Adonis, or Hippolytus,
And your desires more hot than Cytherea's,
Or wanton Phædra's, I will bring him chain'd
To your embraces, glorying in his fetters :
I have said it.

Iñl. Go, and prosper ; and imagine

A salary beyond thy hopes.

Calip. Sleep you

Secure on either ear ; the burthen's yours
To entertain him, mine to bring him hither.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in ADORIO'S House.

Enter ADORIO, CÉMILLO, LENTULO, and DONATO.

Don. Your wrong's beyond a challenge, and you
Too fairly with him, if you take that way *[deal*
To right yourself.

Lent. The least that you can do,
In the terms of honour, is, when next you meet
To give him the bastinado. *[him,*

Cam. And that done,
Draw out his sword to cut your own throat ! No,
Be ruled by me, shew yourself an Italian,
And having received one injury, do not put off
Your hat for a second ; there are fellows that,
For a few crowns, will make him sure, and so,
With your revenge, you prevent future mischief.

Ador. I thank you, gentlemen, for your studied
In what concerns my honour ; but in that *[care*
I'll steer my own course. Yet, that you may know
You are still my cabinet counsellors, my bosom
Lies open to you ; I begin to feel
A weariness, nay, satiety of looseness,

And something tells me here, I should repent
My harshness to Calista.

Enter CARIO, hastily.

Camil. When you please,
You may remove that scruple.

Ador. I shall think on't.

Car. Sir, sir, are you ready?

Ador. To do what?

I am sure 'tis not yet dinner-time.

Car. True; but I usher

Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast.

As yet I never cook'd: 'tis not botargo,

Fried frogs, potatoes marrow'd, caviar,

Carps' tongues, the pith of an English chine of

Nor our Italian delicate, oil'd mushrooms, [beef,

And yet a drawer-on too; and if you shew not

An appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say

To eat it, but devour it, without grace too,

(For it will not stay a preface.) I am shamed,

And all my past provocatives will be jeer'd at.

Ador. Art thou in thy wits? what new-found
Hast thou discover'd? [rarity]

Car. No such matter, sir;

It grows in our own country.

Don. Serve it up,

I feel a kind of stomach.

Camil. I could feed too.

Car. Not a bit upon a march; there's other let-
For your coarse lips; this is peculiar only [tucc]
For my master's palate: I would give my whole
year's wages,

With all my vails, and fees due to the kitchen,

But to be his carver.

Ador. Leave your fooling, sirrah,

And bring in your dainty.

Car. 'Twill bring in itself,

It has life and spirit in it; and for proof,

Behold! Now fall to boldly; my life on't,

It comes to be tasted.

Enter MIRTILLA.

Camil. Ha! Calista's woman?

Lent. A handsome one, by Venus.

Ador. Pray you forbear—

You are welcome, fair one.

Don. How that blush becomes her!

Ador. Aim your designs at me?

Mirt. I am trusted, sir,

With a business of near consequence, which I would
To your private ear deliver.

Car. I told you so.

Give her audience on your couch; it is fit state
To a she-ambassador.

Ador. Pray you, gentlemen,
For awhile dispose of yourselves, I'll straight attend
you. [Exit CARIL, LENT, and DON.]

Car. Dispatch her first for your honour: the
You know what follows. [quickly doing—]

Ador. Will you please to vanish? [Exit CARIO.]
Now, pretty one, your pleasure? you shall find me
Ready to serve you; if you'll put me to
My oath, I'll take it on this book.

Mirt. O sir,

The favour is too great, and far above

My poor ambition; I must kiss your hand

In sign of humble thankfulness.

Ador. So modest!

Mirt. It well becomes a maid, sir. Spare those
blessings

For my noble mistress, upon whom with justice,
And, with your good allowance, I might add
With a due gratitude, you may confer them;
But this will better speak her chaste desires,

[Delivers a letter.]

Than I can fancy what they are, much less
With moving language, to their fair deserts,
Aptly express them. Pray you read, but with
Compassion, I beseech you: if you find
The paper blurr'd with tears fallen from her eyes,
While she endeavour'd to set down that truth
Her soul did dictate to her, it must challenge
A gracious answer.

Ador. O the powerful charms
By that fair hand writ down here! not like those
Which dreadfully pronounced by Ciroe, changed
Ulysses' followers into beasts; these have
An opposite working, I already feel,
But reading them, their saving operations;
And all those sensual, loose, and base desires,
Which have too long usurp'd, and tyrannized
Over my reason, of themselves fall off.

Most happy metamorphosis! in which
The film of error that did blind my judgment
And seduced understanding, is removed.

What sacrifice of thanks can I return?
Her pious charity, that not alone
Redeems me from the worst of slavery,
The tyranny of my beastly appetites,
To which I long obsequiously have bow'd;
But adds a matchless favour, to receive
A benefit from me, nay, puts her goodness
In my protection?

Mirt. Transform'd!—it is
A blessed metamorphosis, and works
I know not how on me. [Aside.]

Ador. My joys are boundless,
Curb'd with no limits: for her sake, Mirtilla,
Instruct me how I presently may seal
To those strong bonds of loyal love, and service,
Which never shall be cancell'd.

Mirt. She'll become
Your debtor, sir, if you vouchsafe to answer
Her pure affection.

Ador. Answer it, Mirtilla!
With more than adoration I kneel to it.
Tell her, I'll rather die a thousand deaths
Than fail, with punctuality, to perform
All her commands.

Mirt. I am lost on this assurance,
Which, if 'twere made to me, I should have faith
in't.

As in an oracle: ah me! [Aside.] She presents you
This jewel, her dead grandsire's gift, in which,
As by a true Egyptian hieroglyphic,
(For so I think she call'd it,) you may be
Instructed what her suit is you should do,
And she with joy will suffer.

Ador. [looking at the trinket.] Heaven be
To qualify this excess of happiness [pleased]
With some disaster, or I shall expire
With a surfeit of felicity. With what art
The cunning lapidary hath here express'd
The rape of Proserpine! I apprehend
Her purpose, and obey it; yet not as
A helping friend, but a husband: I will meet
Her chaste desires with lawful heat, and warm
Our Hymeneal sheets with such delights
As leave no sting behind them.

Mirt. I despair then.

[Aside.]

Ador. At the time appointed say, wench, I'll attend her,
And guard her from the fury of her mother,
And all that dare disturb her.

Mirt. You speak well ;
And I believe you.

Ador. Would you aught else ?

Mirt. I would carry
Some love-sign to her ; and now I think on it,
The kind salute you offer'd at my entrance,
Hold it not impudence that I desire it,
I'll faithfully deliver it.

Ador. O, a kiss !
You must excuse me, I was then mine own,
Now wholly hers : the touch of other lips
I do abjure for ever : but there's gold . . . *[Exit.*
To bind thee still my advocate.

Mirt. Not a kiss !
I was coy when it was offer'd, and now justly,
When I beg one am denied. What scorching fires
My loose hopes kindle in me ! shall I be
False to my lady's trust, and, from a servant,
Rise up her rival ? His words have bewitch'd me,
And something I must do, but what ?—'tis yet
An embryo, and how to give it form,
Alas, I know not. Pardon me, Calista,
I am nearest to myself, and time will teach me
To perfect that which yet is undetermined. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Country. A Forest.*

Enter CLAUDIO and SKYRINO.

Claud. You are master of yourself ; yet, if I may,
As a tried friend in my love and affection,
And a servant in my duty, speak my thoughts
Without offence, i'the way of counsel to you ;
I could allege, and truly, that your purpose
For Naples, cover'd with a thin disguise,
Is full of danger.

Sev. Danger, Claudio !
'Tis here, and every where, our forced companion :
The rising and the setting sun beholds us
Environ'd with it ; our whole life a journey
Ending in certain ruin.

Claud. Yet we should not,
How'er besieged, deliver up our fort
Of life, till it be forced.

Sev. 'Tis so indeed
By wisest men concluded, which we should
Obey as Christians ; but when I consider
How different the progress of our actions
Is from religion, nay, morality,
I cannot find in reason, why we should
Be scrupulous that way only ; or like meteors
Blaze forth prodigious terrors, till our stuff
Be utterly consumed, which once put out,
Would bring security unto ourselves,
And safety unto those we prey upon.
O Claudio ! since by this fatal hand
The brother of my wife, bold Montecarlo,
Was left dead in the field, and I proscribed
After my flight, by the justice of the king,
My being hath been but a living death,
With a continual torture.

Claud. Yet in that,
You do delude their bloody violence
That do pursue your life.

Sev. While I, by rapines,
Live terrible to others as myself.—

What one hour can we challenge as our own,
Unhappy as we are, yielding a beam
Of comfort to us ? Quiet night, that brings
Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,
In which he rises early to do wrong,
And when his work is ended, dares not sleep :
Our time is spent in watches to entrap
Such as would shun us, and to hide ourselves
From the ministers of justice, that would bring us
To the correction of the law. O, Claudio,
Is this a life to be preserv'd, and at
So dear a rate ? But why hold I discourse
On this sad subject, since it is a burthen
We are mark'd to bear, and not to be shook off
But with our human frailty ? in the change
Of dangers there is some delight, and therefore
I am resolved for Naples.

Claud. May you meet there
All comforts that so fair and chaste a wife
As Fame proclaims her, without parallel,
Can yield to ease your sorrows !

Sev. I much thank you ;
Yet you may spare those wishes, which with joy
I have proved certainties, and from their want
Her excellencies take lustre.

Claud. Ere you go yet,
Some charge unto your squires not to fly out
Beyond their bounds, were not impertinent :
For though that with a look you can command
In your absence they'll be headstrong. *[them,*

Sev. 'Tis well thought on,
I'll touch my horn,—*[Blows his horn]*—they know
Claud. And will, *[my call.*

As soon as heard, make in to't from all quarters,
As the flock to the shepherd's whistle.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Ban.* What's your will ?
2 *Ban.* Hail sovereign of these woods !
3 *Ban.* We lay our lives
At your highness' feet.
4 *Ban.* And will confess no king,
Nor laws but what come from your mouth ; and
We gladly will subscribe to. *[those*

Sev. Make this good,
In my absence, to my substitute, to whom
Pay all obedience as to myself ;
The breach of this in one particular
I will severely punish : on your lives,
Remember upon whom with our allowance
You may securely prey, with such as are
Exempted from your fury.

Claud. 'Twere not amiss,
If you please, to help their memory : besides,
Here are some newly initiated.

Sev. To these
Read you the articles ; I must be gone :
Claud. farewell ! *[Exit.*

Claud. May your return be speedy !
1 *Ban.* Silence ; out with your table-books.
2 *Ban.* And observe.
Claud. *[reads.]* The commoner that lives in
expectation—

*Of a long wish'd-for dearth, and, smiling, grinds
The faces of the poor, you may make spoil of ;
Even theft to such is justice.*

3 *Ban.* He's in my tables.
Claud. The grand enchanter of the commons, for
His private profit or delight, with all
His herds that graze upon's, are lawful prize.

4 *Ban.* And we will bring them in, although the
Stood roaring by, to guard them. [devil]

Claud. If a usurer,
Greedy, at his own price, to make a purchase.
Taking advantage upon bond or mortgage
From a prodigal, pass through our territories,
In the way of custom, or of tribute to us,
You may ease him of his burthen.

2 *Ban.* Wholesome doctrine.

Claud. Builders of iron mills, that grub up
With timber trees for shipping. [forests]

1 *Ban.* May we not
Have a touch at lawyers?

Claud. By no means; they may
Too soon have a gripe at us; they are angry hornets.
Not to be jested with.

3 *Ban.* This is not so well.

Claud. The owners of dark shops, that vent their
wares

With perjuries; cheating vintners, not contented
With half in half in their reckonings, yet cry out,
When they find their guests want coin, 'Tis late
and bed-time.

These ransack at your pleasures.

3 *Ban.* How shall we know them?

Claud. If they walk on foot, by their rat-colour'd
stockings,

And shining-shoes; if horsemen, by short boots,
And riding-furniture of several counties.

2 *Ban.* Not one of the list escapes us.

Claud. But for scholars,
Whose wealth lies in their heads, and not their
pockets,

Soldiers that have bled in their country's service;
The rent-rack'd farmer, needy market folks;
The sweaty labourer, carriers that transport
The goods of other men, are privileged;
But, above all, let none presume to offer
Violence to women, for our king hath sworn,
Who that way's a delinquent, without mercy
Hangs for't, by martial law.

All. Long live Severino,
And perish all such cullions as repine
At his new monarchy!

Claud. About your business,
That he may find, at his return, good cause
To praise your care and discipline.

All. We'll not fail, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—NAPLES. A Street.

Enter LAVAL and CALIPSO.

Lav. Thou art sure mistaken; 'tis not possible
That I can be the man thou art employ'd to.

Calip. Not you the man! you are the man of men,
And such another, in my lady's eye,
Never to be discover'd.

Laual. A mere stranger,
Newly arrived!

Calip. Still the more probable.
Since ladies, as you know, affect strange dainties,
And brought far to them. This is not an age
In which saints live; but women, knowing women,
That understand their *sommum bonum* is
Variety of pleasures in the touch,
Derived from several nations; and if men would
Be wise by their example—

Lav. As most are;
'Tis a coupling age!

Calip. Why, sir, do gallants travel?

Answer that question; but, at their return.
With wonder to the hearers, to discourse of
The garb and difference in foreign females,
As the lusty girl of France, the sober German,
The plump Dutch frow, the stately dame of Spain,
The Roman libertine, and sprightly Tuscan,
The merry Greek, Venetian courtesan,
The English fair companion, that learns something
From every nation, and will fly at all:—
I say again, the difference betwixt these
And their own country gamesters.

Lav. Aptly urged.

Some make that their main end: but may I ask,
Without offence to your gravity, by what title
Your lady, that invites me to her favours,
Is known in the city?

Calip. If you were a true-born monsieur,
You would do the business first, and ask that after.
If you only truck with her title, I shall hardly
Deserve thanks for my travail; she is, sir,
No single-ducat trader, nor a beldam
So frozen up, that a fever cannot thaw her;
No lioness by her breath.

Lav. Leave these impertinencies,
And come to the matter.

Calip. Would you'd be as forward,
When you draw for the upshot! she is, sir, a lady,
A rich, fair, well-complexion'd, and what is
Not frequent among Venus' votaries,
Upon my credit, which good men have trusted,
A sound and wholesome lady, and her name is
Madonna Iolante.

Lav. Iolante!

I have heard of her; for chastity, and beauty,
The wonder of the age.

Calip. Pray you, not too much
Of chastity; fair and free I do subscribe to,
And so you'll find her.

Lav. Come, you are a base creature;
And, covering your foul ends with her fair name,
Give me just reason to suspect you have
A plot upon my life.

Calip. A plot! very fine!

Nay, 'tis a dangerous one, pray you beware of't;
'Tis cunningly contriv'd: I plot to bring you
Afoot, with the travel of some forty paces,
To those delights which a man not made of snow
Would ride a thousand miles for. You shall be
Received at a postern door, if you be not cautious,
By one whose touch would make old Nestor young,
And cure his hernia; a terrible plot!
A kiss then ravish'd from you by such lips
As flow with nectar, a juicy palm more precious
Than the famed Sibylla's bough, to guide you
safe

Through mists of perfumes to a glorious room,
Where Jove might feast his Juno; a dire plot!
A banquet I'll not mention, that is common;
But I must not forget, to make the plot
More horrid to you, the retiring bower,
So furnish'd as might force the Persian's envy.
The silver bathing-tub, the cambric rubbers,
The embroider'd quilt, the bed of gossamer
And damask roses; a mere powder plot
To blow you up! and last, a bed-fellow,
To whose rare entertainment all these are
But foils and settings off.

Lav. No more; her breath
Would warm an eunuch.

Calip. I knew I should heat you :
Now he begins to glow !

Lav. I am flesh and blood,
And I were not man if I should not run the hazard,
Had I no other ends in't. I have consider'd
Your motion, matron.

Calip. My plot, sir, on your life,
For which I am deservedly suspected
For a base and dangerous woman ! Fare you well,
sir,

I'll be bold to take my leave.

Lav. I will along too.
Come, pardon my suspicion : I confess
My error ; and eyeing you better, I perceive
There's nothing that is ill that can flow from you ;

I am serious, and, for proof of it, I'll purchase
Your good opinion. *[Gives her his purse.]*

Calip. I am gentle natured,
And can forget a greater wrong upon
Such terms of satisfaction.

Lav. What's the hour ?

Calip. Twelve.

Lav. I'll not miss a minute.

Calip. I shall find you
At your lodging ?

Lav. Certainly ; return my service,
And for me kiss your lady's hands.

Calip. At twelve

I'll be your convoy.

Lav. I desire no better.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

Enter DURAZZO, CALISTO, and Servant.

Dur. Walk the horses down the hill : I have
a little

To speak in private. *[Exit Servant.]*

Calid. Good sir, no more anger.

Dur. Love do you call it ! madness, wilful
madness ;

And since I cannot cure it, I would have you
Exactly mad. You are a lover already,
Be a drunkard too, and after turn small poet,
And then you are mad, katexokên the madman.

Calid. Such as are safe on shore may smile at
tempests ;

But I, that am embark'd, and every minute
Expect a shipwreck, relish not your mirth :
To me it is unseasonable.

Dur. Pleasing viands
Are made sharp by sick palates. I affect
A handsome mistress in my gray beard, as well
As any boy of you all ; and on good terms
Will venture as far 't' the fire, so she be willing
To entertain me ; but ere I would dote,
As you do, where there is no flattering hope
Ever t' enjoy her, I would forswear wine,
And kill this lecherous itch with drinking water,
Or live, like a Carthusian, on poor John,
Then bathe myself night by night in marble dew,
And use no soap but camphire-balls.

Calid. You may,
(And I must suffer it,) like a rough surgeon,
Apply these burning caustics to my wounds
Already gangrened, when soft unguents would
Better express an uncle with some feeling
Of his nephew's torments.

Dur. I shall melt, and cannot
Hold out if he whimper. O that this young fellow,
Who, on my knowledge, is able to beat a man,
Should be baffled by this blind imagined boy,
Or fear his bird-bolts ! *[Aside.]*

Calid. You have put yourself already
To too much trouble, in bringing me thus far :
Now, if you please, with your good wishes, leave
To my hard fortunes. *[me]*

Dur. I'll forsake myself first.
Leave thee ! I cannot, will not ; thou shalt have
No cause to be weary of my company,
For I'll be useful ; and, ere I see thee perish,

Dispensing with my dignity and candour,
I will do something for thee, though it savour
Of the old squire of Troy. As we ride, we will
Consult of the means : bear up.

Calid. I cannot sink,
Having your noble aids to buoy me up ;
There was never such a guardian.

Dur. How is this ?
Stale compliments to me ! when my work's done,
Commend the artificer, and then be thankful.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—NAPLES. *A Room in SEVERINO'S House.*

*Enter CALISTA richly habited, and MIRTILLA in the gown
which CALISTA first wore.*

Calis. How dost thou like my gown ?

Mirt. 'Tis rich and courtlike.

Calis. The dressings too are suitable ?

Mirt. I must say so,

Or you might blame my want of care.

Calis. My mother
Little dreams of my intended flight, or that
These are my nuptial ornaments.

Mirt. I hope so.

Calis. How dully thou reply'st ! thou dost not
Adorio's noble change, or the good fortune [envy
That it brings to me ?

Mirt. My endeavours that way
Can answer for me.

Calis. True ; you have discharged
A faithful servant's duty, and it is
By me rewarded like a liberal mistress :
I speak it not to upbraid you with my bounties,
Though they deserve more thanks and ceremony
Than you have yet express'd.

Mirt. The miseries

Which, from your happiness, I am sure to suffer,
Restrain my forward tongue ; and, gentle madam,
Excuse my weakness, though I do appear

A little daunted with the heavy burthen
I am to undergo : when you are safe,
My dangers, like to roaring torrents, will
Gush in upon me ; yet I would endure
Your mother's cruelty ; but how to bear
Your absence, in the very thought confounds me.
Since we were children I have loved and serv'd
I willingly learn'd to obey, as you *[you ;]*

Grew up to knowledge, that you might command me ;

And now to be divorc'd from all my comforts !—
Can this be borne with patience ?

Calis. The necessity
Of my strange fate commands it ; but a vow*
By my Adorio's love, I pity thee.

Mirt. Pity me, madam ! a cold charity ;
You must do more, and help me.

Calis. Ha ! what said you ?

I must ! is this fit language for a servant ?

Mirt. For one that would continue your poor
And cannot live that day in which she is [servant,
Denied to be so. Can Mirtilla sit
Mourning alone, imagining those pleasures
Which you, this blessed Hymeneal night,
Enjoy in the embraces of your lord,
And my lord too, in being yours ? (already
As such I love and honour him.) Shall a stranger
Sew you in a sheet, to guard that maidenhead
You must pretend to keep ; and 'twill become you ?
Shall another do those bridal offices,
Which time will not permit me to remember,
And I pine here with envy ? pardon me,—
I must and will be pardon'd,—for my passions
Are in extremes ; and use some speedy means
That I may go along with you, and share
In those delights, but with becoming distance ;
Or by his life, which as a saint you swear by,
I will discover all !

Calis. Thou canst not be
So treacherous and cruel, in destroying
The building thou hast raised.

Mirt. Pray you do not tempt me,
For 'tis resolv'd.

Calis. I know not what to think of't.
In the discovery of my secrets to her,
I have made my slave my mistress ; I must soothe
her,

There's no evasion else. [*Aside.*] Prithee, Mirtilla,
Be not so violent, I am strangely taken
With thy affection for me ; 'twas my purpose
To have thee sent for.

Mirt. When ?

Calis. This very night ;
And I vow deeply I shall be no sooner
In the desired possession of my lord,
But by some of his servants I will have thee
Convey'd unto us.

Mirt. Should you break !

Calis. I dare not.
Come, clear thy looks, for instantly we'll prepare
For our departure.

Mirt. Pray you forgive my boldness,
Growing from my excess of zeal to serve you.

Calis. I thank thee for't.

Mirt. You'll keep your word ?

Calis. Still doubtful !

[*Exit.*

Mirt. 'Twas this I aim'd at, and leave the rest
to fortune. [*Exit, following.*

SCENE III.—A Room in ADORIO's House.

*Enter ADORIO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO, CARIO, and
Servants.*

Ador. Haste you unto my villa, and take all
Provision along with you, and for use
And ornament, the shortness of the time
Can furnish you ; let my best plate be set out,

And costliest hangings ; and, if't be possible,
With a merry dance to entertain the bride,
Provide an epithalamium.

Car. Trust me

For belly timber : and for a song, I have
A paper-blurrer, who on all occasions,
For all times, and all seasons, hath such trinkets
Ready in the deck : it is but altering
The names, and they will serve for any bride,
Or bridegroom, in the kingdom.

Ador. But for the dance ?

Car. I will make one myself, and foot it finely ;
And summoning your tenants at my dresser
Which is, indeed, my drum, make a rare choice
Of the able youth, such as shall sweat sufficiently,
And smell goo, but not of amber, which, you know,
The grace of the country-hall. [*is*

Ador. About it, Cario,
And look you be careful.

Car. For mine own credit, sir.

[*Facient CARIO and Servants.*

Ador. Now, noble friends, confirm your loves,
and think not

Of the penalty of the law, that does forbid
The stealing away an heir : I will secure you,
And pay the breach of't.

Camil. Tell us what we shall do,
We'll talk of that hereafter.

Ador. Pray you be careful
To keep the west gate of the city open,
That our passage may be free, and bribe the watch
With any sum ; this is all.

Don. A dangerous business !

Camil. I'll make the constable, watch, and
porter drunk,
Under a crown.

Lent. And then you may pass while they snore,
Though you had done a murder.

Camil. Get but your mistress,
And leave the rest to us.

Ador. You much engage me :
But I forget myself.

Camil. Pray you, in what, sir ?

Ador. Yielding too much to my affection,
Though lawful now, my wounded reputation
And honour suffer : the disgrace, in taking
A blow in public from Caldoro, branded
With the infamous mark of coward, in delaying
To right myself, upon my cheek grows fresher ;
That's first to be consider'd.

Camil. If you dare

Trust my opinion, (yet I have had
Some practice and experience in duels,)
You are too tender that way : can you answer
The debt you owe your honour till you meet
Your enemy from whom you may exact it ?
Hath he not left the city, and in fear
Conceal'd himself, for aught I can imagine ?
What would you more ?

Ador. I should do.

Camil. Never think on't,
Till fitter time and place invite you to it :
I have read Caranza, and find not in his Grammar
Of quarrels, that the injured man is bound
To seek for reparation at an hour ;
But may, and without loss, till he hath settled
More serious occasions that import him,
For a day or two defer it.

Ador. You'll subscribe
Your hand to this ?

Camil. And justify't with my life;
Presume upon't.

Ador. On, then; you shall o'er-rule me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in SEVERINO's House.

Enter IOLANTE and CALIPSO.

Iol. I'll give thee a golden tongue, and have
Over thy tomb, for a monument. [it hung up,

Calip. I am not prepared yet
To leave the world; there are many good pranks
I must dispatch in this kind before I die:
And I had rather, if your honour please,
Have the crowns in my purse.

Iol. Take that.
Calis. Magnificent lady!
May you live long, and, every moon, love change,
That I may have fresh employment! You know
Remains to be done? [what

Iol. Yes, yes; I will command
My daughter and Mirtilla to their chamber.

Calip. And lock them up; such liquorish kit-
lings, are not
To be trusted with our cream. Ere I go, I'll
help you

To set forth the banquet, and place the candied
cringoes
Where he may be sure to taste them; then undress
you,

For these things are cumbersome, when you should
be active:

A thin night mantle to hide part of your smock,
With your pearl-embroider'd pantofles on your
feet,

And then you are arm'd for service! nay, no
trifling,

We are alone, and you know 'tis a point of folly
To be coy to eat when meat is set before you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Street before SEVERINO's House.

Enter ADORIO and Servant.

Ador. 'Tis eleven by my watch, the hour ap-
pointed.

Listen at the door—hear'st thou any stirring?

Serv. No, sir;
All's silent here.

Ador. Some cursed business keeps
Her mother up. I'll walk a little circle,
And shew where you shall wait us with the horses,
And then return. This short delay afflicts me,
And I presume to her it is not pleasing. [Exeunt.]

Enter DURAZZO and CALDORO.

Dur. What's now to be done? prithee let's to
bed, I am sleepy;
And here's my hand on't, without more ado,
By fair or foul play we'll have her to-morrow
In thy possession.

Cald. Good sir, give me leave
To taste a little comfort in beholding
The place by her sweet presence sanctified.
She may perhaps, to take air, ope the casement,
And looking out, a new star to be gazed on
By us with adoration, bless these eyes,
Ne'er happy but when she is made the object.

Dur. Is not here fine fooling!
Cald. Thou great queen of love,
Or real or imagined, be propitious
To me, thy faithful votary! and I vow
To erect a statue to thee, equal to
Thy picture, by Apelles' skilful hand
Left as the great example of his art;
And on thy thigh I'll hang a golden Cupid,
His torches flaming, and his quiver full,
For further honour!

Dur. End this waking dream,
And let's away.

Enter from the house CALISTA and MIRTILLA.

Calis. Mirtilla!

Cald. 'Tis her voice!

Calis. You heard the horses' footing?

Mirt. Certainly.

Calis. Speak low. My lord Adorio!

Cald. I am dumb.

Dur. The darkness friend us too! Most honour'd
madam,

Adorio, your servant.

Calis. As you are so,
I do command your silence till we are
Further remov'd; and let this kiss assure you
(I thank the sable night that hides my blushes)
I am wholly yours.

Dur. Forward, you micher!

Mirt. Madam,
Think on Mirtilla! [Goes into the house.]

Dur. I'll not now enquire
The mystery of this, but bless kind fortune
Favouring us beyond our hopes. yet, now I think
on't,
I had ever a lucky hand in such smock night-
work. [Exeunt.]

Enter ADORIO and Servant.

Ador. This slowness does amaze me: she's not
In her late resolution? [alter'd]

Iol. [within.] Get you to bed,
And stir not on your life, till I command you.

Ador. Her mother's voice! listen.

Serv. Here comes the daughter.

Re-enter MIRTILLA hastily.

Mirt. Whither shall I fly for succour?

Ador. To these arms,
Your castle of defence, impregnable,
And not to be blown up: how your heart beats!
Take comfort, dear Calista, you are now
In his protection that will ne'er forsake you:
Adorio, your changed Adorio, swears
By your best self, an oath he dares not break,
He loves you, loves you in a noble way,
His constancy firm as the poles of heaven.
I will urge no reply, silence becomes you;
And I'll defer the music of your voice,
Till we are in a place of safety.

Mirt. O blest error! [Aside. Exeunt.]

Enter SEVERINO.

Sev. 'Tis midnight: how my fears of certain
death,
Being surprised, combat with my strong hopes
Raised on my chaste wife's goodness! I am grown
A stranger in the city, and no wonder,
I have too long been so unto myself:
Grant me a little truce, my troubled soul—
I hear some footing, ha!

Enter LAVAL and CALIPO.

Calip. That is the house,
And there's the key : you'll find my lady ready.
To entertain you ; 'tis not fit I should
Stand gaping by while you bill : I have brought
you on,

Charge home, and come off with honour. [*Exit.*

Sev. It makes this way.

Lav. I am much troubled, and know not what
Of this design. [*to think*

Sev. It still comes on.

Lav. The watch !

I am betray'd.

Sev. Should I now appear fearful,
It would discover me ; there's no retiring.
My confidence must protect me ; I'll appear
As if I walk'd the round.—Stand !

Lav. I am lost.

Sev. The word ?

Lav. Pray you forbear ; I am a stranger,
And missing, this dark stormy night, my way
To my lodging, you shall do a courteous office
To guide me to it.

Sev. Do you think I stand here
For a page or a porter ?

Lav. Good sir, grow not so high :
I can justify my being abroad ; I am
No pilfering vagabond, and what you are
Stands yet in supposition ; and I charge you,
If you are an officer, bring me before your captain ;
For if you do assault me, though not in fear
Of what you can do alone, I will cry murder,
And raise the streets.

Sev. Before my captain, ha !
And bring my head to the block. Would we were
parted,

I have greater cause to fear the watch than he.

Lav. Will you do your duty ?

Sev. I must close with him :—

Troth, sir, whate'er you are, (yet by your language,
I guess you a gentleman,) I'll not use the rigour
Of my place upon you : only quit this street,
For your stay here will be dangerous ; and good
night !

Lav. The like to you, sir ; I'll grope out my way
As well as I can. O damn'd bawd !—Fare you
well, sir. [*Exit.*

Sev. I am glad he's gone ; there is a secret
passage,
Unknown to my wife, through which this key will
guide me
To her desired embraces, which must be,
My presence being beyond her hopes, most wel-
come. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—A Room in SEVERINO's House.

IOLANTE is heard speaking behind a curtain.

Iñ. I am full of perplex'd thoughts. Imperious
blood,
Thou only art a tyrant ; judgment, reason,
To whatsoever thy edicts proclaim,
With vassal fear subscribe against themselves.
I am yet safe in the port, and see before me,
If I put off, a rough tempestuous sea,
The raging winds of infamy from all quarters
Assuring my destruction ; yet my lust
Swelling the wanton sails, (my understanding

Stow'd under hatches,) like a desperate pilot,
Commands me to urge on. My pride, my pride,
Self-love, and over-value of myself,
Are justly punish'd : I that did deny
My daughter's youth allow'd and lawful pleasures,
And would not suffer in her those desires
She suck'd in with my milk, now in my waning
Am scorch'd and burnt up with libidinous fire,
That must consume my fame ; yet still I throw
More fuel on it.

Enter SEVERINO before the curtain.

Sev. 'Tis her voice, poor turtle :
She's now at her devotions, praying for
Her banish'd mate ; alas, that for my guilt
Her innocence should suffer ! But I do
Commit a second sin in my deferring
The ecstacy of joy that will transport her
Beyond herself, when she flies to my lips,
And seals my welcome.—[*Draws the curtain, and
discovers IOLANTE seated, with a rich ban-
quet, and tapers, set forth.*—*Iolante !*

Iñ. Ha !

Good angels guard me !

Sev. What do I behold !

Some sudden flash of lightning strike me blind,
Or cleave the centre of the earth, that I
May living find a sepulchre to swallow
Me and my shame together !

Iñ. Guilt and horror

Confound me in one instant ; thus surpris'd,
The subtlety of all wantons, though abstracted,
Can shew no seeming colour of excuse,
To plead in my defence. [*Aside.*

Sev. Is this her mourning ?

O killing object ! The imprison'd vapours
Of rage and sorrow make an earthquake in me ;
This little world, like to a tottering tower,
Not to be underpropp'd ;—yet in my fall,
I'll crush thee with my ruins. [*Draws a poniard.*

Iñ. [*knocking.*] Good sir, hold :

For, my defence unheard, you wrong your justice,
If you proceed to execution ;
And will, too late, repent it.

Sev. Thy defence !

To move it, adds (could it receive addition)
Ugliness to the loathsome leprosy
That, in thy being a strumpet, hath already
Infected every vein, and spreads itself
Over this carrion, which would poison vultures
And dogs, should they devour it. Yet, to stamp
The seal of reprobation on thy soul,
I'll hear thy impudent lies, borrow'd from hell,
And prompted by the devil, thy tutor, whore !
Then send thee to him. Speak.

Iñ. Your Gorgon looks

Turn me to stone, and a dead palsy seizes
My silenced tongue.

Sev. O Fate, that the disease
Were general in women, what a calm
Should wretched men enjoy ! Speak, and be brief,
Or thou shalt suddenly feel me.

Iñ. Be appeased, sir,
Until I have deliver'd reasons for
This solemn preparation.

Sev. On, I hear thee.

Iñ. With patience ask your memory ; 'twill in-
struct you,
This very day of the month, seventeen years since,
You married me.

Sev. Grant it, what canst thou urge
From this?

Töl. That day, since your proscription, sir,
In the remembrance of it annually,
The garments of my sorrow laid aside,
I have with pomp observed.

Sev. Alone!

Töl. The thoughts

Of my felicity then, my misery now,
Were the invited guests; imagination
Teaching me to believe that you were present,
And a partner in it.

Sev. Rare! this real banquet

To feast your fancy: fiend! could fancy drink off
These flaggons to my health, or the idle thought,
Like Baal, devour these delicacies? the room
Perfumed to take his nostrils! this loose habit,
Which Messalina would not wear, put on
To fire his lustful eyes! Wretch, am I grown
So weak in thy opinion, that it can
Flatter credulity that these gross tricks
May be foisted on me? Where's my daughter?
where

The bawd your woman? answer me.—Calista!
Mirtilla! they are disposed of, if not murder'd,
To make all sure; and yet methinks your neigh-
Your whistle, agent, parasite, Calipso, [bour,
Should be within call, when you hem, to usher in
The close adulterer. [Lays hands on her.

Töl. What will you do?

Sev. Not kill thee, do not hope it; I am not
So near to reconciliation. Ha! this scarf,
The intended favour to your stallion, now
Is useful: do not strive;—[He binds her.]—thus
bound, expect

All studied tortures my assurance, not
My jealousy, thou art false, can pour upon thee.
In darkness how thy mischiefs; and if rankness
Of thy imagination can conjure
The ribald [hither,] glut thyself with him;
I will cry *Aim!* and in another room
Determine of my vengeance. Oh, my heart-strings!
[Exit with the tapers.

Töl. Most miserable woman! and yet sitting
A judge in mine own cause upon myself,
I could not mitigate the heavy doom
My incest'd husband must pronounce upon me.
In my intents I am guilty, and for them
Must suffer the same punishment, as if
I had, in fact, offended.

Calip. [within.] Bore my eyes out,
If you prove me faulty: I'll but tell my lady
What caused your stay, and instantly present you.

Enter CALIPSO.

How's this? no lights! What new device? will
At blindman's buff?—Madam! [she play

Töl. Upon thy life,
Speak in a lower key,

Calip. The mystery
Of this, sweet lady? where are you?

Töl. Here, fast bound.

Calip. By whom.

Töl. I'll whisper that into thine ear,
And then farewell for ever.—

Calip. How! my lord?

I am in a fever: horns upon horns grow on him!
Could he pick no hour but this to break a bargain
Almost made up?

Töl. What shall we do?

Calip. Betray him;
I'll instantly raise the watch.

Töl. And so make me
For ever infamous.

Calip. The gentleman,
The rarest gentleman is at the door,
Shall he lose his labour? Since that you must
perish,

'Twill shew a woman's spleen in you to fall
Deservedly; give him his answer, madam.
I have on the sudden in my head a strange whim;
But I will first unbind you. [Frees her.

Töl. Now what follows?

Calip. I will supply your place; [Töl. binds
CALIP.] and, bound, give me
Your mantle, take my night-gown; send away
The gentleman satisfied. I know my lord
Wants power to hurt you, I perhaps may get
A kiss by the bargain, and all this may prove
But some neat love-trick: if he should grow furious,
And question me, I am resolv'd to put on
An obstinate silence. Pray you dispatch the gen-
tleman,

His courage may cool.

Töl. I'll speak with him, but if
To any base or lustful end, may mercy
At my last gasp forsake me! [Exit

Calip. I was too rash,
And have done what I wish undone: say he should
kill me?

I have run my head in a fine noose, and I smell
The pickle I am in! 'las, how I shudder
Still more and more! would I were a she Priapus,
Stuck up in a garden to fright away the crows,
So I were out of the house! she's at her pleasure,
Whate'er she said; and I must endure the torture—
He comes; I cannot pray, my fears will kill me.

Re-enter SEVERINO with a knife in his hand, throwing open
the doors violently.

Sev. It is a deed of darkness, and I need
No light to guide me; there is something tells me
I am too slow-paced in my weak, and trifle
In my revenge. All hush'd! no sigh nor groan
To witness her compunction! can guilt sleep,
And innocence be open-eyed? even now,
Perhaps, she dreams of the adulterer,
And in her fancy hugs him. Wake, thou strumpet,
And instantly give up unto my vengeance
The villain that defiles my bed; discover
Both what and where he is, and suddenly,
That I may bind you face to face, then sew you
Into one sack, and from some steep rock hurl you
Into the sea together: do not play with
The lightning of my rage; break stubborn silence,
And answer my demands; will it not be?
I'll talk no longer; thus I mark thee for
A common strumpet. [Strikes at her with the knife.

Calip. Oh!

Sev. Thus stab these arms
That have stretch'd out themselves to grasp a
Calip. Oh! [stranger.

Sev. This is but an induction; I will draw
The curtains of the tragedy hereafter:
Howl on, 'tis music to me. [Exit

Calip. He is gone.

A kiss, and love-tricks! he hath villainous teeth,
May sublimed mercury draw them! if all dealers
In my profession were paid thus, there would be
A dearth of cuckolds. Oh my nose! I had one:

My arms, my arms ! I dare not cry for fear ;
Cursed desire of gold, how art thou punish'd !

Re-enter IOLANTE.

Iol. Till now I never truly knew myself,
Nor by all principles and lectures read
In chastity's cold school, was so instructed
As by her contrary, how base and deform'd
Loose appetite is ; as in a few short minutes
This stranger hath, and feelingly, deliver'd.
Oh ! that I could recall my bad intentions,
And be as I was yesterday, untainted
In my desires, as I am still in fact,
I thank his temperance ! I could look undaunted
Upon my husband's rage, and smile at it,
So strong the guards and sure defences are
Of armed innocence ; but I will endure
The penance of my sin, the only means
Is left to purge it. The day breaks.—*Calipso* !

Calip. Here, madam, here.

Iol. Hath my lord visited thee ?

Calip. Hell take such visits ! these stabb'd
arms, and loss

Of my nose you left fast on, may give you a relish
What a night I have had of't, and what you had
Had I not supplied your place. [suffered,

Iol. I truly grieve for't ;
Did not my husband speak to thee ?

Calip. Yes, I heard him,
And felt him, *ecce signum*, with a mischief !
But he knew not me ; like a true-bred Spartan boy,
With silence I endured it ; he could not get
One syllable from me.

Iol. Something may be fashion'd
From this ; invention help me ! I must be sudden.

[Unbinds her.
Thou art free, exchange, quick, quick ! now bind
And leave me to my fortune. [me sure,

Calip. Pray you consider
*The loss of my nose ; had I been but carted for
you,

Though wash'd with mire and chamber-lic, I had
Examples to excuse me ; but my nose,
~~My~~ nose, dear lady !

Iol. Get off, I'll send to thee. [Exit CALIPSO.
If so, it may take ; if it fail, I must
Suffer whatever follows.

Re-enter SKYRISO with the knife and taper.

Sev. I have search'd
In every corner of the house, yet find not
My daughter, nor her maid ; nor any print
Of a man's footing, which, this wet night, would
Be easily discern'd, the ground being soft,
At his coming in or going out.

Iol. 'Tis he,
And within hearing ; heav'n forgive this feigning,
I being forced to't to preserve my life,
To be better spent hereafter !

Sev. I begin
To stagger, and my love, if it knew how,
(Her piety heretofore, and fame remembered,)
Would plead in her excuse.

Iol. *[aloud.]* You blessed guardians
Of matrimonial faith, and just revengers
Of such as do in fact offend against
Your sacred rites and ceremonies ; by all titles
And holy attributes you do vouchsafe
To be invoked, look down with saving pity
Upon my matchless sufferings !

Sev. At her devotions :
Affliction makes her repent.

Iol. Look down
Upon a wretched woman, and as I
Have kept the knot of wedlock, in the temple
By the priest fasten'd, firm ; (though in loose
wishes

I yield I have offended ;) to strike blind
The eyes of jealousy, that see a crime
I never yet committed, and to free me
From the unjust suspicion of my lord,
Restore my martyr'd face and wounded arms
To their late strength and beauty.

Sev. Does she hope
To be cured by miracle ?

Iol. This minute I
Perceive with joy my orisons heard and granted.
You ministers of mercy, who unseen,
And by a supernatural means, have done
This work of heavenly charity, be ever
Canonized for't !

Sev. I did not dream, I heard her,
And I have eyes too, they cannot deceive me :
If I have no belief in their assurance,
I must turn sceptic. Ha ! this is the hand,
And this the fatal instrument : these drops
Of blood, that gush'd forth from her face and arms,
Still fresh upon the floor. This is something more
Than wonder or amazement ; I profess
I am astonish'd.

Iol. Be incredulous still,
And go on in your barbarous rage, led to it
By your false guide, suspicion ; have no faith
In my so long tried loyalty, nor believe
That which you see ; and for your satisfaction,
My doubted innocence cleared by miracle,
Proceed ; these veins have now new blood, if you
Resolve to let it out.

Sev. I would not be fool'd
With easiness of belief, and faintly give
Credit to this strange wonder ; 'tis now thought
on :

In a fitter place and time I'll sound this further.

[Aside.
How can I expiate my sin ? or hope, [Unites her.
Though now I write myself thy slave, the service
Of my whole life can win thee to pronounce
Despair'd-of pardon ? Shall I kneel ? that's poor,
Thy mercy must urge more in my defence,
Than I can fancy ; wilt thou have revenge ?
My heart lies open to thee.

Iol. This is needless
To me, who in the duty of a wife,
Know I must suffer.

Sev. Thou art made up of goodness,
And from my confidence that I am alone
The object of thy pleasures, until death
Divorce us, we will know no separation.
Without inquiring why, as sure thou wilt not,
Such is thy meek obedience, thy jewels
And choicest ornaments pack'd up, thou shalt
Along with me, and as a queen be honour'd
By such as style me sovereign. Already
My banishment is repeal'd, thou being present ;
The Neapolitan court a place of exile
When thou art absent : my stay here is mortal,
Of which thou art too sensible, I perceive it ;
Come, dearest Iolante, with this breath
All jealousy is blown away.

Iol. Be constant.

[Embraces her.
[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

A noise within, as of a horse fallen :—then enter DURAZZO, CALDORO, and Servant, with CALISTA in their arms.

Dur. Hell take the stumbling jade !

Cald. Heaven help the lady !

Serv. The horse hath broke his neck.

Dur. Would thine were crack'd too,
So the lady had no harm ! Give her fresh air.

'Tis but a swoon.

Cald. 'Tis more, she's dead.

Dur. Examining

Her limbs if they be whole : not too high, not too high,

You ferret ; this is no coney-burrow for you.

How do you find her ?

Cald. No breath of comfort, sir : too cruel fate !

Had I still pined away, and linger'd under

The modesty of just and honest hopes

After a long consumption, sleep and death

To me had been the same ; but now, as 'twere,

Possess'd of all my wishes, in a moment

To have them ravish'd from me ! suffer shipwreck

In view of the port ! and, like a half-starv'd beggar,

No sooner in compassion clothed, but coffin'd !—

Malevolent destinies, too cunning in

Wretched Caldoro's tortures ! O Calista,

If thy immortal part hath not already

Left this fair palace, let a beam of light

Dawn from thine eye, in this Cimmerian darkness,

To guide my shaking hand to touch the anchor

Of hope in thy recovery.

Calis. Oh !

Dur. She lives ;

Disturb her not : she is no right-bred woman,

If she die with one fall ; some of my acquaintance

Have ta'en a thousand merrily, and are still

Excellent wrestlers at the close hug.

Cald. Good sir—

Dur. Prithee be not angry, I should speak thus if

My mother were in her place.

Cald. But had you heard

The music of the language which she used

To me, believed Adorio, as she rode

Behind me ; little thinking that she did

Embrace Caldoro—

Calis. Ah, Adorio !

Dur. Leave talking, I conceive it.

Calis. Are you safe ?

Cald. And raised, like you, from death to life,
to hear you.

Calis. Hear my defence then, ere I take my veil off,

A simple maid's defence, which, looking on you,

I faintly could deliver ; willingly

I am become your prize, and therefore use

Your victory nobly ; heaven's bright eye, the sun,

Draws up the grossest vapours, and I hope

I ne'er shall prove an envious cloud to darken

The splendour of your merits. I could urge

With what disdain, nay scorn, I have declined

The shadows of insinuating pleasures

Tender'd by all men else, you only being

The object of my hopes. that cruel prince

To whom the olive-branch of peace is offer'd,

Is not a conqueror, but a bloody tyrant,
If he refuse it ; nor should you wish a triumph,
Because Calista's humble : I have said,
And now expect your sentence.

Dur. What a throng
Of clients would be in the court of Love,
Were there many such she-advocates ! Art thou
dumb ?

Canst thou say nothing for thyself ?

Cald. [*knels.*] Dear lady,
Open your eyes, and look upon the man,
The man you have elected for your judge,
Kneeling to you for mercy.

Calis. I should know
This voice, and something more than fear I am
Deceived ; but now I look upon his face,
I am assured I am wretched.

Dur. Why, good lady ?
Hold her up, she'll fall again before her time else.
The youth's a well-timber'd youth, look on his
making ;

His hair curl'd naturally ; he's whole-chested too,
And will do his work as well, and go through stitch
with't,

As any Adorio in the world, my state on't !
A chicken of the right kind ; and if he prove not
A cock of the game, cuckold him first, and after
Make a capon of him.

Calis. I'll cry out a rape,
If thou unhand me not : would I had died
In my late trance, and never lived to know
I am betray'd !

Dur. To a young and active husband !
Call you that treachery ? there are a shoal of
Young wenches i' the city, would vow a pilgrimage
Beyond Jerusalem, to be so cheated.—
To her again, you milk-sop ! violent storms
Are soon blown over.

Calis. How could'st thou, Caldoro,
With such a frontless impudence arm thy hopes
So far, as to believe I might consent
To this lewd practice ? have I not often told thee,
Howe'er I pitied thy misplaced affection,
I could not answer it ; and that there was
A strong antipathy between our passions,
Not to be reconciled ?

Cald. Vouchsafe to hear me
With an impartial ear, and it will take from
The rigour of your censure. Man was mark'd
A friend, in his creation, to himself,
And may with fit ambition conceive
The greatest blessings, and the highest honours
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them
The right and noble way : I grant you were
The end of my design, but still pursued
With a becoming modesty, heaven at length
Being pleas'd, and not my arts, to further it.

Dur. Now he comes to her ; on, boy !

Cald. I have served you
With a religious zeal, and born the burthen
Of your neglect, if I may call it so,
Beyond the patience of a man : to prove this,
I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play
Upon Adorio's, like Phoebe's shine,
Gilding a crystal river ; and your lip
Rise up in civil courtship to meet his

While I bit mine with envy : yet these favours,
Howe'er my passions raged, could not provoke me
To one act of rebellion against
My loyalty to you, the sovereign
To whom I owe obedience.

Calis. My blushes
Confess this for a truth.

Dur. A flag of truce is
Hung out in this acknowledgment.

Cald. I could add,
But that you may interpret what I speak
The malice of a rival, rather than
My due respect to your deserts, how faintly
Adorio hath return'd thanks to the bounty
Of your affection, ascribing it
As a tribute to his worth, and not in you
An act of mercy : could he else, invited
(As by your words I understood) to take you
To his protection, grossly neglect
So gracious an offer, or give power
To Fate itself to cross him ? O, dear madam,
We are all the balls of time, toss'd to and fro,
From the plough unto the throne, and back
again.

Under the swing of destiny mankind suffers,
And it appears, by an unchanged decree,
You were appointed mine ; wise nature always
Aiming at due proportion : and if so,
I may believe with confidence, heaven, in pity
Of my sincere affection, and long patience,
Directed you, by a most blessed error,
To your vow'd servant's bosom.

Dur. By my holiday,
Tickling philosophy !

Calis. I am, sir, too weak
To argue with you ; but my stars have better,
I hope, provided for me.

Cald. If there be
Disparity between us, 'tis in your
Compassion to level it.

Dur. Give fire
To the mine, and blow her up.

Calis. I am sensible
Of what you have endured ; but on the sudden,
With my unusual travel, and late bruise,
I am exceeding weary. In yon grove,
While I repose myself, be you my guard ;
My spirits with some little rest revived,
We will consider further : for my part,
You shall receive modest and gentle answers
To your demands, though short, perhaps, to make
you

Full satisfaction.

Cald. I am exalted
In the employment ; sleep secure, I'll be
Your vigilant centinel.

Calis. But I command you,
And as you hope for future grace, obey me,
Presume not with one stolen kiss to disturb
The quiet of my slumbers ; let your temperance,
And not your lust, watch o'er me.

Cald. My desires
Are frozen, till your pity shall dissolve them.

Dur. Frozen ! think not of frost, fool, in the
dog-days.

Remember the old adage, and make use of't,
Occasion's bald behind.

Calis. Is this your uncle ?

Cald. And guardian, madam : at your better
leisure,

When I have deserved it, you may give him thanks
For his many favours to me.

Calis. He appears

A pleasant gentleman. [*Exeunt CALDORO and CALISTA.*]

Dur. You should find me so,
But that I do hate incest. I grow heavy ;
Sirrah, provide fresh horses ; I'll seek out
Some hollow tree, and dream till you return,
Which I charge you to hasten.

Serv. With all care, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Country. A Room in ADORIO'S House.*

Enter CAMIO with several Villagers, Musicians, &c.

Car. Let your eyes be rivetted to my heels, and
miss not

A hair's breadth of my footing ; our dance has
A most melodious note, and I command you
To have ears like hares this night, for my lord's
honour,

And something for my worship : your reward is
To be drunk-blind like moles, in the wine-cellar ;
And though you ne'er see after, 'tis the better ;
You were born for this night's service. And, do
you hear,

Wire-string and cat-gut men, and strong-breath'd
holoys,

For the credit of your calling, have not your instru-
ments

To tune when you should strike up ; but twang it
perfectly,

As you would read your neck-verse : and you,
warbler,

Keep your wind pipe moist, that you may not spit
and hem,

When you should make division. How I sweat !
Authority is troublesome :—[*A horn within* :—
they are come,

I know it by the cornet that I placed
On the hill to give me notice : marshal yourselves
I the rear ; the van is yours.

*Enter ADORIO, MIRTHILA, CAMILLO, LENTULO, and
DONATO*

Now chant it sprightly.

A SONG.

Ador. A well-penn'd ditty.

Camil. Not ill sung.

Ador. What follows ? [*To the dancers.*]

Car. Use your eyes. If ever—now your master-
piece !

A DANCE.

Ador. 'Tis well perform'd : take that, but not
from me.

'Tis your new lady's bounty, thank her for it ;
All that I have is her's.

Car. I must have three shares
For my pains and properties, the rest shall be
Divided equally. [*Exeunt CAMIO, Villagers, &c*]

Mirt. My real fears
Begin, and soon my painted comforts vanish,
In my discovery.

Ador. Welcome to your own !
You have (a wonder in a woman) kept
Three long hours' silence ; and the greater, holding
Your own choice in your arms ; a blessing for which
I will be thankful to you : nay, unmask,

And let mine eye and ears together feast,
Too long by you kept empty. Oh, you want
Your woman's help, I'll do her office for you.
[Takes off her mask.]

Mirtilla!

Camil. It is she, and wears the habit
In which Calista three days since appeared,
As she came from the temple.

Lent. All this trouble
For a poor waiting-maid!

Don. We are grossly gull'd.

Ador. Thou child of impudence, answer me, and truly,

Or, though the tongues of angels pleaded mercy,
Tortures shall force it from thee.

Mirt. Innocence
Is free, and open-breasted; of what crime
Stand I accused, my lord?

Ador. What crime! no language
Can speak it to the height; I shall become
Discourse for fools and drunkards. How was this
Contrived? who help'd thee in the plot? discover.
Were not Calista's aids in't?

Mirt. No, on my life;
Nor am I faulty.

Ador. No! what May-game's this?
Didst thou treat with me for thy mistress' favours,
To make sale of thine own?

Mirt. With her and you
I have dealt faithfully: you had her letter
With the jewel I presented: she received
Your courteous answer, and prepared herself
To be removed by you: and howsoever
You take delight to hear what you have done,
From my simplicity, and make my weakness
The subject of your mirth, as it suits well
With my condition, I know you have her
In your possession.

Ador. How! has she left
Her mother's house?

Mirt. You drive this nail too far.
Indeed she deeply vow'd, at her departure,
To send some of your lordship's servants for me,
(Though you were pleased to take the pains your-
self.)

That I might still be near her, as a shadow
To follow her, the substance.

Ador. She is gone then?

Mirt. This is too much; but, good my lord,
forgive me,

I come a virgin hither to attend
My noble mistress, though I must confess,
I look with sore eyes upon her good fortune,
And wish it were mine own.

Ador. Then, as it seems,
You do yourself affect me?

Mirt. Should she hear me,
And in her sudden fury kill me for't,
I durst not, sir, deny it; since you are
A man so form'd, that not poor I alone,
But all our sex like me, I think, stand bound
To be enamour'd of you.

Ador. O my fate!
How justly am I punish'd, in thee punish'd,
For my defended wantonness! I, that scorn'd
The mistress when she sought me, now I would
Upon my knees receive her, am become
A prey unto her bondwoman, my honour too
Neglected for this purchase. Art thou one of
those

Ambitious servingwomen, who, contemning
The embraces of their equals, aim to be
The wrong way ladyfied, by a lord? was there
No forward page or footman in the city,
To do the feat, that in thy lust I am chosen
To be the executioner? dar'st thou hope
I can descend so low?

Mirt. Great lords sometimes
For change leave calver'd salmon, and eat sprats.
In modesty I dare speak no more.

Camil. If 'twere
A fish-day, though you like it not, I could say
I have a stomach, and would content myself
With this pretty whiting-mop.

Ador. Discover yet
How thou cam'st to my hands.

Mirt. My lady gone,
Fear of her mother's rage, she being found absent,
Moved me to fly; and quitting of the house,
You were pleased, unask'd, to comfort me; (I
used

No sorceries to bewitch you;) then vouchsafed
(Thanks ever to the darkness of the night!)
To hug me in your arms; and I had wrong'd
My breeding near the court, had I refused it.

Ador. This is still more bitter. Canst thou
guess to whom
Thy lady did commit herself?

Mirt. They were
Horsemen, as you are.

Ador. In the name of wonder,
How could they pass the port, where you expected
My coming?

Camil. Now I think upon't, there came
Three mounted by, and, behind one, a woman
Embracing fast the man that rode before her.

Lent. I knew the men; but she was veil'd.

Ador. What were they?

Lent. The first the lord Durazzo, and the
second,

Your rival, young Caldoro; it was he
That carried the wench behind him.

Don. The last a servant,
That spurr'd fast after them.

Ador. Worse and worse! 'twas she!
Too much assurance of her love undid me.
Why did you not stay them?

Don. We had no such commission.

Camil. Or say we had, who durst lay fingers on
The angry old ruffian?

Lent. For my part, I had rather
Take a baited bull by the horns.

Ador. You are sure friends
For a man to build on!

Camil. They are not far off,
Their horses appear'd spent too; let's take fresh
ones,

And coast the country; ten to one we find them.

Ador. I will not eat nor sleep, until I have
them:

Moppet, you shall along too.

Mirt. So you please
I may keep my place behind you, I'll sit fast,
And ride with you all the world o'er.

Camil. A good girl! [Exeunt]

SCENE III.—NAPLES. *A Street.**Enter LAVAL and CALIPSO.**Lav.* Her husband? Severino?*Calip.* You may see
His handywork by my flat face; no bridge
Left to support my organ, if I had one:
The comfort is, I am now secure from the crin-
I can lose nothing that way. [*comes,**Lav.* Dost thou not know
What became of the lady?*Calip.* A nose was enough to part with,
I think, in the service; I durst stay no longer:
But I am full assured the house is empty,
Neither poor lady, daughter, servant left there.
I only guess he hath forced them to go with him
To the dangerous forest, where he lives like a king,
Among the banditti; and how there he hath used
them,
Is more than to be fear'd.*Lav.* I have play'd the fool,
And kept myself too long conceal'd, sans question,
With the danger of her life. Leave me—the
king!*Enter ALPHONSO and Captain.**Calip.* The surgeon must be paid.*Lav.* Take that. [*Gives her money.**Calip.* I thank you;
I have got enough by my trade, and I will build
An hospital only for noseless bawds,
(Twill speak my charity,) and be myself
The governess of the sisterhood. [*Exit.**Alph.* I may
Forget this in your vigilance hereafter;But as I am a king, if you provoke me
The second time with negligence of this kind,
You shall deeply smart for't.*Lav.* The king's moved.*Alph.* To sufferA murderer, by us proscribed, at his pleasure
To pass and repass through our guards!*Capt.* Your pardonFor this, my gracious lord, binds me to be
More circumspect hereafter.*Alph.* Look you be so:Monsieur Laval, you were a suitor to me
For Severino's pardon.*Lav.* I was so, my good lord,*Alph.* You might have met him here, to have
thank'd you for't,

As now I understand.

Lav. So it is rumour'd;And hearing in the city of his boldness,
I would not say contempt of your decrees,
As then I pleaded mercy, under pardon,
I now as much admire the slowness of
Your justice (though it force you to some trouble)
In fetching him in.*Alph.* I have consider'd it.*Lav.* He hath of late, as 'tis suspected, done
An outrage on his wife, forgetting nature
To his own daughter; in whom, sir, I have
Some nearer interest than I stand bound to
In my humanity, which I gladly would
Make known unto your highness.*Alph.* Go along,You shall have opportunity as we walk;
See you what I committed to your charge,
In readiness, and without noise.*Capt.* I shall, sir.*[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.**Enter CLAUDIO and all the Banditti, making a guard:*
SEVERINO and IOLANTE with oak-leaved garlands;
Singers.

A SONG.

Sev. Here, as a queen, share in my sovereignty:
The iron toils pitch'd by the law to take
The forfeiture of my life, I have broke through,
And secure in the guards of these few subjects,
Smile at Alphonso's fury; though I grieve for
The fatal cause, in your good brother's loss,
That does compel me to this course.*Iol.* Revive notA sorrow long since dead, and so diminish
The full fruition of those joys, which now
I stand possess'd of: womanish fear of danger
That may pursue us, I shake off, and with
A masculine spirit.*Sev.* 'Tis well said.*Iol.* In you, sir,
I live; and when, or by the course of nature,
Or violence, you must fall, the end of my
Devotions is, that one and the same hour
May make us fit for heaven.*Sev.* I join with youIn my votes that way: but how, Iolante,
You that have spent your past days, slumbering inThe down of quiet, can endure the hardness
And rough condition of our present being,
Does much disturb me.*Iol.* These woods, Severino,
Shall more than seem to me a populous city,
You being present; here are no allurements
To tempt my frailty, nor the conversation
Of such whose choice behaviour, or discourse,
May nourish jealous thoughts.*Sev.* True, Iolante;
Nor shall suspected chastity stand in need here,
To be clear'd by miracle.*Iol.* Still on that string!
It yields harsh discord.*Sev.* I had forgot myself,
And wish I might no more remember it.
The day wears, sir, without one prize brought in
As tribute to your queen: Claudio, divide
Our squadron in small parties, let them watch
All passages, that none escape without
The payment of our customs.*Claud.* Shall we bring in
The persons, with the pillage?*Sev.* By all means;
Without reply, about it: we'll retire*[Exeunt CLAUDIO and the rest.]*

Into my cave, and there at large discourse

Our fortunes past, and study some apt means
To find our daughter; since, she well disposed of,
Our happiness were perfect.

Isl. We must wait

With patience heaven's pleasure.

Sev. 'Tis my purpose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter LENTULO and CAMILLO.

Lent. Let the horses graze, they are spent.

Camil. I am sure I'm sleepy,
And nodded as I rode: here was a jaunt
I' the dark through thick and thin, and all to no
purpose!

What a dulness grows upon me!

Lent. I can hardly

Hold ope mine eyes to say so. How did we lose
Adorio? [*They sit down.*]

Camil. He, Donato, and the wench,
That cleaves to him like birdlime, took the right
hand:

But this place is our rendezvous.

Lent. No matter,

We'll talk of that anon—heigh ho! [*Falls asleep.*]

Camil. He's fast already.

Lentulo!—I'll take a nap too. [*Falls asleep.*]

Enter ADORIO, MIRTILLA, and DONATO.

Ador. Was ever man so cross?

Mirt. So blest; this is

The finest wild-geese chase! [*Aside.*]

Ador. What's that you mutter?

Mirt. A short prayer, that you may find your
wish'd-for love,

Though I am lost for ever.

Don. Pretty fool!

Who have we here?

Ador. This is Camillo.

Mirt. This signior Lentulo.

Ador. Wake them.

Don. They'll not stir,

Their eyelids are glued, and mine too: by your
favour,

I'll follow their example. [*Lies down.*]

Ador. Are you not weary?

Mirt. I know not what the word means, while I
travel

To do you service,

Ador. You expect to reap

The harvest of your flattery; but your hopes

Will be blasted, I assure you.

Mirt. So you give leave

To sow it, as in me a sign of duty,

Though you deny your beams of gracious favour

To ripen it, with patience I shall suffer.

Ador. No more; my resolution to find
Calista, by what accident lost I know not,
Binds me not to deny myself what nature
Exacteth from me: to walk alone afoot
(For my horse is tired) were madness, I must sleep.
You could lie down too?

Mirt. Willingly; so you please

To use me—

Ador. Use thee!

Mirt. As your pillow, sir;

I dare presume no further. Noble sir,

Do not too much condemn me; generous feet

Spurn not a fawning spaniel.

Ador. Well; sit down.

Mirt. I am ready, sir.

Ador. So nimble!

Mirt. Love is active,

Nor would I be a slow thing: rest secure, sir;
On my maidenhead, I'll not ravish you.

Ador. For once,

So far I'll trust you. [*Lays his head on her lap*]

Mirt. All the joys of rest

Dwell on your eyelids; let no dream disturb

Your soft and gentle slumbers! I cannot sing,

But I'll talk you asleep; and I beseech you

Be not offended, though I glory in

My being thus employ'd: a happiness

That stands for more than ample satisfaction

For all I have, or can endure.—He snores,

And does not hear me; would his sense of feeling

Were bound up too! I should—I am all fire.

Such heaps of treasure offer'd as a prey,

Would tempt a modest thief; I can no longer

Forbear—I'll gently touch his lips, and leave

No print of mine:—[*Kisses him.*] ah!—I have
heard of nectar,

But till now never tasted it; these rubies

Are not clouded by my breath: if once again

I steal from such a full exchequer, trifles

Will not be miss'd;—[*Kisses him again.*]—I am
entranced: our fancy,

Some say, in sleep works stronger; I will prove

How far my— [*Falls asleep.*]

Enter D'URAZZO.

Dur. My bones ache,

I am exceeding cold too; I must seek out

A more convenient truckle-bed. Ha! do I dream?

No, no, I wake. Camillo, Lentulo,

Donato this, and, as I live, Adorio

In a handsome wench's lap! a whoreson! you are

The best accommodated. I will call

My nephew and his mistress to this pageant;

The object may perhaps do more upon her,

Than all Caldoro's rhetoric. With what

Security they sleep! sure Mercury

Hath travell'd this way with his charming-rod.

Nephew! Calista! Madam!

Enter CALDORO and CALISTA.

Cald. Here, sir. Is

Your man return'd with horses?

Dur. No, boy, no;

But here are some you thought not of.

Calis. Adorio!

Dur. The idol that you worshipp'd.

Calis. This Mirtilla!

I am made a stale.

Dur. I knew 'twould take. [*Aside.*]

Calis. False man!

But what more treacherous woman! 'Tis appa-
rent,

They jointly did conspire against my weakness,

And credulous simplicity, and have

Prevail'd against it.

Cald. I'll not kill them sleeping;

But if you please, I'll wake them first, and after

Offer them, as a fatal sacrifice,

To your just anger.

Dur. You are a fool; reserve

Your blood for better uses.

Calis. My fond love

Is changed to an extremity of hate ;
His very sight is odious.

Dur. I have thought of
A pretty punishment for him and his comrades,
Then leave him to his harlotry ; if she prove not
Torture enough, hold me an ass. Their horses
Are not far off, I'll cut the girths and bridles,
Then turn them into the wood ; if they can run,
Let them follow us as footmen. Wilt thou fight
For what's thine own already !

Calis. In his hat
He wears a jewel, which this faithless strumpet,
As a salary of her lust, deceived me of ;
He shall not keep't to my disgrace, nor will I
Stir till I have it.

Dur. I am not good at nimming ;
And yet that shall not hinder us : by your leave,
'Tis restitution : pray you all bear witness [sir ;
I do not steal it ; here 'tis.

[Takes off ADONIO'S hat, and removes the jewel, which
he gives to CALISTA.

Calis. Take it,—not
As a mistress' favour, but a strong assurance
I am your wife. [Gives it to CALDORO.

Cald. O heaven !
Dur. Pray in the church.

Let us away. Nephew, a word ; have you not
Been billing in the brakes, ha ! and so deserved
This unexpected favour ?

Cald. You are pleasant.
[Exit DURAZZO, CALDORO, and CALISTA.

Ador. As thou art a gentleman, kill me not
basely ; [Starts up, the rest awake.

Give me leave to draw my sword.
Camil. Ha ! what's the matter ?

Lent. He talk'd of a sword.
Don. I see no enemy near us,
That threatens danger.

Mirt. Sure 'twas but a dream.
Ador. A fearful one. Methought Caldoro's
sword

Was at my throat, Calista frowning by,
Commanding him, as he desired her favour,
To strike my head off.

Camil. Mere imagination
Of a disturbed fancy.

Mirt. Here's your hat, sir.
Ador. But where's my jewel ?

Camil. By all likelihood lost,
This troublesome night.

Don. I saw it when we came
Unto this place.

Mirt. I look'd upon't myself,
When you reposed.

Ador. What is become of it ?
Remember it, for thou hast it ; do not put me
To the trouble to search you.

Mirt. Search me !
Ador. You have been,

Before your lady gave you entertainment,
A night-walker in the streets.

Mirt. How, my good lord !
Ador. Traded in picking pockets, when tame
Charm'd with your prostituted flatteries, [gulls,
Deign'd to embrace you.

Mirt. Love, give place to anger.
Charge me with theft, and prostituted baseness !
Were you a judge, nay more, the king, thus urged,
To your teeth I would say, 'tis false.

Ador. This will not do.

Camil. Deliver it in private.

Mirt. You shall be
In public hang'd first, and the whole gang of you.
I steal what I presented !

Lent. Do not strive.
Ador. Though thou hast swallow'd it, I'll rip
thy entrails,
But I'll recover it. [Seizes her.

Mirt. Help, help !

CLAUDIO and two Banditti rush upon them with pistols.

Ador. A new plot !

Claud. Forebear, libidinous monsters ! if you
offer

The least resistance, you are dead. If one
But lay his hand upon his sword, shoot all.

Ador. Let us fight for what we have, and if you
can
Win it, enjoy it.

Claud. We come not to try
Your valour, but for your money ; throw down your
sword,

Or I'll begin with you : so ! if you will
Walk quietly without bonds, you may, if not
We'll force you.—[Fear not,] thou shalt have no
wrong,

But justice against these. To MIRTILLA.

1 *Ban.* We'll teach you, sir,
To meddle with wenches in our walks.

2 *Ban.* It being
Against our canons.

Camil. Whither will you lead us ?

Claud. You shall know that hereafter.—Guard
them sure [Exit.

♦ —

SCENE III.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter ALFONSO disguised as an Old Man, LAVAL, and
Captain.

Alph. Are all the passages stopp'd ?

Capt. And strongly main'd ;
They must use wings, and fly, if they escape us.

Lav. But why, great sir, you should expose
your person
To such apparent danger, when you may
Have them brought bound before you, is beyond
My apprehension.

Alph. I am better arm'd
Than you suppose : besides, it is confirm'd
By all that have been robb'd, since Severino
Commanded these banditti. (though it be
Unusual in Italy,) imitating
The courteous English thieves, for so they call
them,

They have not done one murder : I must add too,
That, from a strange relation I have heard
Of Severino's justice, in disposing
The preys brought in, I would be an eye-witness
Of what I take up now but on report :
And therefore 'tis my pleasure that we should,
As soon as they encounter us, without
A shew of opposition, yield.

Lav. Your will
Is not to be disputed.

Alph. You have placed
Your ambush so, that, if there be occasion,
They suddenly may break in ?

Capt. My life upon't.

Alph. We cannot travel far, but we shall meet
With some of these good fellows; and be sure
You do as I command you.

Lav. Without fear, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SEVERINO and IOLANTE.

Sev. 'Tis true; I did command Calista should
not,

Without my knowledge and consent, assisted
By your advice, be married; but your
Restraint, as you deliver it, denying
A grown-up maid the modest conversation
Of men, and warrantable pleasures, relish'd
Of too much rigour, which, no doubt, hath driven
her

To take some desperate course.

Iol. What then I did
Was, in my care, thought best.

Sev. So I conceive it;
But where was your discretion to forbid
Access, and fit approaches, when you knew
Her suitors noble, either of which I would
Have wish'd my son-in-law? Adorio,
However wild, a young man of good parts,
But better fortunes: his competitor,
Caldoro, for his sweetness of behaviour,
Staidness, and temperance, holding the first place
Among the gallants most observed in Naples;
His own revenues of a large extent,
But in the expectation of his uncle
And guardian's entradas, by the course
Of nature to descend on him, a match
For the best subject's blood, I except none
Of eminence in Italy.

Iol. Your wishes,
Howe'er a while delay'd, are not, I hope,
Impossibilities.

Sev. Though it prove so,
Yet 'tis not good to give a check to fortune,
When she comes smiling to us.—Hark! this cornet
[*Cornet within.*]

Assures us of a prize; there sit in state,
'Tis thy first tribute.

Iol. Would we might enjoy
Our own as subjects!

Sev. What's got by the sword,
Is better than inheritance: all those kingdoms
Of Alexander were, by force, extorted,
Though gilded o'er with glorious styles of
quest:

His victories but royal robberies,
And his true definition a thief,
When circled with huge navies, to the terror
Of such as plough'd the ocean, as the pirate,
Who, from a narrow creek, puts off for prey
In a small pinnace: [*Cornet within.*—From a
second place
New spoil brought in!—[*Cornet within.*—from a
third party! brave!
This shall be register'd a day of triumph,
Design'd by fate to honour thee.—

Enter CLAUDIO.

Welcome, Claudio!

Good booty, ha?

*Enter at different sides, various parties of the Banditti; one
with ADORIO, LEONTULO, DONATO, CANILLO, MIRTILLA;
another with DURAZZO, CALDORO, CALISTA; and the rest
with ALPHONSO, LAYAL, and Captain.*

Claud. Their outsides promise so;
But yet they have not made discovery
Of what they stand possess'd of.

Sev. Welcome all;
Good boys! you have done bravely, if no blood
Be shed in the service.

1 Ban. On our lives, no drop, sir.

Sev. 'Tis to my wish.

Iol. My lord!

Sev. No more; I know them.

Iol. My daughter, and her woman too!

Sev. Conceal

Your joys.

Dur. Fallen in the devil's mouth!

Calis. My father,
And mother! to what fate am I reserv'd?

Calis. Continue mask'd; or grant that you be
known,

From whom can you expect a gentle sentence,
If you despair a father's?

Ador. I perceive now

Which way I lost my jewel.

Mirt. I rejoice

I'm clear'd from theft: you have done me wrong,
but I,

Unask'd, forgive you.

Dur. 'Tis some comfort yet,
The rivals, men and women, friends and foes, are
Together in one toil.

Sev. You all look pale,
And by your private whisperings and soft murmurs,
Express a general fear: pray you shake it off;
For understand you are not fallen into
The hands of a Busiris or a Cacus,
Delighted more in blood than spoil, but given up
To the power of an unfortunate gentleman,
Not born to these low courses, howsoever
My fate, and just displeasure of the king,
Design'd me to it: you need not to doubt
A sad captivity here, and much less fear,
For profit, to be sold for slaves, then shipp'd
Into another country; in a word,
You know the proscribed Severino, he,
Not unacquainted, but familiar with
The most of you.—Want in myself I know not;
But for the pay of these my squires, who eat
Their bread with danger purchased, and must be
With others' fleeces clothed, or live exposed
To the summer's scorching heat and winter's cold;
To these, before you be compell'd, (a word
I speak with much unwillingness,) deliver
Such coin as you are furnish'd with.

Dur. A fine method!

This is neither begging, borrowing, nor robbery;
Yet it hath a twang of all of them: but one word,
sir.

Sev. Your pleasure.

Dur. When we have thrown down our muck,
What follows?

Sev. Liberty, with a safe convoy,
To any place you choose.

Dur. By this hand, you are
A fair fraternity! for once I'll be
The first example to relieve your convent.
There's a thousand crowns, my vintage, harvest,
profits,

Arising from my herds, bound in one bag,
Share it among you.

Sev. You are still the jovial,
And good Durazzo.

Dur. To the offering; nay,
No hanging an a—, this is their wedding-day:
What you must do spite of your hearts, do freely
For your own sakes.

Camil. There's mine.

Lent. Mine.

Don. All that I have.

Cald. This, to preserve my jewel.

Ador. Which I challenge:

Let me have justice, for my coin I care not.

Jav. I will not weep for mine.

Capt. Would it were more.

[*They all throw down their purses.*]

Sev. Nay, you are privileged; but why, old
father, [To the King.]

Art thou so slow; thou hast one foot in the grave,
And, if desire of gold do not increase
With thy expiring lease of life, thou shouldst
Be forwardest.

Alph. In what concerns myself,
I do acknowledge it; and I should lie,
A vice I have detested from my youth,
If I denied my present store, since what
I have about me now weighs down in value,
Almost a hundred fold, whatever these
Have laid before you: see! I do groan under
[*Throws down three bags.*]

The burthen of my treasure: nay, 'tis gold;
And if your hunger of it be not sated
With what already I have shewn unto you,
Here's that shall glut it. In this casket are
Inestimable jewels, diamonds
Of such a piercing lustre, as struck blind
The amazed lapidary, while he labour'd

[*Opens the casket.*]

To honour his own art in setting them:
Some orient pearls too, which the queen of Spain
Might wear as ear-rings, in remembrance of
The day that she was crown'd.

Sev. The spoils, I think,
Of both the Indies!

Dur. The great sultan's poor,
If parallel'd with this Croesus.

Sev. Why dost thou weep?

Alph. From a most fit consideration of
My poverty; this, though restored, will not
Serve my occasions.

Sev. Impossible!

Dur. May be he would buy his passport up to
heaven;

And then this is too little; though, in the journey,
It were a good viaticum.

Alph. I would make it
A means to help me thither: not to wrong you
With tedious expectation, I'll discover
What my wants are, and yield my reasons for
them.

I have two sons, twins, the true images
Of what I was at their years; never father
Had fairer or more promising hopes in his
Posterity: but, alas! these sons, ambitious
Of glittering honour, and an after-name,
Achieved by glorious, and yet pious actions,
(For such were their intentions,) put to sea:
They had a well-rigg'd bottom, fully mann'd,
An old experienced master, lusty sailors,

Stout landmen, and what's something more than
rare,

They did agree, had one design, and that was
In charity to redeem the Christian slaves
Chain'd in the Turkish servitude.

Sev. A brave aim!

Dur. A most heroic enterprise; I languish
To hear how they succeeded.

Alph. Prosperously,

At first, and to their wishes: divers galleys
They boarded, and some strong forts near the shore
They suddenly surprised; a thousand captives,
Redeem'd from the oar, paid their glad vows and
prayers

For their deliverance: their ends acquired,
And making homeward in triumphant manner,
For sure the cause deserved it—

Dur. Pray you end here;

The best, I fear, is told, and that which follows
Must conclude ill.

Alph. Your fears are true, and yet
I must with grief relate it. Prodigal fame,
In every place, with her loud trumpet, proclaiming
The greatness of the action, the pirates
Of Tunis and Argiers laid wait for them
At their return: to tell you what resistance
They made, and how my poor sons fought, would
but

Increase my sorrow, and, perhaps, grieve you
To hear it passionately described unto you.

In brief, they were taken, and for the great loss
The enemy did sustain, their victory
Being with much blood bought, they do endure
The heaviest captivity wretched men
Did ever suffer. O my sons! my sons!
To me for ever lost! lost, lost for ever!

Sev. Will not these heaps of gold, added to
Suffice for ransom? [thine,

Alph. For my sons it would;

But they refuse their liberty, if all
That were engaged with them, have not their irons,
With theirs, struck off, and set at liberty with
them;

Which these heaps cannot purchase.

Sev. Ha! the toughness
Of my heart melts. Be comforted, old father;
I have some hidden treasure, and if all
I and my squires these three years have laid up,
Can make the sum up, freely take't.

Dur. I'll sell

Myself to my shirt, lands, moveables; and thou
Shalt part with thine too, nephew, rather than
Such brave men shall live slaves.

2 *Ban.* We will not yield to't.

3 *Ban.* Nor lose our parts.

Sev. How's this!

2 *Ban.* You are fitter far
To be a churchman, than to have command
Over good fellows.

Sev. Thus I ever use [Strikes them down.
Such saucy rascals; second me, Claudio.—
Rebellious! do you grumble? I'll not leave
One rogue of them alive.

Alph. Hold;—give the sign. [Discovers himself.]

* *All.* The king!

Sev. Then I am lost.

Claud. The woods are full
Of armed men.

Alph. No hope of your escape
Can flatter you.

Sev. Mercy, dread sir!

Alph. Thy carriage

In this unlawful course appears so noble,
Especially in this last trial, which
I put upon you, that I wish the mercy
You kneel in vain for might fall gently on you :
But when the holy oil was pour'd upon
My head, and I anointed king, I swore
Never to pardon murder. I could wink at
Your robberies, though our laws call them death,
But to dispense with Montecarlo's blood
Would ill become a king ; in him I lost
A worthy subject, and must take from you
A strict account of't. 'Tis in vain to move ;
My doom's irrevocable.

Lav. Not, dread sir,
If Montecarlo live.

Alph. If! good Laval.

Lav. He lives in him, sir, that you thought
Laval. [Discovers himself.

Three years have not so alter'd me, but you may
Remember Montecarlo.

Dur. How!

Jöl. My brother!

Calis. Uncle!

Mont. Give me leave : I was
Left dead in the field, but by the duke Montpensier,
Now general at Milan, taken up,
And with much care recover'd.

Alph. Why lived you
So long conceal'd?

Mont. Confounded with the wrong
I did my brother, in provoking him
To fight, I spent the time in France that I
Was absent from the court, making my exile
The punishment imposed upon myself,
For my offence.

Jöl. Now, sir, I dare confess all :
This was the guest invited to the banquet,
That drew on your suspicion.

Sev. Your intent,
Though it was ill in you, I do forgive ;
The rest I'll hear at leisure. Sir, your sentence.

Alph. It is a general pardon unto all,
Upon my hopes, in your fair lives hereafter,
You will deserve it.

Sev. Claud. and the rest. Long live great Al-
phonso!

Dur. Your mercy shewn in this ; now, if you
Decide these lovers' difference. [please,

[Kneels.

Alph. That is easy ;
I'll put it to the women's choice, the men
Consenting to it.

Calis. Here I fix then, never
To be removed.

[Embraces CALDORO.

Cald. 'Tis my *nil ultra*, sir.

Mirt. O, that I had the happiness to say
So much to you! I dare maintain my love
Is equal to my lady's.

Ador. But my mind
A pitch above yours : marry with a servant
Of no descent or fortune!

Sev. You are deceived :
Howe'er she has been train'd up as a servant,
She is the daughter of a noble captain,
Who, in his voyage to the Persian gulf,
Perish'd by shipwreck ; one I dearly loved.
He to my care intrusted her, having taken
My word, if he return'd not like himself,
I never should discover what she was ;
But it being for her good, I will dispense with't.
So much, sir, for her blood ; now for her portion :
So dear I hold the memory of my friend,
It shall rank with my daughter's.

Ador. This made good,
I will not be perverse.

Dur. With a kiss confirm it.

Ador. I sign all concord here ; but must to you,
sir,

For reparation of my wounded honour,
The justice of the king consenting to it,
Denounce a lawful war.

Alph. This in our presence!

Ador. The cause, dread sir, commands it :
though your edicts

Call private combats, murders ; rather than
Sit down with a disgrace, arising from
A blow, the bonds of my obedience shook off,
I'll right myself.

Cald. I do confess the wrong,
Forgetting the occasion, and desire
Remission from you, and upon such terms
As by his sacred majesty shall be judged
Equal on both parts.

Ador. I desire no more.

Alph. All then are pleased ; it is the glory of
A king to make and keep his subjects happy :
For us, we do approve the Roman maxim,
To save one citizen is a greater prize
Than to have kill'd in war ten enemies. [Exeunt.

SONG,

BETWEEN JUNO AND HYMEN.

JUNO to the Bride.

See p. 367.

Enter a maid ; but made a bride,
Be bold, and freely taste
The marriage banquet, ne'er denied
To such as sit down chaste.
Though he unlocks thy virgin zone,
I presumed against thy will,
Those joys reserved to him alone,
Thou art a virgin still.

HYMEN to the Bridegroom.

Hail, bridegroom, hail! thy choice thus made,
As thou wouldst have her true,

Thou must give o'er thy wanton trade,
And bid loose fires adieu.
That husband who would have his wife
To him continue chaste,
In her embraces spends his life,
And makes abroad no waste.

HYMEN and JUNO.

Sport then like turtles, and bring forth
Such pledges as may be
Assurance of the father's worth,
And mother's purity.
Juno doth bless the nuptial bed ;
Thus Hymen's torches burn.
Live long, and may, when both are dead,
Your ashes fill one urn!

SONG,

ENTERTAINMENT OF THE FOREST'S QUEEN.

See p. 359.

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,
 Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen,
 The trees begin to bud, the glad birds sing
 In winter, changed by her into the spring.

We know no night,

Perpetual light

Dawns from your eye.

You being near,

We cannot fear,

Though Death stood by.

From you our swords take edge, our hearts grow bold;
 From you in fee their lives your liegemen hold.
 These groves your kingdom, and our law your will;
 Smile, and we spare; but if you frown, we kill.

Bless then the hour

That gives the power

In which you may,

At bed and board,

Embrace your lord

Both night and day.

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,
 Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen!

EPILOGUE.

*I am left to enquire, then to relate
 To the still-doubtful author, at what rate
 His merchandise are valued. If they prove
 Staple commodities, in your grace and love
 To this last birth of his Minerva, he
 Vows (and we do believe him) seriously,
 Sloth cast off, and all pleasures else declined,
 He'll search with his best care, until he find
 New ways, and make good in some labour'd song,
 Though he grow old, Apollo still is young.
 Cherish his good intentions, and declare
 By any signs of favour, that you are
 Well pleased, and with a general consent;
 And he desires no more encouragement.*

A VERY WOMAN;

OR,

THE PRINCE OF TARENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICEROY OF SICILY.
 DON PEDRO, *his Son*.
 DUKE OF MESSINA.
 DON MARTINO CARDENAS, *his Son*.
 DON JOHN ANTONIO, *Prince of Tarent*.
 Captain of the *Castle of Palermo*.
 PAULO, *a Physician*.
 CUCULO, *the Viceroy's Steward*.
 Two Surgeons.
 Apothecary.
 Citizens.
 Slave-Merchant.
 Servant.
 Page.

An English Slave.
 Slaves.
 Moors.
 Pirates.
 Sailors.

ALMIRA, *the Viceroy's Daughter*.
 LEONORA, *Duke of Messina's Niece*.
 BORACHIA, *Wife to CUCULO, Governess of LEONORA*
 and ALMIRA.
 Two Waiting Women.

A Good and Evil Genius, Servants, Guard, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—PALERMO.

PROLOGUE.

*To such, and some there are, no question, here,
 Who, happy in their memories, do bear
 This subject, long since acted, and can say,
 Truly, we have seen something like this play.
 Our author, with becoming modesty,
 (For in this kind he ne'er was bold.) by me,
 In his defence thus answers, By command,
 He undertook this task, nor could it stand
 With his low fortune to refuse to do
 What, by his patron, he was call'd unto :*

*For whose delight and yours, we hope, with care
 He hath review'd it ; and with him we dare
 Maintain to any man, that did allow
 'Twas good before, it is much better'd now :
 Nor is it, sure, against the proclamation,
 To raise new piles upon an old foundation.
 So much to them deliver'd ; to the rest,
 To whom each scene is fresh, he doth protest,
 Should his Muse fail now a fair fight to make,
 He cannot fancy what will please or take.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in the VICEROY'S Palace.

Enter PEDRO meeting LEONORA.

Pedro. My worthiest mistress ! this day cannot
 But prosperous to Pedro, that begins [end
 With this so wish'd encounter.

Leon. Only servant,
 To give you thanks in your own courtly language,
 Would argue me more ceremonious
 Than heartily affected ; and you are
 Too well assured, or I am miserable,
 Our equal loves have kept one rank too long,
 To stand at distance now.

Pedro. You make me happy

In this so wise reproof, which I receive
 As a chaste favour from you, and will ever
 Hold such a strong command o'er my desires,
 That though my blood turn rebel to my reason,
 I never shall presume to seek aught from you,
 But what (your honour safe) you well may grant me,
 And virtue sign the warrant.

Leon. Your love to me
 So limited, will still preserve your mistress
 Worthy her servant, and in your restraint
 Of loose affections, bind me faster to you :
 But there will be a time when we may welcome
 Those wish'd for pleasures, as heaven's greatest
 blessings,

When that the viceroy, your most noble father,
And the duke my uncle, and to that, my guardian,
Shall by their free consent confirm them lawful.

Pedro. You ever shall direct, and I obey you :
Is my sister stirring yet ?

Leon. Long since.

Pedro. Some business
With her, join'd to my service to yourself,
Hath brought me hither ; pray you vouchsafe the
To acquaint her with so much. [favour

Leon. I am prevented.

Enter ALMIRA, and two Waiting Women dressing her.

Alm. Do the rest here, my cabinet is too hot ;
This room is cooler. Brother !

Pedro. Morrow, sister !
Do I not come unseasonably ?

Alm. Why, good brother ?

Pedro. Because you are not yet fully made up,
Nor fit for visitation. There are ladies,
And great ones, that will hardly grant access,
On any terms, to their own fathers, as
They are themselves, nor willingly be seen
Before they have ask'd counsel of their doctor
How the ceruse will appear, newly laid on,
When they ask blessing.

Alm. Such, indeed, there are
That would be still young, in despite of time ;
That in the wrinkled winter of their age
Would force a seeming April of fresh beauty,
As if it were within the power of art
To frame a second nature : but for me,
And for my mistress I dare say as much,
The faces, and the teeth you see, we slept with.

Pedro. Which is not frequent, sister, with some
ladies.

Alm. You spy no sign of any night-mask here,
(Tie on my carcanet,) nor does your nostril
Take in the scent of strong perfumes, to stifle
The sourness of our breaths as we are fasting :
You're in a lady's chamber, gentle brother,
And not in your apothecary's shop.
We use the women, you perceive, that serve us,
Like servants, not like such as do create us :—
Faith, search our pockets, and, if you find there
Comfits of ambergris to help our kisses,
Conclude us faulty.

Pedro. You are pleasant, sister,
And I am glad to find you so disposed ;
You will the better hear me.

Alm. What you please, sir.

Pedro. I am entreated by the prince of Tarent,
Don John Antonio—

Alm. Would you would choose
Some other subject.

Pedro. Pray you, give me leave,
For his desires are fit for you to hear,
As for me to prefer. This prince of Tarent
(Let it not wrong him that I call him friend)
Finding your choice of don Cardenes liked of
By both your fathers, and his hopes cut off,
Resolves to leave Palermo.

Alm. He does well ;
That I hear gladly.

Pedro. How this prince came hither,
How bravely furnish'd, how attended on,
How he hath born himself here, with what charge
He hath continued ; his magnificence
In costly banquets, curious masques, rare presents,
And of all sorts, you cannot but remember.

Alm. Give me my gloves.

Pedro. Now, for reward of all
His cost, his travel, and his duteous service,
He does entreat that you will please he may
Take his leave of you, and receive the favour
Of kissing of your hands.

Alm. You are his friend,
And shall discharge the part of one to tell him
That he may spare the trouble ; I desire not
To see or hear more of him.

Pedro. Yet grant this,
Which a mere stranger, in the way of courtship,
Might challenge from you.

Alm. And obtain it sooner.

Pedro. One reason for this would do well.

Alm. My will
Shall now stand for a thousand. Shall I lose
The privilege of my sex, which is my will,
To yield a reason like a man ? or you,
Deny your sister that which all true women
Claim as their first prerogative, which nature
Gave to them for a law, and should I break it,
I were no more a woman ?

Pedro. Sure, a good one
You cannot be, if you put off that virtue
Which best adorns a good one, courtesy
And affable behaviour. Do not flatter
Yourself with the opinion that your birth,
Your beauty, or whatever false ground else
You raise your pride upon, will stand against
The censure of just men.

Alm. Why, let it fall then ;
I still shall be unmoved.

Leon. And, pray you, be you so. [*Aside to Pedro.*

Alm. What jewel's that ?

Leon. That which the prince of Tarent—

Alm. Left here, and you received without my
knowledge !

I have use of it now. Does the page wait without,
My lord Cardenes sent to enquire my health ?

Leon. Yes, madam.

Alm. Give it him, and, with it, pray him
To return my service to his lord, and mine.

Pedro. Will you so undervalue one that has
So truly loved you, to bestow the pledge
Of his affection, being a prince, upon
The servant of his rival ?

Leon. 'Tis not well.

Faith, wear it, lady : send gold to the boy,
'Twill please him better.

Alm. Do as I command you.

[*Exit Waiting Woman.*

I will keep nothing that may put me in mind
Don John Antonio ever loved, or was ;
Being wholly now Cardenes'.

Pedro. In another

This were mere barbarism, sister ; and in you,
(For I'll not sooth you,) at the best, 'tis rudeness.

Alm. Rudeness !

Pedro. Yes, rudeness ; and, what's worse, the
Of civil manners ; nay, ingratitude
Unto the many and so fair deservings
Of don Antonio. Does this express
Your breeding in the court, or that you call
The viceroy father ? a poor peasant's daughter,
That ne'er had conversation but with beasts,
Or men bred like them, would not so far shame
Her education.

Alm. Pray you, leave my chamber ;
I know you for a brother, not a tutor.

Leon. You are too violent, madam.

Alm. Were my father

Here to command me, (as you take upon you Almost to play his part,) I would refuse it. Where I love, I profess it; where I hate, In every circumstance I dare proclaim it. Of all that wear the shapes of men, I loath That prince you plead for; no antipathy Between things most averse in nature, holds A stronger enmity than his with mine; With which rest satisfied:—If not, your anger May wrong yourself, not me.

Leon. My lord Cardenes!

Pedro. Go: in soft terms, if you persist thus, you Will be one—

Enter CARDENES.

Alm. What one? pray you, out with it.

Pedro. Why, one that I shall wish a stranger to That I might curse you; but— [me,

Car. Whence grows this heat?

Pedro. Be yet advised, and entertain him fairly, For I will send him to you; or no more Know me a brother.

Alm. As you please.

Pedro. Good morrow. [Exit.

Car. Good morrow, and part thus! you seem moved too:

What desperate fool durst raise a tempest here, To sink himself?

Alm. Good sir, have patience; The cause, though I confess I am not pleased, No way deserves your anger.

Car. Not mine, madam, As if the least offence could point at you, And I not feel it: as you have vouchsafed me The promise of your heart, conceal it not, Whomsoever it concerns.

Alm. It is not worth

So serious an enquiry: my kind brother Had a desire to learn me some new courtship, Which I distasted; that was all.

Car. Your brother!

In being yours, with more security He might provoke you; yet if he hath past A brother's bounds—

Leon. What then, my lord?

Car. Believe it.

I'll call him to account for't.

Leon. Tell him so.

Alm. No more.

Leon. Yes, thus much; though my modesty Be call'd in question for it, in his absence I will defend him: he hath said nor done; But what don Pedro well might say or do; Mark me, don Pedro! in which understand As worthy, and as well as can be hoped for Of those that love him best—from don Cardenes.

Car. This to me, cousin!

Alm. You forget yourself.

Leon. No, not the cause in which you did so, lady, Which is so just that it needs no concealing On Pedro's part.

Alm. What mean you?

Leon. I dare speak it, If you dare hear it, sir: he did persuade Almira, your Almira, to vouchsafe Some little conference with the prince of Tarent, Before he left the court; and, that the world Might take some notice, though he prosper'd not

In his so loved design, he was not scorn'd, He did desire the kissing of her hand, And then to leave her:—this was much!

Car. 'Twas more

Than should have been urged by him; well denied, On your part, madam, and I thank you for't. Antonio had his answer, I your grant; And why your brother should prepare for him An after-interview, or private favour, I can find little reason.

Leon. None at all,

Why you should be displeased with't.

Car. His respect

To me, as things now are, should have weigh'd down

His former friendship: 'twas done indiscreetly, I would be loath to say, maliciously, To build up the demolish'd hopes of him That was my rival. What had he to do, If he view not my happiness in your favour With wounded eyes, to take upon himself An office so distasteful?

Leon. You may ask

As well, what any gentleman has to do With civil courtesy.

Alm. Or you, with that

Which at no part concerns you. Good my lord, Rest satisfied, that I saw him not, nor will; And that nor father, brother, nor the world, Can work me unto any thing but what You give allowance to—in which assurance, With this, I leave you.

Leon. Nay, take me along;

You are not angry too?

Alm. Presume on that.

[Exit, followed by LEONORA

Car. Am I assured of her, and shall again Be tortured with suspicion to lose her, Before I have enjoy'd her! the next sun Shall see her mine; why should I doubt, then? To doubt is safer than to be secure. [yc But one short day! Great empires in less time Have suffer'd change: she's constant—but a woman;

And what a lover's vows, persuasions, tears, May, in a minute, work upon such frailty, There are too many and too sad examples. The prince of Tarent gone, all were in safety; Or not admitted to solicit her, My fears would quit me: 'tis my fault, if I Give way to that; and let him ne'er desire To own what's hard [to win,] that dares not Who waits there? [guard it.—

Enter Servants and Page.

Serv. Would your lordship aught?

Car. 'Tis well

You are so near.

Enter ANTONIO and a Servant.

Ant. Take care all things be ready For my remove.

Serv. They are.

Car. We meet like friends, No more like rivals now: my emulation Puts on the shape of love and service to you.

Ant. It is return'd.

Car. 'Twas rumour'd in the court You were to leave the city, and that won me To find you out. Your excellence may wonder That I, that never saw you, till this hour,

[Exit.

But that I wish'd you dead' so willingly
Should come to wait upon you to the ports ;
And there, with hope you never will look back.
Take my last farewell of you.

Ant. Never look back !

Car. I said so ; neither is it fit you should ;
And may I prevail with you as a friend,
You never shall ; nor, while you live, hereafter
Think of the viceroy's court, or of Palermo,
But as a grave, in which the prince of Tarent
Buried his honour.

Ant. You speak in a language
I do not understand.

Car. No ! I'll be plainer.

What madman, that came hither with that pomp
Don John Antonio did, that exact courtier
Don John Antonio, with whose brave fame only
Great princesses have fall'n in love, and died ;
That came with such assurance, as young Paris
Did to fetch Helen, being sent back, condemn'd,
Disgraced, and scorn'd, his large expense laugh'd
His bravery scoff'd, the lady that he courted [at,
Left quietly in possession of another,
(Not to be named that day a courtier
Where he was mentioned,) the scarce-known

Cardenes,

And he to bear her from him !—that would ever
Be seen again (having got fairly off)
By such as will live ready witnesses
Of his repulse and scandal ?

Ant. The grief of it,

Believe me, will not kill me : all man's honour
Depends not on the most uncertain favour
Of a fair mistress.

Car. Troth, you bear it well.

You should have seen some that were sensible
Of a disgrace, that would have rag'd, and sought
To cure their honour with some strange revenge :
But you are better temper'd ; and they wrong
The Neapolitans in their report,
That say they are fiery spirits, incapable
Of the least injury, dangerous to be talk'd with
After a loss ; where nothing can move you,
But, like a stoic, with a constancy
Words nor affronts can shake, you still go on,
And smile when men abuse you.

Ant. If they wrong
Themselves, I can ; yet, I would have you know,
I dare be angry.

Car. 'Tis not possible.
A taste of't would do well ; and I'd make trial
What may be done. Come hither, boy.—You
This jewel, as I take it ? [have seen

Ant. Yes ; 'tis that
I gave Almira.

Car. And in what esteem
She held it, coming from your worthy self,
You may perceive, that freely hath bestow'd it
Upon my page.

Ant. When I presented it,
I did not indent with her, to what use
She should employ it.

Car. See the kindness of
A loving soul ! who, after this neglect,
Nay, gross contempt, will look again upon her,
And not be frighted from it.

Ant. No, indeed, sir ;
Nor give way longer—give way, do you mark,
To your loose wit, to run the wild-goose chase,
Six syllables further. I will see the lady,

That lady that dotes on you, from whose hate
My love increases, though you stand elected
Her porter, to deny me.

Car. Sure you will not.

Ant. Yes, instantly : your prosperous success
Hath made you insolent ; and for her sake
I have thus long forborn you, and can yet
Forget it and forgive it, ever provided,
That you end here ; and, for what's past recalling,
That she make intercession for your pardon,
Which, at her suit, I'll grant.

Car. I am much unwilling
To move her for a trifle—bear that too,

[Strikes him.

And then she shall speak to you.

Ant. Men and angels,
Take witness for me, that I have endured
More than a man !— [They fight : CARDENES falls.

(I do not fall so soon,
Stand up—take my hand—so ! when I have printed,
For every contumelious word, a wound here,
Then sink for ever.

Car. Oh, I suffer justly !

1 *Serv.* Murder ! murder ! murder ! [Exit.

2 *Serv.* Apprehend him.

3 *Serv.* We'll all join with you.

Ant. I do wish you more ;
My fury will be lost else, if it meet not
Matter to work on : one life is too little
For so much injury.

Re-enter ALMIRA, LEONORA, and Servant.

Alm. O my Cardenes !
Though dead, still my Cardenes ! Villains, cowards,
What do ye check at ? can one arm, and that
A murderer's, so long guard the curs'd master,
Against so many swords made sharp with justice ?

1 *Serv.* Sure he will kill us all ; he is a devil.

2 *Serv.* He is invulnerable.

Alm. Your base fears
Beget such fancies in you. Give me a sword,
[Snatches a sword from the Servant.
This my weak arm, made stronger by my revenge,
Shall force a way to't. [Wounds ANTONIO.

Ant. Would it were deeper, madam !
The thrust which I would not put by, being yours,
Of greater force, to have pierced through that heart
Which still retains your figure !—weep still, lady :
For every tear that flows from those griev'd eyes,
Some part of that which maintains life, goes from
And so to die were in a gentle slumber [me ;
To pass to paradise : but you envy me
So quiet a departure from my world,
My world of miseries ; therefore, take my sword.
And, having kill'd me with it, cure the wounds
It gave Cardenes. [Gives ALMIRA his sword.

Re-enter PEDRO.

Pedro. 'Tis too true : was ever
Valour so ill employ'd !

Ant. Why stay you, lady ?
Let not soft pity work on your hard nature.
You cannot do a better office to
The dead Cardenes, and I willingly
Shall fall a ready sacrifice to appease him,
Your fair hand offering it.

Alm. Thou couldst ask nothing
But this, which I would grant.

[Attempts to wound him.

Leon. Flint-hearted lady !

Pedro. Are you a woman, sister!

[*Takes the sword from her.*]

Alm. Thou art not

A brother, I renounce that title to thee;
Thy hand is in this bloody act; 'twas this,
For which that savage homicide was sent hither.
Thou equal Judge of all things! if that blood,
And innocent blood—

Pedro. [Best sister.]

Alm. Oh, Cardenas!

How is my soul rent between rage and sorrow,
That it can be that such an upright cedar
Should violently be torn up by the roots,
Without an earthquake in that very moment
To swallow them that did it!

Ant. The hurt's nothing;

But the deep wound is in my conscience, friend,
Which sorrow in death only can recover.

Pedro. Have better hopes.

Enter VICKNOV, Duke of MESSINA, Captain, Guard, and Servants.

Duke. My son, is this the marriage
I came to celebrate? false hopes of man!
I come to find a grave here.

Alm. I have wasted

My stock of tears, and now just anger help me
To pay, in my revenge, the other part
Of duty, which I owe thee. O, great sir,
Not as a daughter now, but a poor widow,
Made so before she was a bride, I fly
To your impartial justice: the offence
Is death, and death in his most horrid form;
Let not, then, title, or a prince's name,
(Since a great crime is, in a great man, greater.)
Secure the offender.

Duke. Give me life for life,
As thou wilt answer it to the great king,
Whose deputy thou art here.

Alm. And speedy justice.

Duke. Put the damn'd wretch to torture.

Alm. Force him to

Reveal his curs'd confederates, which spare not,
Although you find a son among them.

Vice. How!

Duke. Why bring you not the rack forth?

Alm. Wherefore stands

The murderer unbound?

Vice. Shall I have hearing?

Duke. Excellent lady, in this you express
Your true love to the dead.

Alm. All love to mankind
From me, ends with him.

Vice. Will you hear me yet?

And first to you; you do confess the fact
With which you stand charged?

Ant. I will not make worse

What is already ill, with vain denial.

Vice. Then understand, though you are prince
of Tarent,

Yet, being a subject to the king of Spain,
No privilege of Sicily can free you
(Being convict by a just form of law)
From the municipal statutes of that kingdom,
But as a common man, being found guilty,
Must suffer for it.

Ant. I prize not my life
So much, as to appeal from anything
You shall determine of me.

Vice. Yet despair not
To have an equal hearing; the exclaims
Of this grieved father, nor my daughter's tears,
Shall sway me from myself; and, where they urge
To have you tortured, or led bound to prison,
I must not grant it.

Duke. No!

Vice. I cannot, sir;
For men of his rank are to be distinguish'd
From other men, before they are condemn'd,
From which (his cause not heard) he yet stands
free;
So take him to your charge, and, as your life,
See he be safe.

Capt. Let me die for him else.

[*Exeunt PEDRO, and Capt. and Guard with ANT.*]

Duke. The guard of him should have been given

Alm. Or unto me.

[*to me.*]

Duke. Bribes may corrupt the captain.

Alm. And our just wreak, by force, or cunning
With scorn prevented.

Car. Oh!

Alm. What groan is that?

Vice. There are apparent signs of life yet in him.

Alm. Oh that there were! that I could pour my
Into his veins!

[*blood*]

Car. Oh, oh!

Vice. Take him up gently.

Duke. Run for physicians.

Alm. Surgeons.

Duke. All helps else.

Vice. This care of his recovery, timely practised,
Would have express'd more of a father in you,
Than your impetuous clamours for revenge.
But I shall find fit time to urge that further,
Hereafter, to you; 'tis not fit for me
To add weight to oppress'd calamity.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter PEDRO, ANTONIO, and Captain.

Ant. Why should your love to me, having al-
So oft endured the test, be put unto [ready]

A needless trial? have you not, long since,
In every circumstance and rite of friendship,
Outgone all precedents the ancients boast of,
And will you yet move further?

Pedro. Hitherto

I have done nothing (howsoever you value

My weak endeavours) that may justly claim
A title to your friendship, and much less
Laid down the debt, which, as a tribute due
To your deservings, not I, but mankind
Stands bound to tender.

Ant. Do not make an idol
Of him that should, and without superstition,
To you build up an altar. O my Pedro!
When I am to expire, to call you mine,
Assures a future happiness: give me leave
To argue with you, and, the fondness of

Affection struck blind, with justice hear me :
Why should you, being innocent, fling your life
Into the furnace of your father's anger,
For my offences? or, take it granted (yet
'Tis more than supposition) you prefer
My safety 'fore your own, so prodigally
You waste your favours, wherefore should this
captain,

His blood and sweat rewarded in the favour
Of his great master, falsify the trust
Which, from true judgment, he reposes in him,
For me, a stranger?

Pedro. Let him answer that,
He needs no prompter : speak your thoughts, and
freely.

Capt. I ever loved to do so, and it shames not
The bluntness of my breeding : from my youth
I was train'd up a soldier, one of those
That in their natures love the dangers more,
Than the rewards of danger. I could add,
My life, when forfeited, the viceroy pardon'd
But by his intercession ; and therefore,
It being lent by him, I were ungrateful,
Which I will never be, if I refused
To pay that debt at any time demanded.

Pedro. I hope, friend, this will satisfy you.

Ant. No, it raises
More doubts within me. Shall I, from the school
Of gratitude, in which this captain reads
The text so plainly, learn to be unthankful ?
Or, viewing in your actions the idea
Of perfect friendship, when it does point to me
How brave a thing it is to be a friend,
Turn from the object? Had I never loved
The fair Almira for her outward features,
Nay, were the beauties of her mind suspected,
And her contempt and scorn painted before me,
The being your sister would anew inflame me,
With much more impotence to dote upon her :
No, dear friend, let me in my death confirm.
(Though you in all things else have the precedence,)
I'll die ten times, ere one of Pedro's hairs
Shall suffer in my cause.

Pedro. If you so love me,
In love to that part of my soul dwells in you,
(For though two bodies, friends have but one soul,)
Lose not both life and me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The prince is dead. [Exit.]

Ant. If so, shall I leave Pedro here to answer
For my escape? as thus I clasp thee, let
The viceroy's sentence find me.

Pedro. Fly, for heaven's sake !
Consider the necessity ; though now
We part, Antonio, we may meet again,
But death's division is for ever, friend.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. The rumour spread, sir, of Martino's
death,

Is check'd ; there's hope of his recovery. [Exit.]

Ant. Why should I fly, then ; when I may
enjoy,

With mine own life, my friend?

Pedro. That's still uncertain,
He may have a relapse ; for once be ruled, friend :
He's a good debtor that pays when 'tis due ;
A prodigal, that, before it is required,
Makes tender of it.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* The bark, sir, is ready.

2 *Sail.* The wind sits fair.

3 *Sail.* Heaven favours your escape.

Capt. Hark, how the boatswain whistles you
Will nothing move you? [Whistle within.]
[aboard!]

Ant. Can I leave my friend?

Pedro. I must delay no longer : force him hence.

Capt. I'll run the hazard of my fortunes with
you.

Ant. What violence is this?—hear but my
reasons.

Pedro. Poor friendship that is cool'd with argu-
Away, away! [ments!]

Capt. For Malta.

Pedro. You shall hear
All our events.

Ant. I may sail round the world,
But never meet thy like. *Pedro!*

Pedro. Antonio!

Ant. I breathe my soul back to thee.

Pedro. In exchange,
Bear mine along with thee.

Capt. Cheerly, my hearts!

[Exit Captain and Sailors with ANTONIO.]

Pedro. He's gone : may pitying heaven his
pilot be,
And then I weigh not what becomes of me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the VICEROY'S Palace.

Enter VICEROY, Duke of MESSINA, and Attendants.

Vice. I tell you right, sir.

Duke. Yes, like a rough surgeon,
Without a feeling in yourself you search
My wounds unto the quick, then pre-declare
The tediousness and danger of the cure,
Never remembering what the patient suffers.
But you preach this philosophy to a man
That does partake of passion, and not
To a dull stoic.

Vice. I confess you have
Just cause to mourn your son ; and yet, if reason
Cannot yield comfort, let example care.
I am a father too, my only daughter
As dear in my esteem, perhaps as worthy,
As your Martino, in her love to him
As desperately ill, either's loss equal ;
And yet I bear it with a better temper :

Enter PEDRO.

Which, if you please to imitate, 'twill not wrong
Your piety, nor your judgment.

Duke. We were fashion'd
In different moulds. I weep with mine own eyes,
sir,

Pursue my ends too ; pity to you's a cordial,
Revenge to me ; and that I must and will have,
If my Martino die.

Pedro. Your must and will,
Shall in your full-sail'd confidence deceive you.

Here's doctor Paulo, sir. [Exit.]

Enter PAULO and two Surgeons.

Duke. My hand ! you rather
Deserve my knee, and it shall bend as to
A second father, if your saving aids
Restore my son.

Vice. Rise, thou bright star of knowledge,
Thou honour of thy art, thou help of nature,
Thou glory of our academies!

Paul. If I blush, sir,
To hear these attributes ill-placed on me,
It is excusable. I am no god, sir,
Nor holy saint that can do miracles,
But a weak, sinful man: yet, that I may,
In some proportion, deserve these favours
Your excellencies please to grace me with,
I promise all the skill I have acquired
In simples, or the careful observation
Of the superior bodies, with my judgment
Derived from long experience, stand ready
To do you service.

Duke. Modestly replied.

Vior. How is it with your princely patient?

Duke. Speak,

But speak some comfort, sir.

Paul. I must speak truth:

His wounds, though many, heaven so guided yet
Antonio's sword, it pierced no part was mortal.
These gentlemen, who worthily deserve
The names of surgeons, have done their duties;
The means they practised, not ridiculous charms
To stop the blood; no oils, nor balsams bought
Of cheating quack salvers, or mountebanks,
By them applied: the rules by Chiron taught,
And Æsculapius, which drew upon him
The Thunderer's envy, with care pursued,
Heaven prospering their endeavours.

Duke. There is hope, then,
Of his recovery?

Paul. But no assurance;

I must not flatter you. That little air
Of comfort that breathes towards us (for I dare not
Rob these t' enrich myself) you owe their care;
For, yet, I have done nothing.

Duke. Still more modest;

I will begin with them; to either give
Three thousand crowns.

Vice. I'll double your reward;
See them paid presently.

1 *Surg.* This magnificence
With equity cannot be conferr'd on us;
This due unto the doctor.

2 *Surg.* True; we were
But his subordinate assistants, and did only
Follow his grave directions.

Paul. 'Tis your own;
I challenge no part to it.

Vice. Brave on both sides!

Paul. Deserve this, with the honour that will
In your attendance. [follow,

2 *Surg.* If both sleep at once,
'Tis justice both should. [Exeunt Surgeons.

Duke. For you, grave doctor,
We will not in such petty sums consider
Your high deserts; our treasury lies open,
Command it as your own.

Vice. Choose any castle,
Nay, city, in our government, and be lord of't.

Paul. Of neither, sir; I am not so ambitious:
Nor would I have your highnesses secure.

We have but faintly yet begun our journey:
A thousand difficulties and dangers must be
Encounter'd, ere we end it: though his hurts,

I mean his outward ones, do promise fair,

There is a deeper one, and in his mind,
Must be with care provided for: melancholy,

And at the height, too, near akin to madness,
Possesses him; his senses are distracted,
Not one, but all; and, if I can collect them,
With all the various ways invention
Or industry e'er practised, I shall write it
My masterpiece.

Duke. You more and more engage me.

Vice. May we not visit him?

Paul. By no means, sir;

As he is now, such courtesies come untimely:
I'll yield you reason for't. Should he look on you,
It will renew the memory of that
Which I would have forgotten; your good prayers,
And those I do presume shall not be wanting
To my endeavours, are the utmost aids
I yet desire your excellencies should grant me.
So, with my humblest service—

Duke. Go, and prosper. [Exit PAUL.

Vice. Observe his piety!—I have heard, how
I know not, most physicians, as they grow [true
Greater in skill, grow less in their religion;
Attributing so much to natural causes,
That they have little faith in that they cannot
Deliver reason for: this doctor steers
Another course—but let this pass. If you please,
Your company to my daughter.

Duke. I wait on you. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter LEONORA and Waiting-women.

Leon. Took she no rest to-night?

1 *Wom.* Not any, madam;

I am sure she slept not. If she slumber'd, straight,
As if some dreadful vision had appear'd,
She started up, her hair unbound, and, with
Distracted looks staring about the chamber,
She asks aloud, *Where is Martino? where
Have you conceal'd him?* sometimes names An-

tonio,
Trembling in every joint, her brows contracted,
Her fair face as 'twere chang'd into a curse,
Her hands held up thus; and, as if her words
Were too big to find passage through her mouth,
She groans, then throws herself upon her bed,
Beating her breast.

Leon. 'Tis wondrous strange.

2 *Wom.* Nay, more;

She that of late vouchsafed not to be seen,
But so adorn'd as if she were to rival
Nero's Poppæa, or the Egyptian queen,
Now, careless of her beauties, when we offer
Our service, she contemns it.

Leon. Does she not

Sometimes forsake her chamber?

2 *Wom.* Much about

This hour; then, with a strange unsettled gait,
She measures twice or thrice the gallery,
Silent, and frowning, (we dare not speak to her,)
And then returns.—She's come, pray you, now
observe her.

Enter ALMIRA in black, carelessly habited.

Alm. Why are my eyes fix'd on the ground,
and not

Bent upwards? ha! that which was mortal of
My dear Martino, as a debt to nature,
I know this mother earth hath sepulchred;
But his diviner part, his soul, o'er which

The tyrant Death, nor yet the fatal sword
Of curs'd Antonio, his instrument,
Had the least power, born upon angels' wings
Appointed to that office, mounted far
Above the firmament.

Leon. Strange imagination!

Dear cousin, your Martino lives.

Alm. I know you,
And that in this you flatter me; he's dead,
As much as could die of him:—but look yonder!
Amongst a million of glorious lights
That deck the heavenly canopy, I have
Discern'd his soul, transform'd into a star.
Do you not see it?

Leon. Lady!

Alm. Look with my eyes.

What splendour circles it! the heavenly archer,
Not far off distant, appears dim with envy,
Viewing himself outshined. Bright constellation!
Dart down thy beams of pity on Almira,
And, since thou find'st such grace where now thou
As I did truly love thee on the earth, [art,
Like a kind harbinger, prepare my lodging,
And place me near thee!

Leon. I much more than fear
She'll grow into a frenzy.

Alm. How! what's this?

A dismal sound! come nearer, cousin; lay
Your ear close to the ground,—closer, I pray you.
Do you howl? are you there, Antonio?

Leon. Where, sweet lady?

Alm. In the vault, in hell, on the infernal rack,
Where murderers are tormented:—yerk him
soundly,
'Twas Rhadamanth's sentence; do your office,
Furies.—

How he roars! What! plead to me to mediate for
I'm deaf, I cannot hear you. [you!

Leon. 'Tis but fancy,
Collect yourself.

Alm. Leave babbling; 'tis rare music!
Rhamnusia plays on a pair of tongs
Red hot, and Proserpine dances to the consort;
Pluto sits laughing by too. So! enough:
I do begin to pity him.

Leon. I wish, madam,
You would shew it to yourself.
2 *Wom.* Her fit begins
To leave her.

Alm. Oh my brains! are you there, cousin?

Leon. Now she speaks temperately. I am ever
To do you service: how do you? [ready

Alm. Very much troubled.
I have had the strangest waking dream of hell
And heaven—I know not what.

Leon. My lord your father
Is come to visit you; as you would not grieve him
That is so tender of you, entertain him
With a becoming duty.

Enter Viceroy, Duke of Messina, Pedro, and Attendants.

Vice. Still forlorn!

No comfort, my Almira?

Duke. In your sorrow,
For my Martino, madam, you have express'd
All possible love and tenderness; too much of it
Will wrong yourself, and him. He may live, lady,
(For we are not past hope,) with his future service,
In some part to deserve it.

Alm. If heaven please

To be so gracious to me, I will serve him
With such obedience, love, and humbleness,
That I will rise up an example for
Good wives to follow: but until I have
Assurance what fate will determine of me,
Thus, like a desolate widow, give me leave
To weep for him; for, should he die, I have vow'd
Not to outlive him; and my humble suit is,
One monument may cover us, and Antonio
(In justice you must grant me that) be offer'd
A sacrifice to our ashes.

Vice. Prithee put off

These sad thoughts; both shall live, I doubt it not,
A happy pair.

Enter CUCULO and BORACHIA.

Cuc. O sir, the foulest treason
That ever was discover'd!

Vice. Speak it, that

We may prevent it.

Cuc. Nay, 'tis past prevention:
Though you allow me wise, (in modesty,
I will not say oracularous,) I cannot help it.
I am a statesman, and some say a wise one;
But I could never conjure, nor divine
Of things to come.

Vice. Leave fooling: to the point;

What treason?

Cuc. The false prince, don John Antonio
Is fled.

Vice. It is not possible.

Pedro. Peace, screech-owl.

Cuc. I must speak, and it shall out, sir; the
You trusted with the fort is run away too. [captain

Alm. O miserable woman! I defy
All comfort: cheated too of my revenge!
As you are my father, sir, and you my brother,
I will not curse you; but I dare, and will say,
You are unjust and treacherous.—If there be
A way to death, I'll find it. [Exit.

Vice. Follow her,

She'll do some violent act upon herself;
'Till she be better temper'd, bind her hands,
And fetch the doctor to her.—

[*Exeunt* ~~Waiting-women~~ *Waiting-women*
and not you

A hand 'th this?

Pedro. I, sir! I never
Such disobedience.

Vice. My honour's touch'd in't;

Let gallies be mann'd forth in his pursuit,
Search every port and harbour; if I live,
He shall not scape thus.

Duke. Fine hypocrisy!

Away, dissemblers! ~~the~~ confederacy
Betwixt thy son, and ~~and~~ the false captain,
He could not thus have ~~banish'd~~ else. You have
murder'd

My son amongst you, and now murder justice:
You know it most impossible he should live,
Howe'er the doctor, for your ends, dissembled,
And you have shifted hence Antonio.

Vice. Messina, thou'rt a crazed and grieved old
And being in my court, protected by *[man*
The law of hospitality, or I should
Give you a sharper answer: may I perish,
If I knew of his flight!

Duke. Fire, then, the castle.

Hang up the captain's wife and children.

Vice. Fie, sir!

Pedro. My lord, you are uncharitable; capital
Exact not so much. [Treasons]

Duke. Thanks, most noble signior!
We ever had your good word and your love.

Cuc. Sir, I dare pass my word, my lords are
Of any imputation in this case [clear
You seem to load them with.

Duke. Impertinent fool!—
No, no; the loving faces you put on,
Have been but grinning visors: you have juggled
Out of my son, and out of justice too; [me
But Spain shall do me right, believe me, Viceroy:
There I will force it from thee by the king.
He shall not eat nor sleep in peace for me,
Till I am righted for this treachery.

Vice. Thy worst, Messina! since no reason can
Qualify thy intemperance; the corruption
Of my subordinate ministers cannot wrong
My true integrity. Let privy searchers
Examine all the land.

Pedro. Fair fall Antonio! [Aside.

Cuc. The [Viceroy, Pedro, and Attendants.
[Cuc.] My wife, my lord; troth speak your
Is't not a [Cuc.] dame?

Duke. She is no less, sir;
I will make use of these: may I entreat you
To call my niece.

Bora. With speed, sir. [Exit BORACHIA.
Cuc. You may, my lord, suspect me
As an agent in these state-conveyances:
Let signior Cuculo, then, be never more,
For all his place, wit, and authority,
Held a most worthy, honest gentleman.

Re-enter BORACHIA with LEONORA.

Duke. I do acquit you, signior. Niece, you see
To what extremes I am driven; the cunning viceroy,
And his son Pedro, having express'd too plainly
Their cold affections to my son Martino:
And therefore I conjure thee, Leonora,
By all thy hopes from me, which is my dukedom
If my son fail,—however, all thy fortunes;
Though heretofore some love hath past betwixt
Don Pedro, and thyself, abjure him now:
And as thou keep'st Almira company,
In this her desolation, be in hate
To this young Pedro, for thy cousin's love,
Be her associate: or assure thyself,
I cast thee like a stranger from my blood.
If I do ever hear thou see'st, or send'st
Token, or receiv'st message—by yon heaven,
I never more will own thee!

Leon. O, dear uncle!
You have put a tyrannous yoke upon my heart,
And it will break it. [Exit.

Duke. Gravest lady, you
May be a great assister in my ends.
I buy your diligence thus:—divide this couple,
Hinder their interviews; feign 'tis her will
To give him no admittance, if he crave it;
And thy rewards shall be thine own desires:
Where'to, good sir, but add your friendly aids,
And use me to my uttermost.

Cuc. My lord,
If my wife please, I dare not contradict.
Borachia, what do you say?

Bora. I say, my lord,
I know my place; and be assured, I will
Keep firm and tow asunder.

Duke. You in this
Shall much deserve me. [Exit

Cuc. We have ta'en upon us
A heavy charge: I hope you'll now forbear
The excess of wine.

Bora. I will do what I please.
This day the market's kept for slaves; go you,
And buy me a fine-timber'd one to assist me;
I must be better waited on.

Cuc. Any thing,
So you'll leave wine.

Bora. Still prating!

Cuc. I am gone, duck. [Exit.

Bora. Pedro! so hot upon the scent! I'll fit him.

Re-enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Donna Borachia, you most happily
Are met to pleasure me.

Bora. It may be so;
I use to pleasure many. Here lies my way;
I do beseech you, sir, keep on your voyage.

Pedro. Be not so short, sweet lady, I must with
you.

Bora. With me, sir! I beseech you, sir—why,
what, sir,
See you in me?

Pedro. Do not mistake me, lady;
Nothing but honesty.

Bora. Hang honesty!
Trump me not up with honesty: do you mark, sir,
I have a charge, sir, and a special charge, sir,
And 'tis not honesty can win on me, sir.

Pedro. Prithee conceive me rightly.

Bora. I conceive you!

Pedro. But understand.

Bora. I will not understand, sir,
I cannot, nor I do not understand, sir.

Pedro. Prithee, Borachia, let me see my mistress,
But look upon her; stand you by.

Bora. How's this!
Shall I stand by? what do you think of me?
Now, by the virtue of the place I hold,
You are a paltry lord to tempt my trust thus:
I am no Helen, nor no Hecuba,
To be deflower'd of my loyalty
With your fair language.

Pedro. Thou mistak'st me still.

Bora. It may be so, my place will bear me out
in't,
And will mistake you still, make you your best on't.

Pedro. A pox upon thee! let me but behold her.

Bora. A plague upon you! you shall never see
her.

Pedro. This is a crone in grain! thou art so
testy—

Prithee, take breath, and know thy friends.

Bora. I will not.

I have no friends, nor I will have none this way:
And, now I think on't better, why will you see her?

Pedro. Because she loves me dearly, I her equally.

Bora. She hates you damnably, most wickedly,
Build that upon my word, most wickedly;
And swears her eyes are sick when they behold you.
How fearfully have I heard her rail upon you,
And cast and rail again; and cast again;
Call for hot waters, and then rail again!

Pedro. How! 'tis not possible.

Bora. I have heard her swear
(How justly, you best know, and where the cause
lies)

That you are—I shame to tell it—but it must out—
Fie, fie! why, how have you deserved it?

Pedro. I am what?

Bora. The beastliest man,—why, what a grief must this be?

(*Sir-reverence of the company*)—a rank whore-master.

Ten livery whores, she assured me on her credit,
With weeping eyes she spake it, and seven citizens,
Besides all voluntaries that serve under you,
And of all countries.

Pedro. This must needs be a lie.

Bora. Besides, you are so careless of your body,
Which is a foul fault in you.

Pedro. Leave your fooling,
For this shall be a fable: happily,
My sister's anger may grow strong against me,
Which thou mistak'st.

Bora. She hates you very well too, [you!]
But your mistress hates you heartily:—look upon
Upon my conscience, she would see the devil first,
With eyes as big as saucers; when I but named you,
She has leap'd back thirty feet: if once she smell
you,

For certainly you are rank, she says, extreme rank.
And the windstand with you too, she's gone for ever!

Pedro. For all this, I would see her.

Bora. That's all one.

Have you new eyes when those are scratch'd out,
or a nose

To clap on warm? have you proof against a piss-pot,
Which, if they bid me, I must fling upon you?

Pedro. I shall not see her, then, you say?

Bora. It seems so.

Pedro. Prithce, be thus far friend then, good
Borachia,

To give her but this letter, and this ring,
And leave thy pleasant lying, which I pardon:
But leave it in her pocket; there's no harm in't.
I'll take thee up a petticoat, will that please thee?

Bora. Take up my petticoat! I scorn the motion;
I scorn it with my heels; take up my petticoat!

Pedro. And why thus hot?

Bora. Sir, you shall find me hotter,
If you take up my petticoat.

Pedro. I'll give thee a new petticoat.

Bora. I scorn the gift—take up my petticoat!
Alas! my lord, you are too young, my lord,
Too young, my lord, to circumcise me that way.
Take up my petticoat! I am a woman,
A woman of another way, my lord,
A gentlewoman: he that takes up my petticoat,
Shall have enough to do, I warrant him.

I would fain see the proudest of you all so lusty.

Pedro. Thou art disposed still to mistake me.

Bora. Petticoat!

You shew now what you are; but do your worst, sir.

Pedro. A wild-fire take thee!

Bora. I ask no favour of you,
And so I leave you; and withal, I know you
In my own name, for, sir, I'd have you know it,
In this place I present your father's person,
Upon your life, not dare to follow me,
For if you do— [Exit.]

Pedro. Go! and the pox go with thee,
If thou hast so much moisture to receive them!
For thou wilt have them, though a horse bestow
I must devise a way—for I must see her, [them].
And very suddenly; and, madam petticoat,
If all the wit I have, and this can do,
I'll make you break your charge, and your hope
too. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Slave Market.*

*Enter Slave-merchant and Servant, with ANTONIO and
Captain disguised and dressed as slaves, English
Slave, and divers other Slaves.*

Merch. Come, rank yourselves, and stand out
handsomely.

—Now ring the bell, that they may know my
market.

Stand you two here; [*To ANTONIO and the Cap-
tain.*] you are personable men,

And apt to yield good sums, if women cheapen.
Put me that pig-complexion'd fellow behind,
He will spoil my sale else; the slave looks like
famine.

Sure he was got in a cheese-press, the whey runs
out on's nose yet.

He will not yield above a peck of oysters—
If I can get a quart of wine in too, you are gone, sir:
Why sure, thou hadst no father.

1 Slave. Sure I know not.

Merch. No, certainly; a March frog [leap'd]
thy mother;

Thou'rt but a monster-paddock.—Look who comes,
sirrah. [*Exit Servant.*]

And next prepare the song, and do it lively.—
Your tricks too, sirrah, they are ways to catch the
buyer, [*To the English Slave.*]

And if you do them well, they'll prove good
dowries.—

How now?

Re-enter Servant

Serv. They come, sir, with their bags full
laden.

Merch. Reach me my stool. O! here they
come.

Enter PAUL, Apothecary, CUCULO, and Citizens.

Cuc. That's he.

He never fails monthly to sell his slaves here;
He buys them presently upon their taking,
And so disperses them to every market.

Merch. Begin the song, and chaunt it merrily.

A SONG, by one of the Slaves.

Well done.

Paul. Good morrow!

Merch. Morrow to you, signiors!

Paul. We come to look upon your slaves, and
buy too,

If we can like the persons, and the prices.

Cuc. They shew fine active fellows.

Merch. They are no less, sir,
And people of strong labours.

Paul. That's in the proof, sir.

Merch. As mad as they,
And, as I have heard for truth, a great deal
madder :

Yet, you may find some civil things amongst them,
But they are not respected. Nay, never wonder;
They have a city, sir,—I have been in it,
And therefore dare affirm it, where, if you saw
With what a load of vanity 'tis fraughted,
How like an everlasting morris-dance it looks,
Nothing but hobby-horse, and maid Marian,
You would start indeed.

Paul. They are handsome men ?

Merch. Yes, if they would thank their maker,
And seek no further ; but they have new creators,
God-tailor, and god-mercier : a kind of Jews, sir,
But fall'n into idolatry ; for they worship
Nothing with so much service, as the cow-calves.

Paul. What do you mean by cow-calves ?

Merch. Why, their women.

Will you see him do any more tricks ?

Paul. 'Tis enough, I thank you ;
But yet I'll buy him, for the rareness of him :
He may make my princely patient mirth, and that
done,

I'll chain him in my study, that at void hours
I may run o'er the story of his country.

Merch. His price is forty.

Paul. Hold—I'll once be foolish,
And buy a lump of levity to laugh at.

Apoth. Will your worship walk ?

Paul. How now, apothecary,
Have you been buying too ?

Apoth. A little, sir,
A dose or two of mischief.

Paul. Fare ye well, sir ;
As these prove, we shall look the next wind for

Merch. I shall be with you, sir. [you.]

Paul. Who bought this fellow ?

2 *Cit.* Not I.

Apoth. Nor I.

Paul. Why does he follow us, then ?

Merch. Did not I tell you he would steal to you ?
2 *Cit.* Sirrah,

You mouldy-chaps ! know your crib, I would wish
And get from whence you came. [you,

1 *Slave.* I came from no place.

Paul. Wilt thou be my fool ? for fools, they say,
will tell truth.

1 *Slave.* Yes, if you will give me leave, sir, to
For I can do that naturally. [abuse you,

Paul. And I can beat you.

1 *Slave.* I should be sorry else, sir.

Merch. He looks for that, as duly as his victuals,
And will be extreme sick when he is not beaten.
He will be as wanton, when he has a bone broken,
As a cat in a bowl on the water.

Paul. You will part with him ?

Merch. To such a friend as you, sir.

Paul. And without money ?

Merch. Not a penny, signior ;
And would he were better for you !

Paul. Follow me, then ;

The knave may teach me something.

1 *Slave.* Something that

You dearly may repent ; howe'er you scorn me,

The slave may prove your master.

Paul. Farewell once more !

Merch. Farewell ! and when the wind serves
next, expect me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter Cuccio and Antonio.

Cuc. Come, sir, you are mine, sir, now ; you
serve a man, sir,
That, when you know more, you will find—

Ant. I hope so.

Cuc. What dost thou hope ?

Ant. To find you a kind master.

Cuc. Find you yourself a diligent true servant,
And take the precept of the wise before you,
And then you may hope, sirrah. Understand,
You serve me—what is me ? a man of credit.

Ant. Yes, sir.

Cuc. Of special credit, special office ; hear first
And understand again, of special office :
A man that nods upon the thing he meets,
And that thing bows.

Ant. 'Tis fit it should be so, sir.

Cuc. It shall be so : a man near all importance.
Dost thou digest this truly ?

Ant. I hope I shall, sir.

Cuc. Besides, thou art to serve a noble mistress,
Of equal place and trust. Serve usefully,
Serve all with diligence, but her delights ;
There make your stop. She is a woman, sirrah,
And though a cull'd out virtue, yet a woman. &
Thou art not troubled with the strength of blood,
And stirring faculties, for she'll shew a fair one ?

Ant. As I am a man, I may ; but as I am your
man,
Your trusty, useful man, those thoughts shall
perish.

Cuc. 'Tis apt, and well distinguish'd. The next
precept,

And then, observe me, you have all your duty ;
Keep, as thou'dst keep thine eye-sight, all wine
All talk of wine. [from her,

Ant. Wine is a comfort, sir.

Cuc. A devil, sir ! let her not dream of wine ;
Make her believe there neither is, nor was wine ;
Swear it.

Ant. Will you have me lie ?

Cuc. To my end, sir :
For if one drop of wine but creep into her,
She is the wisest woman in the world straight,
And all the women in the world together
Are but a whisper to her : a thousand iron mills
Can be heard no further than a pair of nut-
crackers.

Keep her from wine ; wine makes her dangerous.
Fall back—my lord don Pedro !

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Now, master Office,
What is the reason that your vigilant Greatness,
And your wife's wonderful Wisdom, have look'd
up from me

The way to see my mistress ? Whose dog's dead
That you observe these vigils ? [now,

Cuc. Very well, my lord.

Belike, we observe no law then, nor no order,
Nor feel no power, nor will, of him that made
them,

When state-commands thus slightly are disputed.

Pedro. What state-command ? dost thou think
any state

Would give thee anything but eggs to keep,
Or trust thee with a secret above lousing ?

Cuc. No, no, my lord, I am not passionate ;

You cannot work me that way, to betray me.
A point there is in't, that you must not see, sir,
A secret and a serious point of state too;
And do not urge it further, do not, lord,
It will not take; you deal with them that wink not.
You tried my wife. Alas! you thought she was
foolish.

Won with an empty word; you have not found it.

Pedro. I have found a pair of coxcombs, that I
am sure on.

Cuc. Your lordship may say three:—I am not

Pedro. How's that? [passionate.]

Cuc. Your lordship found a faithful gentle-
woman,

Strong, and inscrutable as the viceroy's heart;

A woman of another making, lord:

And, lest she might partake with woman's weak-
ness,

I've purchased her a rib to make her perfect,
A rib that will not shrink, nor break in the bending,
This trouble we are put to, to prevent things,
Which your good lordship holds but necessary.

Pedro. A fellow of a handsome and free promise,
And much, methinks, I'm taken with his coun-
tenance.—

Do you serve this yeoman, porter? [To ANTONIO.]

Cuc. Not a word.

Rasta! Your lordship may discourse your free-
He is a slave of state, sir, so of silence. [dom;]

Pedro. You are very punctual, state-cut, fare ye
well;

I shall find time to fit you too, I fear not. [Exit.]

Cuc. And I shall fit you, lord: you would be
biling;

You are too hot, sweet lord, too hot.—Go you
home,

And there observe these lessons I first taught you,
Look to your charge abundantly; be wary,
Trusty and wary; much weight hangs upon me,
Watchful and wary too! this lord is dangerous,
Take courage and resist: for other uses,
Your mistress will inform you. Go, be faithful,
And, do you hear? no wine.

Aut. I shall observe, sir. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter PAVLO and SURGEONS.

Paul. He must take air.

1 *Surg.* Sir, under your correction,
The violence of motion may make
His wounds bleed fresh.

2 *Surg.* And he hath lost already
Too much blood, in my judgment.

Paul. I allow that;

But to choke up his spirits in a dark room,
Is far more dangerous. He comes; no questions.

Enter CARDENNES.

Car. Certain we have no reason, nor that soul
Created of that pureness books persuade us:
We understand not, sure, nor feel that sweetness
That men call virtue's chain to link our actions.
Our imperfections form, and flatter us;
A will to rash and rude things is our reason,
And that we glory in, that makes us guilty.
Why did I wrong this man? unmanly wrong him?
Unmanly? He gave me no occasion.
In all my heat how noble was his temper!

And, when I had forgot both man and manhood,
With what a gentle bravery did he chide me!
And, say he had kill'd me, whither had I travel'd?
Kill'd me in all my rage—oh, how it shakes me!
Why didst thou do this, fool? a woman taught me,
The devil and his angel, woman, bade me.—
I am a beast, the wildest of all beasts,
And like a beast I make my blood my master.
Farewell, farewell, for ever, name of mistress!
Out of my heart I cross thee; love and women
Out of my thoughts.

Paul. Ay, now you shew your manhood.

Car. Doctor, believe me, I have bought my
knowledge,

And dearly, doctor:—they are dangerous creatures,
They sting at both ends, doctor; worthless crea-
tures,

And all their loves and favours end in ruins.

Paul. To man, indeed.

Car. Why, now thou tak'st me rightly.

What can they shew, or by what act deserve us,
While we have Virtue, and pursue her beauties!

Paul. And yet I've heard of many virtuous
women.

Car. Not many, doctor; there your reading
fails you:

Would there were more, and in their loves less
dangers!

Paul. Love is a noble thing without all doubt,
sir.

Car. Yes, and an excellent—to cure the itch.

[Exit.]

1 *Surg.* Strange melancholy!

Paul. By degrees 'twill lessen:
Provide your things.

2 *Surg.* Our care shall not be wanting. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in CUCULO's House.

Enter LEONORA and ALMIRA.

Leon. Good madam, for your health's sake clear
those clouds up,

That feed upon your beauties like diseases.
Time's hand will turn again, and what he ruins
Gently restore, and wipe off all your sorrows.
Believe you are to blame, much to blame, lady;
You tempt his loving care whose eye has number'd
All our afflictions, and the time to cure them:
You rather with this torrent choke his mercies,
Than gently slide into his providence.
Sorrows are well allow'd, and sweeten nature,
Where they express no more than drops on lilies;
But, when they fall in storms, they bruise our
hopes;

Make us unable, though our comforts meet us,
To hold our heads up: Come, you shall take
comfort;

This is a sullen grief becomes condemn'd men;
That feel a weight of sorrow through their souls:
Do but look-up. Why, so!—is not this better,
Than hanging down your head still like a violet,
And dropping out those sweet eyes for a wager!
Pray you, speak a little.

Alm. Pray you, desire no more;

And, if you love me, say no more.

Leon. How fain,

If I would be as wilful, and partake in't,
Would you destroy yourself! how often, lady,
Even of the same disease have you cured me,

And shook me out on't; chid me, tumbled me,
And forced my hands, thus?

Alm. By these tears, no more.

Leon. You are too prodigal of them. Well, I
will not;

For though my love bids me transgress your will,
I have a service to your sorrows still. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Hall in the same.

Enter PEDRO and ANTONIO.

Ant. Indeed, my lord, my place is not so near:
I wait below stairs, and there sit, and wait
Who comes to seek access; nor is it fit, sir,
My rudeness should intrude so near their lodgings.

Pedro. Thou mayst invent a way, 'tis but a trial,
But carrying up this letter, and this token,
And giving them discreetly to my mistress,
The lady Leonora: there's my purse,
Or anything thou'lt ask me; if thou knew'st me,
And what I may be to thee for this courtesy—

Ant. Your lordship speaks so honestly, and freely,
That by my troth I'll venture.

Pedro. I dearly thank thee.

Ant. And it shall cost me hard; nay, keep your
purse, sir,
For, though my body's bought, my mind was
never.

Though I am bound, my courtesies are no slaves.

Pedro. Thou shouldst be truly gentle.

Ant. If I were so,
The state I am in bids you not believe it.
But to the purpose, sir; give me your letter,
And next your counsel, for I serve a crafty mis-
tress.

Pedro. And she must be removed, thou wilt else
ne'er do it.

Ant. Ay, there's the plague: think, and I'll
think awhile too.

Pedro. Her husband's suddenly fallen sick?

Ant. She cares not;

If he were dead, indeed, it would do better.

Pedro. Would he were hang'd!

Ant. Then she would run for joy, sir.

Pedro. Some lady crying out?

Ant. She has two already.

Pedro. Her house afire?

Ant. Let the fool, my husband, quench it.

This will be her answer.—This may take; it will,
sure.

Your lordship must go presently, and send me
Two or three bottles of your best Greek wine,
The strongest and the sweetest.

Pedro. Instantly:

But will that do?

Ant. Let me alone to work it. [Exit PEDRO.]

Wine I was charged to keep by all means from her;
All secret locks it opens, and all counsels,
That I am sure, and gives men all access.
Pray heaven she be not loving when she's drunk
now!

For drunk she shall be, though my pate pay for it.
She'll turn my stomach then abominably.
She has a most wicked face, and that lewd face
Being a drunken face, what face will there be!—
She cannot ravish me. Now, if my master
Should take her so, and know I minister'd,
What will his wisdom do? I hope be drunk too,

And then all's right. Well, lord, to do thee ser-
vice

Above these puppet-plays, I keep a life yet—
Here come the executioners.

Enter Servant with bottles.

You are welcome;

Give me your load, and tell my lord I am at it.

Serv. I will, sir; speed you, sir. [Exit.]

Ant. Good speed on all sides!

'Tis strong, strong wine: O, the yaws that she will
make!

Look to your stern, dear mistress, and steer right,
Here's that will work as high as the Bay of Por-
tugal.

Stay, let me see—I'll try her by the nose first;

For, if she be a right sow, sure she'll find it.

She is yonder by herself, the ladies from her.

Now to begin my sacrifice:—[Pours out some of
the wine.]—she stirs, and vents it.

O, how she holds her nose up like a jennet
In the wind of a grass-mare! she has it full now,
And now she comes.—I'll stand aside awhile.

Enter BORACHIA.

Bora. [Snuffing.] 'Tis wine! ay, sure 'tis wine!
excellent strong wine!

In the must, I take it: very wine! this way too.

Ant. How true she hunts! I'll make the train
a little longer. [Pours out more wine.]

Bora. Stronger and stronger still! still! blessed

Ant. Now she hunts hot. [wine!]

Bora. All that I can for this wine!

This way it went, sure.

Ant. Now she's at a cold scent.

Make out your doubles, mistress. O, well hunted!
That's she! that's she!

Bora. O, if I could but see it!

Oh what a precious scent it has!—but handle it!

Ant. Now I'll untap it.

[Comes forward with the bottle.]

Bora. What's that? still 'tis stronger.

Why, how now, sirrah! what's that? answer
And to the point. [quickly]

Ant. 'Tis wine, forsooth, good wine,
Excellent Candy wine.

Bora. 'Tis well, forsooth!

Is this a drink for slaves? why, saucy sirrah,
(Excellent Candy wine!) draw nearer to me,
Reach me the bottle: why, thou most debauch'd
slave—

Ant. Pray be not angry, for with all my service
And pains, I purchased this for you, (I dare not
drink it.)

For you a present; only for your pleasure;

To shew in little what a thanks I owe

The hourly courtesies your goodness gives me.

Bora. And I will give thee more; there, kiss
my hand on't.

Ant. I thank you dearly—for your dirty favour:
How rank it smells! [Aside.]

Bora. By thy leave, sweet bottle,
And sugar-candy wine, I now come to thee;
Hold your hand under.

Ant. How does your worship like it?

Bora. Under again—again—and now come kiss
I'll be a mother to thee: come, drink to me. [me;]

Ant. I do beseech your pardon.

Bora. Here's to thee, then;

I am easily entreated for thy good.

'Tis naught for thee, indeed; 'twill make thee break out;

Thou hast a pure complexion: now, for me

'Tis excellent, 'tis excellent for me.

Son slave, I've a cold stomach, and the wind—

Ant. Blows out a cry at both ends.

Bora. Kiss again.

Cherish thy lips, for thou shalt kiss fair ladies:

Son slave, I have them for thee; I'll shew thee all.

Ant. Heaven bless mine eyes!

Bora. Even all the secrets, son slave, in my dominion.

Ant. Oh! here come the ladies;

Now to my business.

Enter LEONORA and ALMIRA behind.

Leon. This air will much refresh you.

Alm. I must sit down.

Leon. Do, and take freer thoughts, The place invites you; I'll walk by like your sentinel.

Bora. And thou shalt be my heir, I'll leave thee all,

Heaven knows to what 'twill mount to; but abundance:

I'll leave thee two young ladies—what think you of that, *boy!*— [*ANTONIO goes to LEONORA.*]

Where is the bottle?—two delicate young ladies:

But first you shall commit with me; do you mark, son?

And shew yourself a gentleman, that's the truth, son.

Ant. Excellent lady, kissing your fair hand, And humbly craving pardon for intruding,

This letter, and this ring—

Leon. From whom, I pray you, sir?

Ant. From the most noble, loving lord, don The servant of your virtues. [*Pedro.*]

Bora. And prithee, good son slave, be wise and circumspect,

And take heed of being o'ertaken with too much For it is a lamentable sin, and spoils all: [*drink;*]

Why, 'tis the damnable thing to be drunk, son! Heaven can't endure it. And hark you, one thing

I'd have done:

Knock my husband on the head, as soon as may be,

For he is an infant puppy, and cannot perform—

Why, where the devil is this foolish bottle?

Leon. I much thank you.

And this, sir, for your pains. [*Offers him her purse.*]

Ant. No, gentle lady;

That I can do him service is my merit,

My faith, my full reward.

Leon. Once more, I thank you.

Since I have met so true a friend to goodness,

I dare deliver to your charge my answer:

Pray you, tell him, sir, this night I do invite him

To meet me in the garden; means he may find,

For love, they say, wants no abilities.

Ant. Nor shall he, madam, if my help may prosper;

No everlasting love and sweetness bless you!—

She's at it still, I dare not now appear to her.

Alm. What fellow's that?

Leon. Indeed I know not, madam:

It seems of some strange country by his habit;

Nor can I shew you by what mystery

He wrought himself into this place, prohibited.

Alm. A handsome man.

Leon. But of a mind more handsome.

Alm. Was his business to you?

Leon. Yes, from a friend you wot of.

Alm. A very handsome fellow, And well demean'd.

Leon. Exceeding well; and speaks well.

Alm. And speaks well, too?

Leon. Ay, passing well, and freely, And, as he promises, of a most clear nature; Brought up, sure, far above his shew.

Alm. It seems so:

I would I'd heard him, friend. Comes he again?

Leon. Indeed I know not if he do.

Alm. 'Tis no matter.

Come let's walk in.

Leon. I am glad you have found your tongue yet. [*Exit LEONORA and ALMIRA.*]

BORACHIA sings.

Cuc. [*Within.*] My wife is very merry; sure 'twas her voice:

Pray heaven there be no drink in't, then I allow it.

Ant. 'Tis sure my master.

Enter CUCULO.

Now the game begins;

Here will be spitting of fire o' both sides present me but safe deliver'd! [*sently;*]

Cuc. O, my heart aches!

My head aches too: mercy o'me, she's perish'd!

She has gotten wine! she is gone for ever!

Bora. Come hither, ladies, carry your bodies swimming;

Do your three duties, then—then fall behind me.

Cuc. O, thou pernicious rascal! what hast thou done?

Ant. I done! alas, sir, I have done nothing.

Cuc. Sirrah,

How came she by this wine?

Ant. Alas, I know not.

Bora. Who's that, that talks of wine there?

Ant. Forsooth, my master.

Bora. Bring him before me, son slave.

Cuc. I will know it,

This bottle, how this bottle?

Bora. Do not stir it;

For, if you do, by this good wine, I'll knock you, I'll beat you damnably, yea and nay, I'll beat you;

And, when I have broke it 'bout your head, do you mark me?

Then will I tie it to your worship's tail,

And all the dogs in the town shall follow you.

No question, I would advise you, how I came by it; I will have none of these points handled now.

Cuc. She'll ne'er be well again while the world stands.

Ant. I hope so. [*Aside.*]

Cuc. How dost thou, lamb?

Bora. Well, God a-mercy.

Belwether, how dost thou? Stand out, son slave, Sit you here, and before this worshipful audience

Propound a doubtful question; see who's drunk now.

Cuc. Now, now it works; the devil now dwells in her.

Bora. Whether the heaven or the earth be nearer the moon?

Or what's the natural reason, why a woman longs To make her husband cuckold? Bring me your

The curate now, that great philosopher, [*cousin*]

He that found out a pudding had two ends,
That learned clerk, that notable gymnosophist;
And let him with his Jacob's-staff discover
What is the third part of three farthings,
Three halfpence being the half, and I am satisfied.

Cuc. You see she hath learning enough, if she
could dispose it.

Bora. Too much for thee, thou loggerhead, thou

Cuc. Nay, good Borachta. [bull-head!

Bora. Thou a sufficient statesman

A gentleman of learning! hang thee, dogwhelp;
Thou shadow of a man of action,
Thou scab o'the court! go sleep, you drunken
rascal,

You debauch'd puppy; get you home, and sleep,
sirrah;

And so will I: son slave, thou shalt sleep with
me.

Cuc. Prithee, look to her tenderly.

Bora. No words, sirrah,

Of any wine, or anything like wine,
Or anything concerning wine, or by wine,
Or from, or with wine. Come, lead me like a
countess.

Cuc. Thus must we bear, poor men! there is a
trick in't;

But, when she is well again, I'll trick her for it.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in the VICKROY'S Palace.

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Now, if this honest fellow do but prosper,
I hope I shall make fair return. I wonder
I hear not from the prince of Tarent yet,
I hope he's landed well, and to his safety;
The winds have stood most gently to his purpose.

Enter ANTONIO.

My honest friend!

Ant. Your lordship's poorest servant.

Pedro. How hast thou sped?

Ant. My lord, as well as wishes.

My way hath reach'd your mistress, and deliver'd
Your loveletter, and token; who, with all joy,
And virtuous constancy, desires to see you:
Commands you this night, by her loving power,
To meet her in the garden.

Pedro. Thou hast made me;

Redeem'd me, man, again from all my sorrows;
Done above wonder for me. Is it so?

Ant. I should be now too old to learn to lie, sir,
And, as I live, I never was good flatterer.

Pedro. I do see something in this fellow's face
still,

That ties my heart fast to him. Let me love thee,
Nay, let me honour thee for this fair service.

And if I e'er forget it—

Ant. Good my lord,

The only knowledge of me is too much bounty:
My service, and my life, sir.

Pedro. I shall think on't;

But how for me to get access?

Ant. 'Tis easy;

I'll be your guide, sir, all my care shall lead you;
My credit's better than you think.

Pedro. I thank you,

And soon I'll wait your promise.

Ant. With all my duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Bed-room in the same.

Enter VICKROY, DUKE, PAULO, and CECILIO.

Paulo. All's as I tell you, princes; you shall
Be witness to his fancies, melancholy, [here
And strong imagination of his wrongs.
His inhumanity to don Antonio
Hath rent his mind into so many pieces
Of various imaginations, that,

Like the celestial bow, this colour now's
The object, then another, till all vanish.
He says a man might watch to death, or fast,
Or think his spirit out; to all which humours
I do apply myself, checking the bad,
And cherishing the good. For these, I have
Prepared my instruments, fitting his chamber
With trapdoors, and descents: sometimes present-
Good spirits of the air, bad of the earth, [ing
To pull down or advance his fair intentions.
He's of a noble nature, yet sometimes
Thinks that which, by confederacy, I do,
Is by some skill in magic.

Enter CARDENAS, a book in his hand.

Here he comes

Unsent. I do beseech you, what do you read, sir?

Car. A strange position, which doth much per-
plex me:

That every soul's alike a musical instrument,
The faculties in all men equal strings,
Well or ill handled; and those sweet or harsh.

[*Exit PAULO.*

How like a fiddler I have play'd on mine then!
Declined the high pitch of my birth and breeding,
Like the most barbarous peasant; read my pride
Upon Antonio's meek humility,
Wherein he was far valiantier than I.
Meekness, thou wait'st upon courageous spirits,
Enabling sufferance past afflictions.
In patience Tarent overcame me more
Than in my wounds: live then, no more to men.
Shut daylight from thine eyes, here canst thee down,

[*Falls on the bed.*

And with a sullen sigh breathe forth thy soul—

Re-enter PAULO disguised as a Friar.

What art? an apparition, or a man?

Paul. A man, and sent to counsel thee.

Car. Despair

Has stopt mine ears; thou seem'st a holy friar.

Paul. I am; by doctor Paulo sent, to tell thee
Thou art too cruel to thyself, in seeking
To lend compassion and aid to others.
My order bids me comfort thee. I have heard all
Thy various, troubled passions: hear but my story.
In way of youth I did enjoy one friend,
As good and perfect as heaven e'er made man;
This friend was plighted to a beautiful woman,
(Nature proud of her workmanship,) mutual love

Possess'd them both, her heart in his breast lodged,
And his in hers.

Car. No more of love, good father,
It was my surfeit, and I loath it now,
As men in fevers meat they fell sick on.

Paul. Howe'er, 'tis worth your hearing. This
betroth'd lady,

(The ties and duties of a friend forgotten.)
Spurr'd on by lust, I treacherously pursued;
Contemn'd by her, and by my friend reproved,
Despised by honest men, my conscience sear'd up,
Love I convert'd into frantic rage;
And by that false guide led, I summon'd him
In this bad cause, his sword 'gainst mine, to prove
If he or I might claim most right in love.
But fortune, that does sell or never give
Success to right and virtue, made him fall
Under my sword. Blood, blood, a friend's dear
A virtuous friend's, shed by a villain, me, [blood,
In such a monstrous and unequal cause,
Lies on my conscience.

Car. And durst thou live,
After this, to be so old? 'tis an illusion
Raised up by charms: a man would not have lived.
Art quiet in thy bosom?

Paul. As the sleep
Of infants.

Car. My fault did not equal this,
Yet I have emptied my heart of joy.
Only to store sighs up. What were the arts
That made thee live so long in rest?

Paul. Repentance
Hearty, that cleansed me; reason then confirm'd
me,

I was forgiven, and took me to my beads. [Exit.

Car. I am in the wrong path; tender conscience
Makes me forget mine honour. I have done
No evil like this, yet I pine; whilst he,
A few tears of his true contrition tender'd,
Securely sleeps. Ha! where keeps peace of con-
science,

That I may buy her?—no where; not in life.
'Tis feign'd that Jupiter two vessels placed,
The one with honey fill'd, the other gall,
At the entry of Olympus; Destiny,
There brewing these together, suffers not
One man to pass, before he drinks this mixture.
Hence is it we have not an hour of life
In which our pleasures relish not some pain,
Our sours some sweetness. Love doth taste of both;
Revenge, that thirsty drop of our souls,
Which makes us covet that which hurts us most,
Is not alone sweet, but partakes of tartness.

Duke. Is't not a strange effect?

Vice. Past precedent.

Cuc. His brain-pan's perish'd with his wounds:
I knew 'twould come to this. [go to,

Vice. Peace, man of wisdom.

Car. Pleasure's the hook of evil; ease of care,
And so the general object of the court;
Yet some delights are lawful. Honour is
Virtue's allow'd ascent; honour, that clasps
All-perfect justice in her arms, that craves
No more respect than what she gives, that does
Nothing but what she'll suffer.—This distracts me:
But I have found the right: had don Antonio
Done that to me, I did to him, I should have kill'd
The injury so foul, and done in public. [him;
My footman would not bear it; then in honour
Wronging him so, I'll right him on myself:

There's honour, justice, and full satisfaction
Equally tender'd; 'tis resolved, I'll do it.
They rush forward and attack him
They take all weapons from me,
Duke. Bless my son!

*Re-enter Paulo, dressed like a Soldier, and the English
Slave like a Courtier.*

Vice. The careful doctor's come again.

Duke. Rare man!

How shall I pay this debt?

Cuc. He that is with him.

Is one o' the slaves he lately bought; he said,
To accommodate his cure: he's English born,
But French in his behaviour, a delicate slave.

Vice. The slave is very fine.

Cuc. Your English slaves

Are ever so; I have seen an English slave
Far finer than his master: there's a state-point,
Worthy your observation.

Paul. On thy life,

Be perfect in thy lesson: fewer legs, slave.

Car. My thoughts are search'd and answer'd;
Desire a soldier and a courtier, [for I did
To yield me satisfaction in some doubts
Not yet concluded of.

Paul. Your doctor did
Admit us, sir.

Slave. And we are at your service;
Whate'er it be, command it.

Car. You appear
A courtier in the race of LOVE; how far
In honour are you bound to run?

Slave. I'll tell you,
You must not spare expense, but wear gay clothes,
And you may be, too, prodigal of oaths,
To win a mistress' favour; not afraid
To pass unto her through her chambermaid.
You may present her gifts, and of all sorts,
Feast, dance, and revel; they are lawful sports:
The choice of suitors you must not deny her,
Nor quarrel, though you find a rival by her:
Build on your own deserts, and ever be
A stranger to love's enemy, jealousy,
For that draws on—

Car. No more; this points at me. [Exit English Slave.
I ne'er observed these rules. Now speak, old
The height of Honour? [soldier,

Paul. No man to offend,
Ne'er to reveal the secrets of a friend;
Rather to suffer than to do a wrong;
To make the heart no stranger to the tongue;
Provoked, not to betray an enemy,
Nor eat his meat I choak with flattery;
Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my scars,
Or for my conscience, or my country's wars;
To aim at just things; if we have wildly run
Into offences, wish them all undone:

'Tis poor, in grief for a wrong done, to die,
Honour, to dare to live, and satisfy.

Vice. Mark, how he winds him.

Duke. Excellent man!

Paul. Who fights
With passions, and o'ercomes them, is endued
With the best virtue, passive fortitude. [Exit.

Car. Thou hast touch'd me, soldier; oh! this
honour bears
The right stamp; would all soldiers did profess
Thy good religion! The discords of my soul

Afe tuned, and make a heavenly harmony :
What sweet peace feel I now ! I am ravish'd with it.

Vice. How still he sits ! [Music.]

Cuc. Mark ! [Music.]

Duke. How divinely

This artist gathers scatter'd sense ; with cunning
Composing the fair jewel of his mind,
Broken in pieces, and nigh lost before.

Re-enter PAULO, dressed like a Philosopher, accompanied by a good and evil Genius, who sing a song in alternate stanzas : during the performance of which, PAULO goes off and returns in his own shape.

Vice. See Protean Paulo in another shape.

Paul. Away ! I'll bring him shortly perfect,

Duke. Master of thy great art ! [doubt not.]

Vice. As such we'll hold thee.

Duke. And study honours for him.

Cuc. I'll be sick

On purpose to take physic of this doctor.

[Exeunt all but CERBERUS and PAULO.]

Car. Doctor, thou hast perfected a body's cure
To amaze the world, and almost cured a mind
Near frenzy. With delight I now perceive,
Yow, for my recreation, have invented
The several objects, which my melancholy
Sometimes did think you conjured, otherwhiles
Imagined them chimeras. You have been
My friar, soldier, philosopher,
My poet, architect, physician :
Labour'd for me, more than your slaves for you,
In their assistance : in your moral song
Of my good Genius, and my bad, you have won me
A cheerful heart, and banish'd discontent ;
There being nothing wanting to my wishes,
But once more, were it possible, to behold
Don John Antonio.

Paul. There shall be letters sent
Into all parts of Christendom, to inform him
Of your recovery, which now, sir, I doubt not.

Car. What honours, what rewards can I heap on
you !

Paul. That my endeavours have so well suc-
ceeded,

Is a sufficient recompense. Pray you retire, sir ;
Not too much sir so soon.

Car. I am obedient. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in CUCULO's House.

Enter ALMIRA and LEONORA.

Leon. How strangely
This fellow runs in her mind ! [Aside.]

Alm. Do you hear, cousin ?

Leon. Her sadness clean forsaken !

Alm. A poor slave

Bought for my governess, say you ?

Leon. I hear so.

Alm. And, do you think, a Turk ?

Leon. His habit shews it ;

At least bought for a Turk.

Alm. Ay, that may be so.

Leon. What if he were one naturally ?

Alm. Nay, 'tis nothing,
Nothing to the purpose ; and yet, methinks, 'tis
strange

Such handsomeness of mind, and civil outside,
Should spring from those rude countries.

Leon. If it be no more,
I'll call our governess, and she can shew you.

Alm. Why, do you think it is ?

Leon. I do not think so.

Alm. Fie ! no, no, by no means ; and to tell
thee truth, wench,

I am truly glad he is here, be what he will :

Let him be still the same he makes a shew of ;

For now we shall see something to delight us.

Leon. And heaven knows, we have need on't.

Alm. Heigh ho ! my heart aches.

Prithce, call in our governess.—[Exit LEONORA.]

Plague o' this fellow !

Why do I think so much of him ? how the devil

Creep'd he into my head ? and yet, beahrew me,

Methinks I have not seen—I lie, I have seen

A thousand handsomer, a thousand sweeter.—

But say this fellow were adorn'd as they are,

Set off to shew and glory !—What's that to me ?

Fie, what a fool am I ! what idle fancies

Buz in my brains !

Re-enter LEONORA with BORACHIA.

Bora. And how doth my sweet lady ?

Leon. She wants your company to make her
merry.

Bora. And how does master Pug, I pray you,

Leon. Do you mean her little dog ? [madam ?]

Bora. I mean his worship.

Leon. Troubled with fleas a little.

Bora. Alas, poor chicken !

Leon. She's here, and drunk, very fine drunk,
I take it ;

I found her with a bottle for her bol-
low,

Lying along, and making love.

Alm. Borachia,

Why, where hast thou been, wench ? she looks not
Art not with child ? [well, friend.]

Bora. I promise ye, I know not ;

I am sure my belly's full, and that's a shrewd sign :

Besides I am shrewdly troubled with a tiego

Here in my head, madam ; often with this tiego,

It takes me very often.

Leon. I believe thee.

Alm. You must drink wine.

Bora. A little would do no harm, sure.

Leon. 'Tis a raw humour blows into your head ;
Which good strong wine will temper.

Bora. I thank your highness.

I will be ruled, though much against my nature ;
For wine I ever hated from my cradle :

Yet, for my good—

Leon. Ay, for your good, by all means.

Alm. Borachia, what new fellow's that thou hast
gotten ?

(Now she will sure be free) that handsome stranger ?

Bora. How much wine must I drink, an't please
your ladyship ?

Alm. She's finely greased !—Why two or three

Bora. Fasting ? [round draughts, wench.]

Alm. At any time.

Bora. I shall hardly do it :

But yet I'll try, good madam.

Leon. Do ; 'twill work well.

Alm. But, prithce answer me, what is this fellow ?

Bora. I'll tell you two : but let it go no further.

Leon. No, no, by no means.

Bora. May I not drink before bed too ?

Leon. At any hour.

Bora. And say in the night it take me ?

Alm. Drink then : but what's this man ?

Bora. I'll tell ye, madam,

But pray you be secret ; he's the great Turk's son,
for certain,
And a fine Christian ; my husband bought him for
He's circumcised. [me :

Leon. He's circumcised, thou wouldst say.

Alm. How dost thou know ?

Bora. I had an eye upon him :

But even as sweet a Turk, an't like your ladyship,
And speaks ye as pure pagan :—I'll assure ye,
My husband had a notable pennyworth of him ;
And found me but the Turk's own son, his own
By father and mother, madam ! [son

Leon. She's mad-drunk.

Alm. Prithce, Borachia, call him ; I would see
And tell thee how I like him. [him,

Bora. As fine a Turk, madam,

For that which appertains to a true Turk :—

Alm. Prithce, call him.

Bora. He waits here at the stairs :—Son slave !
come hither.

Enter ANTONIO.

Pray you give me leave a little to instruct him,
He's raw yet in the way of entertainment.
Son slave, where's the other bottle ?

Ant. In the bedstraw ;
I hid it there.

Bora. Go up, and make your honours.

Madam, the tiego takes me now, now, madam ;
I must needs be unmanually.

Alm. Pray you be so.

Leon. You know your cure.

Bora. In the bedstraw ?

Ant. There you'll find it. [Exit BORACHIA.

Alm. Come hither, sir : how long have you
served here ?

Ant. A poor time, madam, yet, to shew my ser-

Alm. I see thou art diligent. [vice.

Ant. I would be, madam ;

'Tis all the portion left me, that and truth.

Alm. Thou art but young.

Ant. Had fortune meant me so,

Excellent lady, time had not much wrong'd me.

Alm. Wilt thou serve me ?

Ant. In all my prayers, madam,
Else such a misery as mine but blasts you.

Alm. Beshrew my heart, he speaks well ; won-
drous honestly. [Aside.

Ant. Madam, your loving lord stays for you.

Leon. I thank you.

Your pardon for an hour, dear friend.

Alm. Your pleasure.

Leon. I dearly thank you, sir. [Exit.

Ant. My humble service.

She views me narrowly, yet sure she knows me not :
I dare not trust the time yet, nor I must not.

[Aside.

Alm. You are not as your habit shews ?

Ant. No, madam,

His hand, that, for my sins, lies heavy on me,
I hope will keep me from being a slave to the devil.

Alm. A brave clear mind he has, and nobly sea-

What country are you of ? [son'd.

Ant. A Biscan, lady.

Alm. No doubt a gentleman.

Ant. My father thought so.

Alm. Ay, and I warrant thee, a right fair woman
Thy mother was :—he blushes, that confirms it.
Upon my soul, I have not seen such sweetness !
I prithee, blush again.

Ant. 'Tis a weakness, madam,
I am easily this way woo'd to.

Alm. I thank you.

Of all that e'er I saw, thou art the perfectest.

[Aside.

Now you must tell me, sir, for now I long for't.—

Ant. What would she have ?

Alm. The story of your fortune,
The hard and cruel fortune brought you hither.

Ant. That makes me stagger ; yet I hope I'm
hid still.— [Aside.

That I came hither, madam, was the fairest.

Alm. But how this misery you bear, fell on you ?

Ant. *Infandum, regina, jubes regere dolorem.*

Alm. Come, I will have it ; I command you tell
For such a speaker I would hear for ever. [it,

Ant. Sure, madam, 'twill but make you sad and
heavy,

Because I know your goodness full of pity ;
And 'tis so poor a subject too, and to your ears,
That are acquainted with things sweet and easy,
So harsh a harmony.

Alm. I prithee speak it.

Ant. I ever knew obedience the best sacrifice.

Honour of ladies, then, first passing over
Some few years of my youth, that are impertinent,
Let me begin the sadness of my story,
Where I began to lose myself, to love first.

Alm. 'Tis well, go forward ; some rare piece I
look for.

Ant. Not far from where my father lives, a lady,
A neighbour by, bless'd with as great a beauty
As nature durst bestow without undoing,
Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,
And blest the house a thousand times she dwelt in.
This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter, but my fondness ;
In all the bravery my friends could show me,
In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,
I sued, and serv'd : long did I love this lady,
Long was my travail, long my trade to win her ;
With all the duty of my soul, I served her.—

Alm. How feelingly he speaks ! [Aside.]—And
It must be so. [she loved you too ?

Ant. I would it had, dear lady ;

This story had been needless, and this place,
I think, unknown to me.

Alm. Were your bloods equal ?

Ant. Yes, and I thought our hearts too.

Alm. Then she must love.

Ant. She did—but never me ; she could not love
me,

She would not love, she hated : more, she scorn'd
And in so poor and base a way abused me, [me,
For all my services, for all my bounties,
So bold neglects flung on me.

Alm. An ill woman !

Belike you found some rival in your love, then ?

Ant. How perfectly she points me to my story !
[Aside.

Madam, I did ; and one whose pride and anger.

Ill manners, and worse mien, she doted on,

Doted to my undoing, and my ruin.

And, but for honour to your sacred beauty,

And reverence to the noble sex, though she fall,

As she must fall that durst be so unno-
ble, I should say something unbeseeing me.

What out of love, and worthy love, I gave her,
Shame to her most unworthy mind! to fools,
To girls, and fiddlers, to her boys she flung,
And in disdain of me.

Alm. Pray you take me with you.
Of what complexion was she?

Ant. But that I dare not
Commit so great a sacrilege 'gainst virtue,
She look'd not much unlike—though far, far
short.

Something, I see, appears—your pardon, madam—
Her eyes would smile so, but her eyes would cozen;
And so she would look sad: but yours is pity,
A noble chorus to my wretched story;
Hers was disdain and cruelty.

Alm. Pray heaven,
Mine be no worse! he has told me a strange
story, [Aside.

And said 'twould make me sad! he is no liar.—
But where begins this poor state? I will have all,
For it concerns me truly.

Ant. Last, to blot me
From all remembrance what I had been to her,
And how, how honestly, how nobly served her,
'Twas thought she set her gallant to dispatch me.
'Tis true, he quarrell'd without place or reason:
We fought, I kill'd him; heaven's strong hand was
with me.—

For which I lost my country, friends, acquaintance,
And put myself to sea, where a pirate took me,
Forcing this habit of a Turk upon me,
And sold me here.

Alm. Stop there awhile; but stay still.

[Walks aside.
In this man's story, how I look, how monstrous!
How poor and naked now I shew! what don John,
In all the virtue of his life, but aim'd at,
'This thing hath conquer'd with a tale, and carried.
Forgive me, thou that guid'st me! never conscience
Touch'd me till now, nor true love: let me keep it.

Re-enter LEONORA with PEDRO.

Leon. She is there. Speak to her, you will find
her alter'd.

Pedro. Sister, I am glad to see you, but far
gladder,

To see you entertain your health so well.

Alm. I am glad to see you too, sir, and shall be
gladder

Shortly to see you all.

Pedro. Now she speaks heartily.

What do you want?

Alm. Only an hour of privateness
I have a few thoughts—

Pedro. Take your full contentment,
We'll walk aside again; but first to you, friend
Or I shall much forget myself: my best friend.
Command me ever, ever—you have won it.

Ant. Your lordship overflows me.

Leon. 'Tis but due, sir.

[Exit LEONORA and PEDRO.

Alm. He's there still. Come, sir, to your last
part now,
Which only is your name, and I dismiss you.
Why, whither go you?

Ant. Give me leave, good madam,
Or I must be so seeming rude to take it.

Alm. You shall not go, I swear you shall not go:

I ask you nothing but your name; you have one,
And why should that thus fright you?

Ant. Gentle madam,
I cannot speak; pray pardon me, a sickness,
That takes me often, ties my tongue: go from
me,

My fit's infectious, lady.

Alm. Were it death
In all his horrors, I must ask and know it;
Your sickness is unwillingness. Hard heart,
To let a lady of my youth, and place,
Beg thus long for a trifle!

Ant. Worthiest lady,
Be wise, and let me go; you'll bless me for it;
Beg not that poison from me that will kill you.

Alm. I only beg your name, sir.

Ant. That will choke you;

I do beseech you, pardon me.

Alm. I will not.

Ant. You'll curse me when you hear it.

Alm. Rather kiss thee;

Why shouldst thou think so?

Ant. Why! I bear that name,
And most unluckily as now it happens,
(Though I be innocent of all occasion.)
That, since my coming hither, people tell me
You hate beyond forgiveness: now, heaven knows
So much respect, although I am a stranger,
Duty, and humble zeal, I bear your sweetness,
That for the world I would not grieve your good-
ness:

I'll change my name, dear madam.

Alm. People lie,

And wrong thy name; thy name may save all
others,

And make that holy to me, that I hated:
Prithee, what is't?

Ant. Don John Antonio.—

What will this woman do, what thousand changes
Run through her heart and hands? no fix'd
thought in her!

She loves for certain now, but now I dare not.

Heaven guide me right! [Aside.

Alm. I am not angry, sir,

With you, nor with your name; I love it rather,
And shall respect you—you deserve—for this time
I license you to go: be not far from me,
I shall call for you often.

Ant. I shall wait, madam.

[Exit

Enter CUCULO.

Alm. Now, what's the name with you?

Cuc. My lord your father has
Sent me to tell your honour, *Don* Martino
Is well recover'd, and in state.

Alm. Why, let him.—

The stories and the names so well agreeing,
And both so noble gentlemen. [Aside.

Cuc. And more, an't please you—

Alm. It doth not please me, neither more nor
less on't.

Cuc. They'll come to visit you.

Alm. They shall break through the doors then.

[Exit.

Cuc. Here's a new trick of fate; this shews
foul weather;

But let her make it when she please, I'll gain by it.

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter Piraton, and the Slave that followed PAULO.

1 Pir. Sold for a slave, say'st thou?

Slave. 'Twas not so well:

Though I am bad enough, I personated
Such base behaviour, barbarism of manners,
With other pranks, that might deter the buyer,
That the market yielded not one man that would
Vouchsafe to own me.

1 Pir. What was thy end in it?

Slave. To be given away for nothing, as I was
To the viceroy's doctor; with him I have continued
In such contempt, a slave unto his slaves;
His horse and dog of more esteem: and from
That villainous carriage of myself, as if
I'd been a lump of flesh without a soul,
I drew such scorn upon me, that I pass'd,
And pried in every place, without observance.
For which, if you desire to be made men,
And by one undertaking, and that easy,
You are bound to sacrifice unto my sufferings,
The seed I sow'd, and from which you shall reap
A plentiful harvest.

1 Pir. To the point; I like not
These castles built in the air.

Slave. I'll make them real,
And you the Neptunes of the sea; you shall
No more be sea-rats.

1 Pir. Art not mad?

Slave. You have seen
The star of Sicily, the fair Almira,
The viceroy's daughter, and the beauteous ward
Of the duke of Messina?

1 Pir. Madam Leonora.

Slave. What will you say, if both these prin-
cesses,

This very night, for I will not delay you.
Be put in your possession?

1 Pir. Now I dare swear
Thou hast maggots in thy brains, thou wouldst not
else,

Talk of impossibilities.

Slave. Be still

Incredulous.

1 Pir. Why, canst thou think we are able
To force the court?

Slave. Are we able to force two women,
And a poor Turkish slave? Where lies your pin-
nace:

1 Pir. In a creek not half a league hence.

Slave. Can you fetch ladders,
To mount a garden wall?

2 Pir. They shall be ready.

Slave. No more words then, but follow me;
and if

I do not make this good, let my throat pay for't.

1 Pir. What heaps of gold these beauties would
bring to us

From the great Turk, if it were possible
That this could be effected!

Slave. If it be not,

I know the price on't.

1 Pir. And be sure to pay it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in CUCULO's House.*

Enter ANTONIO with a letter in his hand.

Ant. Her fair hand threw this from the window
And as I took it up, she said, *Peruse it,* [to me,
And entertain a fortune offer'd to thee.—
What may the inside speak?—

[Breaks it open, and reads.

For satisfaction

*Of the contempt I shew'd don John Antonio,
Whose name thou bear'st, and in that dearer to me,
I do profess I love thee—How 'tis so—
I love thee; this night wait me in the garden,
There thou shalt know more—* subscribed,
Thy ALMIRA.

Can it be possible such levity
Should wait on her perfections! when I was
Myself, set off with all the grace of greatness,
Pomp, bravery, circumstance, she hated me,
And did profess it openly; yet now,
Being a slave, a thing she should in reason
Disdain to look upon; in this base shape,
And, since I wore it, never did her service,
To dote thus fondly!—and yet I should glory
In her revolt from constancy, not accuse it,
Since it makes for me. But, ere I go further,
Or make discovery of myself, I'll put her
To the utmost trial. *In the garden!* well,
There I shall learn more. Women, giddy women!
In her the blemish of your sex you prove,
There is no reason for your hate or love, [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A Garden belonging to the same.*

Enter ALMIRA, LEONORA, and two Waiting-women.

Leon. At this

Unseasonable time to be thus brave,
No visitants expected; you amaze me.

Alm. Are these jewels set forth to the best ad-
To take the eye? [vantage,

1 Wom. With our best care.

2 Wom. We never

Better discharged our duties.

Alm. In my sorrows,
A princess' name (I could perceive it) struck
A kind of reverence in him, and my beauty,
As then neglected, forced him to look on me
With some sparks of affection; but now,
When I would fan them to a glorious flame,
I cannot be too curious. I wonder
He stays so long. [Aside.]

Leon. These are strange fancies.

Alm. Go,

Entreat—I do forget myself—command
My governess' gentleman, her slave, I should say,
To wait me instantly;—[Exit 1st Woman.]—and
yet already

He's here; his figure graven on my heart,
Never to be razed out.

Enter Piraton, and the Slave.

Slave. There is the prize.

Is it so rich that you dare not seize upon it?

Here I begin.

[Seizes ALMIRA.]

Alm. Help! villain!

1 Pir. You are mine.

[Seizes LEONORA.]

2 *Pir.* Though somewhat coarse, you'll serve,
after a storm,
To bid fair weather welcome. [*Seizes a Woman.*
Leon. Ravisher!
Defend me, heaven!
Alm. No aid near!
2 *Wom.* Help!
Slave. Dispatch.
No glove nor handkerchief to stop their mouths?
Their cries will reach the guard, and then we are
lost.

Re-enter 1 Woman, with ANTONIO.

Ant. What shrieks are these? from whence?
O blessed saints,
What sacrilege to beauty! do I talk,
When 'tis almost too late to do!—[*Forces a sword
from the Slave.*—Take that.
Slave. All set upon him.
1 *Pir.* Kill him.
Ant. You shall buy
My life at a dear rate, you rogues.

Enter PEDRO, CUCULO, BORACHIA, and Guard.

Cuc. Down with them.
Pedro. Unheard-of treason!
Bora. Make in, loggerhead;
My son slave fights like a dragon: take my bottle,
Drink courage out on't.
Ant. Madam, you are free.
Pedro. Take comfort, dearest mistress.
Cuc. O you micher,
Have you a hand in this?
Slave. My aims were high;
Fortune's my enemy: to die's the worst,
And that I look for.
1 *Pir.* Vengeance on your plots!
Pedro. The rack at better leisure shall force
from them

A full discovery: away with them.
Cuc. Load them with irons.
Bora. Let them have no wine
[*Exit Guard with Pientes and Slave.*

To comfort their cold hearts.
Pedro. Thou man of men!
Leon. A second Hercules.
Alm. An angel thus disguised.
Pedro. What thanks?
Leon. What service?
Bora. He shall serve me, by your leave, no service else.
Ant. I have done nothing but my duty, madam;
And if the little you have seen exceed it,
The thanks due for it pay my watchful master,
And this my sober mistress.
Bora. He speaks truth, madam,
I am very sober.
Pedro. Far beyond thy hopes
Expect reward.
Alm. We'll straight to court, and there
It is resolved what I will say and do.
I am faint, support me.
Pedro. This strange accident
Will be heard with astonishment. Come, friend,
You have made yourself a fortune, and deserve it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.

Enter VICEROY, Duke of MESSINA, and PAULO.

Duke. Perfectly cured!
Paul. As such I will present him:
The thanks to be given to heaven.
Duke. Thrice-reverend man,
What thanks but will come short of thy desert?
Or bounty, though all we possess were given thee,
Can pay thy merit? I will have thy statue
Set up in brass.

Vice. Thy name made the sweet subject
Of our best poems; thy unequal'd cures
Recorded to posterity.

Paul. Such false glories
[*Though the desire of fame be the last weakness
Wise men put off*] are not the marks I shoot at:
But, if I have done anything that may challenge
Your favours, mighty princes, my request is,
That for the good of such as shall succeed me,
A college for physicians may be
With care and cost erected, in which no man
May be admitted to a fellowship,
But such as by their vigilant studies shall
Deserve a place there; this magnificence,
Posterity shall thank you for.

Vice. Rest assured,
In this, or any boon you please to ask,
You shall have no repulse.

Paul. My humblest service
Shall ne'er be wanting. Now, if you so please,
I'll fetch my princely patient, and present him.

Duke. Do; and imagine in what I may serve
And, by my honour, with a willing hand [you,
I will subscribe to't. [*Exit PAULO.*

*Enter PEDRO, ALMIRA, LEONORA, ANTONIO, CUCULO,
BORACHIA, and CURF.*

Cuc. Make way there.

Vice. My daughter!
How's this! a slave crown'd with a civic garland!
The mystery of this?

Pedro. It will deserve
Your hearing and attention: such a truth
Needs not rhetorical flourishes, and therefore
With all the brevity and plainness that
I can, I will deliver it. If the old Romans,
When of most power and wisdom, did decree
A wreath like this to any common soldier
That saved a citizen's life, the bravery
And valour of this man may justly challenge
Triumphant laurel. This last night a crew
Of pirates brake in signior Cuculo's house,
With violent rudeness seizing on my sister,
And my fair mistress; both were in their power,
And ready to be forced hence, when this man,
Unarm'd, came to their rescue, but his courage
Soon furnish'd him with weapons; in a word,
The lives and liberties of these sweet ladies,
You owe him for: the rovers are in hold,
And ready, when you please, for punishment.

Vice. As an induction of more to come,
Receive this favour.

Duke. With myself, my son
Shall pay his real thanks. He comes; observe now
Their amorous meeting.

Re-enter PAULO with CARDENAS.

Car. I am glad you are well, lady.

Alm. I grieve not your recovery.

Vice. So coldly!

Duke. Why fall you off?

Car. To shun captivity sir.

I was too long a slave, I'll now be free.

Alm. 'Tis my desire you should. Sir, my affection

To him was but a trifle, which I play'd with
In the childhood of my love, which now grown
I cannot like of.

Vice. Strange inconstancy!

Car. 'Tis judgment, sir, in me, or a true debt
Tender'd to justice, rather. My first life,
Loaden with all the follies of a man,
Or what could take addition from a woman,
Was by my headstrong passions, which I ruled
My understanding, forfeited to death:
But this new being, this my second life,
Begun in serious contemplation of
What best becomes a perfect man, shall never
Sink under such weak frailties.

Duke. Most unlook'd for!

Paul. It does transcend all wonders.

Car. 'Tis a blessing

I owe your wisdom, which I'll not abuse:
But if you envy your own gift, and will
Make me that wretched creature which I was,
You then again shall see me compassionate.
A lover of poor trifles, confident
In man's deceiving strength, or falser fortune;
Jealous, revengeful, in unjust things daring,
Injurious, quarrelsome, stored with all diseases
The beastly part of man infects his soul with,
And to remember what's the worst, once more
To love a woman; but till that time never. [Exit.]

Vice. Stand you affected so to men, Almira?

Alm. No, sir; if so, I could not well discharge
What I stand bound to pay you, and to nature.
Though prince Martino does profess a hate
To womankind, 'twere a poor world for women,
Were there no other choice, or all should follow
The example of this new Hippolytus:
There are men, sir, that can love, and have loved
truly;

Nor am I desperate but I may deserve
One that both can and will so.

Vice. My allowance

Shall rank with your good liking, still provided
Your choice be worthy.

Alm. In it I have used

The judgment of my mind, and that made clearer
With calling off to heaven it might be so.
I have not sought a living comfort from
The reverend ashes of old ancestors;
Nor given myself to the mere name and titles
Of such a man, that, being himself nothing,
Derives his substance from his grandsire's tomb:
For wealth, it is beneath my birth to think on't,
Since that must wait upon me, being your daughter;
No, sir, the man I love, though he wants all
The setting forth of fortune, gloss and greatness,
Has in himself such true and real goodness,
His parts so far above his low condition,
That he will prove an ornament, not a blemish,
Both to your name and family.

Pedro. What strange creature
Hath she found out?

Leon. I dare not guess.

Alm. To hold you

No longer in suspense, this matchless man,

That saved my life and honour, is my husband,
Whom I will serve with duty.

Bora. My son slave!

Vice. Have you your wits?

Bora. I'll not part with him so.

Cuc. This I foresaw too.

Vice. Do not trust thyself

Into the anger of a father's anger.

Alm. Sir, by all my hope of comfort in
him,

I am most serious. Good sir, look upon him;
But let it be with my eyes, and the care
You should owe to your daughter's life and safety,
Of which, without him, she's incapable,
And you'll approve him worthy.

Vice. O thou shame

Of women! thy sad father's curse and scandal!
With what an impious violence thou tak't at from
His few short hours of breathing! [him,

Paul. Do not add, sir,

Weight to your sorrow in the ill-bearing of it.

Vice. From whom, degenerate monster, flow these
low

And base affections in thee? what strange philtres
Hast thou received? what witch with damned spell-
Deprived thee of thy reason? Look on me,
Since thou art lost unto thyself, and learn,
From what I suffer for thee, what strange tortures
Thou dost prepare thyself.

Duke. Good sir, take comfort;

The counsel you bestow'd on me, make use of.

Paul. This villain, (for such practices in that
nation

Are very frequent,) it may be, hath forced,
By cunning potions, and by sorcerous charms,
This frenzy in her.

Vice. Sever them.

Alm. I grow to him.

Vice. Carry the slave to torture, and wrest from
By the most cruel means, a free confession [him,
Of his impostures.

Alm. I will follow him,

And with him take the rack.

Bora. No; hear me speak,

I can speak wisely: hurt not my son slave,
But rack or hang my husband, and I care not;
For I'll be bound body to body with him,
He's very honest, that's his fault.

Vice. Take hence

This drunken beast.

Bora. Drunk! am I drunk? hear witness.

Cuc. She is indeed temper'd.

Vice. Hang them both,

If e'er more they come near the court.

Cuc. Good sir,

You can recover dead men; can you cure
A living drunkenness?

Paul. 'Tis the harder task:

Go home with her, I'll send you something that
Shall once again bring her to better temper,
Or make her sleep for ever.

Cuc. Which you please, sir.

[Exeunt CUCULO and BORA.]

Vice. Why linger you? rack him first, and after
Upon the wheel.

Pedro. Sir, this is more than justice.

Ant. Is't death in Sicily to be beloved

Of a fair lady?

Leon. Though he be a slave,
Remember yet he is a man.

Vics. I am deaf
To all persuasions:—drag him hence.
[The Guard carry off ANTONIO.]

No more a father, feast thy cruelty
 Upon thy daughter; but hell's plagues fall on me,
 If I live not on myself whatever
 He will endure for me!

Will nope restrain her?

Alm. Death hath a thousand doors to let out life,
I shall find one. If Portia's burning coals,
The knife of Lucrece, Cleopatra's aspics,
Famine, deep waters, Give the power to free me
From a loath'd life, I'll not an hour outlive him.

Pedro. Sister !

Leon. Dear cousin !

[Exit ALMIRA, followed by PEDRO, and LEON.]

Vice. Let her perish.

Paul. Hear me:

The effects of violent love are desperate,
And therefore in the execution of
The slave be not too sudden. I was present
When he was bought, and at that time myself
Made purchase of another; he that sold them
Said that they were companions of one country;
Something may rise from this to ease your sorrows.
By circumstance I'll learn what's his condition;
In the mean time use all fair and gentle means,
To pacify the lady.

Vice. I'll endeavour,
As far as grief and anger will give leave,
To do as you direct me.

Duke. I'll assist you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter PEDRO and Keeper.

Pedro. Hath he been visited already ?

Keep. Yes, sir,
Like one of better fortune; and to increase
My wonder of it, such as repair to him,
In their behaviour rather appear
Servants, than friends to comfort him.

Pedro. Go fetch him. [Exit Keeper.
I am bound in gratitude to do more than wish
The life and safety of a man that hath
So well deserved me.

Re-enter Keeper with ANTONIO in his former dress, and Servant.

Keep. Here he is, my lord.

Pedro. Who's here? thou art no conjurer to
raise
A spirit in the best shape man e'er appear'd in,
My friend, the prince of Tarent: doubts, forsake
I must and will embrace him. [me!]

Ant. Pedro holds
One that loves life for nothing, but to live
To do him service.

Pedro. You are he, most certain.
Heaven ever make me thankful for this bounty.
Run to the Viceroy, let him know this rarity.

But how you came here thus—yet, since I have
Is't not enough I bless the prosperous means [you,
That brought you hither?

Ant. Dear friend, you shall know all;
And though, in thankfulness, I should begin
Where you deliver'd me——

Pedro. Pray you pass that over,
That's not worth the relation.

You confirm
 These friends' love to do courtesies, not to hear them.
 But I obey you. Of our tedious passage
 To the Malta—I may call it so, for hardly
 Was it less of the kind in Sicily, but we were
 Beaten, and I shall drop and down twelve hours;
 When, in our most misfortunes, we descried
 Elgin, Wolfmann's gallies making amain for us,
 Of which the arch Turkish pirate, cruel Dragut,
 Was admiral: I'll not speak what I did
 In our defence, but never man did more
 Than the brave captain that you sent forth with me:
 All would not do: courage oppress'd with number,
 We were boarded, pillaged to the skin, and after
 Twice sold for slaves; by the pirate first, and
 By a Maltese to signior Cuculo, [after
 Which I repent not, since there 'twas my fortune
 To be to you, my best friend, some ways useful—
 I thought to cheer you up with this short story,
 But you grow sad on't.

Pedro. Have I not just cause,
When I consider I could be so stupid,
As not to see a friend through all disguises;
Or he so far to question my true love,
To keep himself conceal'd?

Ant. 'Twas fit to do so,
And not to grieve you with the knowledge of
What then I was ; where now I appear to you,
Your sister loving me, and Martino safe,
Like to myself and birth.

Pedro. May you live long so!
How dost thou, honest friend? (you trustiest
servant)
(Give me thy hand:—I now can guess by whom
You are thus furnish'd.)

Ant. Troth he met with me
As I was sent to prison, and there brought me
Such things as I had use of.

Pedro. Let's to court,
My father never saw a man so welcome,
As you'll be to him.

Ant. May it prove so, friend !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Viceroy's Palace.*

Enter VIOKNOV, Duke of MASSINA, CARDENER, PAULO, Captain, ALMIRA, LEONORA, Waiting-women, and Attendants.

Vice. The slave changed to the prince of Tarent, says he?

Capt. Yes, sir, and I the captain of the fort,
Worthy of your displeasure, and the effect of't,
For my deceiving of that trust your excellency
Remov'd in me.

Paul. Yet since all hath fallen out
Beyond your hopes, let me become a suitor,
And a prevailing one, to get his pardon.

Alm. O, dearest Leonora, with what forehead
Dare I look on him now? too powerful Love,
The best strength of thy unconfined empire
Lies in weak women's hearts: thou art feign'd
blind.

And yet we borrow our best sight from thee.
 Could it be else, the person still the same,
 Affection over me such power should have,
 To make me scorn a prince, and love a slave?

Car. But art thou sure 'tis he?

Capt. Most certain, sir.

Car. Is he in health, strong, vigorous, and as
As when he left me dead? [able]

Capt. Your own eyes, sir,
Shall make good my report.

Car. I am glad of it.
And take you comfort in it; sir, there's hope;
Fair hope left for me, to repair mine honour.

Duke. What's that?

Car. I will do something, that shall speak me
Messina's son.

Duke. I like not this:—one word, sir.

[Whispers the Viceroy,

Vice. We'll prevent it.—

Nay look up, my Almira: now I approve
Thy happy choice; I have forgot my anger;
I freely do forgive thee.

Alm. May I find
Such easiness in the wrong'd prince of Tarent!
I then were happy.

Leon. Rest assured you shall.

Enter ANTONIO, PEDRO, and Servant.

Vice. We all with open arms haste to embrace

Duke. Welcome, most welcome! [you.]

Car. Stay.

Duke. 'Twas this I fear'd.

Car. Sir, 'tis best known to you, on what strict
The reputation of men's fame and honours [terms
Depends in this so punctual age, in which
A word that may receive a harsh construction,
Is answer'd and defended by the sword:
And you, that know so much, will, I presume,
Be sensibly tender of another's credit,
As you would guard your own.

Ant. I were unjust else.

Car. I have received from your hands wounds.
My honour in the general report [and deep ones,
Tainted and soil'd, for which I will demand
This satisfaction—that you would forgive
My contumelious words and blow, my rash

And unadvised wildness first threw on you.
Thus I would teach the world a better way
For the recovery of a wounded honour,
Than with a savage fury, not true courage,
Still to run headlong on.

Ant. Can this be serious?

Car. I'll add this, he that does wrong, not alone
Draws, but makes sharp, his enemy's sword against
His own life and his honour. I have paid for't;
And wish that they who dare most, would learn
from me,

Not to maintain a wrong, but to repent it.

Paul. Why, this is like yourself.

Car. For further proof,
Here, sir, with all my interest, I give up
This lady to you.

Vice. Which I make more strong
With my free grant.

Alm. I bring mine own consent,
Which will not weaken it.

All. All joy confirm it!

Ant. Your unexpected courtesies amaze me,
Which I will study with all love and service
To appear worthy of.

Paul. Pray you, understand, sir,
There are a pair of suitors more, that gladly
Would hear from you as much as the pleased
Hath said unto the prince of Tarent. [Viceroy]

Duke. Take her;
Her dowry shall be answerable to
Her birth, and your desert.

Pedro. You make both happy.

Ant. One only suit remains; that you would
To take again into your highness' favour, [please
This honest captain: let him have your grace;
What's due to his much merit, shall from me
Meet liberal rewards.

Vice. Have your desire.

Ant. Now may all here that love, as they are
friends
To our good fortunes, find like prosperous ends.

[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

Custom, and that a law we must obey,
In the way of epilogue bids me something say,
Howe'er to little purpose, since we know,
If you are pleased, unbegg'd you will bestow
A gentle censure: on the other side,
If that this play deserve to be decried
In your opinions, all that I can say
Will never turn the stream the other way.
Your gracious smiles will render us secure;
Your frowns without despair we must endure.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GONZAGA, *Duke of Mantua.*
 LORENZO, *Duke of Tuscany.*
 UBERTI, *Prince of Parma.*
 FARNESIO, *Cousin to GONZAGA.*
 ALONSO, *the Ambassador, Nephew to LORENZO.*
 MANFROY, *a Lord of Mantua.*
 OCTAVIO, *formerly General to GONZAGA, but now in Exile.*
 GOTHURIO, *his Servant.*
 GALEAZZO, *a Milanese Prince, disguised under the name of HORTENSIO.*
 JULIO, *his Attendant.*

PISANO, } *Florentine Officers.*
 MARTINO, }
 Captain.
 MILANUSO, *Ambassador.*
 Doctor.

MATILDA, *Daughter to GONZAGA.*
 BEATRICE, *her Waiting-Woman.*
 MARIA, *Daughter to OCTAVIO, disguised as a Page, and called ANANIO.*
 Waiting-Women.

Captains, Soldiers, Guard, Attendants, Page, &c.

SCENE,—PARTLY IN THE CITY OF MANTUA, AND PARTLY IN THE DUTCHY.

PROLOGUE.

*This from our author, far from all offence
 To able writers, or the audience
 Met here to judge his poem. He, by me,
 Presents his service, with such modesty
 As well becomes his weakness. 'Tis no crime,
 He hopes, as we do, in this curious time,
 To be a little diffident, when we are
 To please so many with one bill of fare.
 Let others, building on their merit, say
 You're in the wrong, if you move not that way
 Which they prescribe you : as you were bound to
 Their maxims, but incapable to discern* [learn

*'Twixt truth and falsehood. Our's had rather
 be
 Censured by some for too much obsequy,
 Than tax'd of self opinion. If he hear
 That his endeavours thrive, and will appear
 Worthy your view, (though made so by your
 grace,
 With some desert,) he, in another place,
 Will thankfully report, one leaf of bays.
 Truly conferr'd upon this work, will raise
 More pleasure in him, you the poets' fees,
 Than garlands ravish'd from the virgin tree.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—MANTUA. *A Space before the Palace.*

Enter HORTENSIO and JULIO.

Jul. I dare not cross you, sir, but I would
 (Provided you allow it) render you [gladly
 My personal attendance.

Hort. You shall better
 Discharge the duty of an honest servant,
 In following my instructions, which you have
 Received already, than in questioning
 What my intents are, or upon what motives
 My stay's resolved in Mantua : believe me,
 That servant overdoes, that's too officious ;
 And, in presuming to direct your master,
 You argue him of weakness, and yourself
 Of arrogance and impertinence.

Jul. I have done, sir ;
 But what my ends are—

Hort. Honest ones, I know it.
 I have my bills of exchange, and all provisions,
 Entrusted to you ; you have shewn yourself
 Just and discreet, what would you more ? and yet,
 To satisfy in some part your curious care,
 Hear this, and leave me. I desire to be
 Obscured ; and, as I have demean'd myself
 These six months past in Mantua, I'll continue
 Unnoted and unknown, and, at the best,
 Appear no more than a gentlewoman, and a stranger,
 That travels for his pleasure.

Jul. With your pardon,
 This hardly will hold weight, though I should
 With your noble friends and brother. [swear it,

Hort. You may tell them,
 Since you will be my tutor, there's a humour,
 Almost cried up into a certainty,
 Of wars with Florence, and that I am determined
 To see the service : whatever I went forth,

Heaven prospering my intents, I would come home
A sinner, and a good one.

Asa. Should you get
A captain's place, nay, colonel's, 'twould add little
To what you are; few of your rank will follow
That dangerous profession.

Hort. 'Tis the noblest,
And monarchs honour'd in it: but no more,
On my displeasure.

Jul. Saints and angels guard you! [*Exit.*]

Hort. A war, indeed, is threaten'd, nay, expected,
From Florence; but it is 'gainst me already
Proclaim'd in Mantua; I find it here,
No foreign, but intestine war: I have
Defied myself, in giving up my reason
A slave to passion, and am led captive
Before the battle's fought: I fainted, when
I only saw mine enemy, and yielded,
Before that I was charged; and, though defeated,
I dare not sue for mercy. Like Ixion,
I look on Juno, feel my heart turn cinders
With an invisible fire; and yet, should she
Deign to appear clothed in a various cloud,
The majesty of the substance is so sacred,
I durst not clasp the shadow. I behold her
With adoration, feast my eye, while all
My other senses starve; and, oft frequenting
The place which she makes happy with her pre-
I never yet had power with tongue or pen [sense,
To move her to compassion, or make known
What 'tis I anguish for; yet I must gaze still,
Though it increase my flame:—however, I
Much more than fear I am observ'd, and censured
For bold intrusion. [*Walks by.*]

Enter BEATRICE and ARCANIO.

Beat. Know you, boy, that gentleman?

Asa. Who? monsieur Melancholy? hath not
Mark'd him before? [*Your honour*]

Beat. I have seen him often wait
About the princess' lodgings, but ne'er guess'd
What his designs were.

Asa. No! what a sigh he breath'd now!
Many such will blow up the roof: on my small
There's gunpowder in them. [*credit*]

Beat. How, crack! gunpowder?
He's flesh and blood, and devils only carry
Such roaring stuff about them: you cannot prove
He is or spirit or conjurer.

Asa. That I grant,
But he's a lover, and that's as bad; their sighs
Are like petards, and blow all up.

Beat. A lover!
I have been in love myself, but never found yet
That it could work such strange effects.

Asa. True, madam,
In women it cannot; for when they miss the en-
joying

Of their full wishes, all their sighs and heigh-boes,
At the worst, breed tympanies, and these are cured
too

With a kiss or two of their saint, when he appears
Between a pair of sheets: but, with us men,
The case is otherwise.

Beat.—You will be breech'd, boy,
For your physical maxims.—But how are you
He is a lover? [*assured,*]

Asa. Who, I? I know with whom too:
But that is to be whisper'd. [*Whispers.*]

Beat. How! the princess!

The unparallel'd Melancholy, some proof of it;
I'll pay for my intelligence. [*Enter Asa. money.*]

Asa. Let me kiss
Your honour's hand; 'twas ever fair, but now
Beyond comparison.

Beat. I guess the reason;
A giving hand is sufficient to the receiver.

Asa. Your ladyship's in the right; but to the
purpose.

He is my client, and pays his fees as duly,
As ever usurer did, in a bad cause;
To his man of law; and you let get, and take them,
Both easily and honestly; all the service
I do him is, to give him notice when
And where the princess will appear; and that
I hope's no treason. If you miss him, when
She goes to the vesper or the matins, hang me;
Or when she takes the air, be sure to find him
Near her coach, at her going forth, or coming
back;

But if she walk, he's ravish'd. I have seen him
Smell out her footing like a lime-hound, and chase it
From all the rest of her train.
Beat. Yet I ne'er saw him
Present her a petition.
Asa. Nor e'er shall:
He only sees her, sighs, and sacrifices
A tear or two—then vanishes.

Beat. 'Tis most strange:
What a sad aspect he wears! but I'll make use
The princess is much troubled with the threats
That come from Florence; I will bring her to him,
The novelty may afford her sport, and help
To purge deep melancholy. Boy, can you stay
Your client here for the third part of an hour?
I have some ends in't.

Asa. Stay him, madam! fear not:
The present receipt of a round sum of crowns,
And that will draw most gallants from their prayers,
Cannot drag him from me.

Beat. See you do. [*Exit.*]

Asa. Ne'er doubt me.
I'll put him out of his dream.—Good morrow,
signior.

Hort. My little friend, good morrow. Hath the
Sleep well to-night? [*princess*]

Asa. I hear not from her women
One murmur to the contrary.

Hort. Heaven be praised for't!
Does she go to church this morning?

Asa. Troth, I know not;
I keep no key of her devotion, signior.

Hort. Goes she abroad? pray tell me.

Asa. 'Tis thought rather,
She is resolv'd to keep her chamber.

Hort. Ah me!

Asa. Why do you sigh? if that you have a
business

To be dispatch'd in court, shew ready money,
You shall find those that will prefer it for you.

Hort. Business! can any man have business, but
To see her; then admire her, and pray for her,
She being compos'd of goodness? for myself,
I find it a degree of happiness

But to be near her, and I think I pay
A strict religious vow, when I behold her;
And that's all my ambition.

Asa. I believe you:
Yet, she being absent, you may spend some hours
With profit and delight too. After dinner.

The duke gives audience to the high ambassador,
Whom yet I never saw, nor heard his title,
Employ'd from Florence; I'll help you to a place,
Where you shall see and hear all.

Hort. 'Tis not worth
My observation.

Asc. What think you of
An excellent comedy, to be presented
For his entertainment? he hath penn'd it is
The poet of the time, and all the ladies,
(I mean the empress and learned ones,
Except the princess) will be there to grace it.

Hort. What's that to me? without her all is
nothing.

The light that shines in court Chimerian darkness,
I will be'd again, and there contemplate
On her perfections.

*Re-enter BARRING with MATILDA, and two Waiting-
women.*

Asc. Stay, sir; see! the princess,
Beyond our hopes.

Hort. Take that. [*Gives him money.*]—As
Moors willute

The rising sun with joyful superstition,
I could fall down and worship. — O my heart!
Like Phœbe breaking through an envious cloud,
Of something which no simile can express,
She shews to me: a reverent fear, but blended
With wonder and amazement, does possess me.
Now glut thyself, my fanish'd eye!

Beat. That's he,
An't please your excellence.

1 *Wom.* Observe his posture,
But with a quarter-look.

2 *Wom.* Your eye fix'd on him,
Will breed astonishment.

Matil. A comely gentleman!
I would not question your relation, lady,
Yet faintly can believe it. How he eyes me!
Will he not speak?

Beat. Your excellence hath deprived him
Of speech and motion.

Matil. 'Tis most strange.

Asc. These fits

Are usual with him.

Matil. Is it not, Ascanio,
A personated folly! or he a statue?
If it be, it is a masterpiece; for man
I cannot think him.

Beat. For your sport, vouchsafe him
A little conference.

Matil. In compassion rather:
For should he love me, as you say, (though hope-
less.)

It should not be return'd with scorn; that were
An inhumanity, which my birth nor honour
Could privilege, were they greater. Now I perceive
He has life and motion in him. To whom, lady,
Pays he that duty?

[*Hortensio, bowing, offers to go off.*

Beat. Sans doubt, to yourself.

Matil. And whither goes he now?

Asc. To his private lodging,
But to what end I know not; this is all
I ever noted in him.

Matil. Call him back:
In pity I stand bound to counsel him,
How'er I am denied, though I were willing,
To ease his sufferings.

Asc. Signior! the princess
Commands you to attend her.

Hort. [*Returns.*] How may I
Am I betray'd?

Asc. What a lump of flesh is this!
You are betray'd, sir, to a better fortune
Than you durst ever hope for. What a Tantalus
Do you make yourself! the flying fruit stay for
And the water that you long'd for, rising up [you,
Above your lip, do you refuse to taste it?
Move faster, sluggish camel, or I'll thrust
This goad in your breech: had I such a promising
I should need the reins, not spurs.

Matil. You may come nearer.
Why do you shake, sir? If I flatter not
Myself, there's no deformity about me,
Nor any part so monstrous, to beget
An ague in you.

Hort. It proceeds not, madam,
From guilt, but reverence.

Matil. I believe you, sir;
Have you a suit to me?

Hort. Your excellence
Is wondrous fair.

Matil. I thank your good opinion.

Hort. And I beseech you that I may have license
To kneel to you.

Matil. A suit I cannot cross.

Hort. I humbly thank your excellence. [*Kneels.*
Matil. But what,

As you are prostrate on your knee before me,
Is your petition?

Hort. I have none, great princess.

Matil. Do you kneel for nothing?

Hort. Yes, I have a suit,
But such a one, as, if denied, will kill me.

Matil. Take comfort: it must be of some strange
Unhitting you to ask, or me to grant, [nature,
If I refuse it.

Hort. It is, madam—

Matil. Out with't.

Hort. That I may not offend you, this is all,
When I presume to look on you.

Asc. A flat ennuh!

To look on her? I should desire myself
To move a little further.

Matil. Only that?

Hort. And I beseech you, madam, to believe
I never did yet with a wanton eye;
Or cherish one lascivious wish beyond it.

Beat. You'll never make good courtier, or be
In grace with ladies.

1 *Wom.* Or us waiting-women,
If that be your *nil ultra*.

2 *Wom.* He's no gentleman,
On my virginity, it is apparent:
My tailor has more boldness; nay, my shoemaker
Will fumble a little further, he could not have
The length of my foot else.

Matil. Only to look on me!
Ends your ambition there?

Hort. It does, great lady,—
And that confined too, and at fitting distance:
The fly that plays too near the flame burns it.
As I behold the sun, the stars, the temples,
I look on you, and wish it were no sin
Should I adore you.

Matil. Come, there's something more in't;
And since that you will make a goddess of me,
As such a one I'll tell you, I desire not

The meanest altar raised up to mine honour
To be pull'd down: I can accept from you,
Be your condition ne'er so far beneath me,
One grain of incense with devotion offer'd,
Beyond all perfumes, or Sabeaz spices,
By one that proudly thinks he merits in it:
I know you love me.

Hort. Next to heaven, madam.
And with as pure a zeal. That, we behold
With the eyes of contemplation, but can
Arrive no nearer to it in this life;
But when that is divorced, my soul shall serve
And witness my affection. [yours,

Matil. Pray you rise;
But wait my further pleasure.

[*Hort. rises and walks aside.*]

Enter FARNEZE and UBERTI.

Farn. I'll present you,
And give you proof I am your friend, a true one;
And in my pleading for you, teach the age,
That calls, erroneously, friendship but a name,
It is a substance.—Madam, I am bold
To trench so far upon your privacy,
As to desire my friend (let not that wrong him,
For he's a worthy one) may have the honour
To kiss your hand.

Matil. His own worth challenges
A greater favour.

Farn. Your acknowledgment
Confirms it, madam. If you look on him
As he's built up a man, without addition
Of fortune's liberal favours, wealth or titles,
He doth deserve no usual entertainment:
But, as he is a prince, and for your service
Hath left fair Parma, that acknowledges
No other lord, and, uncompell'd, exposes
His person to the dangers of the war,
Ready to break in storms upon our heads;
In noble thankfulness you may vouchsafe him
Nearer respect, and such grace as may nourish,
Not kill, his amorous hopes.

Matil. Cousin, you know
I am not the disposer of myself,
The duke my father challenges that power:
Yet thus much I dare promise; prince Uberti
Shall find the seed of service that he sows.
Falls not on barren ground.

Uher. For this high favour
I am your creature, and prove I owe you
Whatever I call mine. [They walk aside.

Hort. This great lord is
A suitor to the princess.

Asc. True, he is so.

Hort. Fame gives him out too for a brave com-
mander.

Asc. And in it does him but deserved right;
The duke hath made him general of his horse,
On that assurance.

Hort. And the lord Farnese,
Pleads for him, as it seems.

Asc. 'Tis too apparent:
And, this consider'd, give me leave to ask
What hope have you, sir?

Hort. I may still look on her,
Howe'er he wear the garland.

Asc. A thin diet,
And will not feed you fat, sir.

Uher. I rejoice;
Rare princess, that you are not to be won

By carpet-courtship, but the sword; with this
Steel pen I'll write on Florence' helm how much
I can and dare do for you.

Matil. 'Tis not question'd.
Some private business of mine own disposed of,
I'll meet you in the Cassinoc.

Uher. Ever your servant.

[*Exit UBERTI and FARNEZE.*]

Matil. Now, sir, to you. You have observed,
I doubt not,

For lovers are sharp-sighted, to what purpose
This prince solicits me; and yet I am dot
So taken with his worth, but that I can
Vouchsafe you further parle. The first command
That I'll impose upon you, is to hear
And follow my good counsel: I am not
Offended that you love me, persist in it.
But love me virtuously; such love may spur you
To noble undertakings, which achieved,
Will raise you into name, preferment, honour:
For all which, though you ne'er enjoy my person,
(Nor that's impossible,) you are indebted:
To your high aims: visit me when you please.
I do allow it, nor will blush to own you;
So you confine yourself to what you promise,
As my virtuous servant.

Beat. Farewell, sir! you have
An unexpected cordial.

Asc. May it work well! [*Exit all but Hort.*]

Hort. Your love—yes, so she said, may spur
you to

Brave undertakings: adding this, You may
Visit me when you please. Is this allow'd me,
And any act, within the power of man
Impossible to be effected? no
I will break through all oppositions that
May stop me in my full career to honour:
And borrowing strength to do, from her high
favour,

Add something to Alcides' greatest labour. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The same. A State-room in the
Palace.

*Enter GONZAGA UBERTI, FARNEZE, MANFRO, and
Attendants.*

Gon. This is your place: and, were it in our
power, [*Leads UBERTI to the state.*
You should have greater honour, prince of Parma;
The rest know theirs.—Let some attend with care
On the ambassador, and let my daughter
Be present at his audience. [*Exit Attendants.*]

—Reach a chair,
We'll do all fit respects; and, pray you, put on
Your milder looks, you are in a place where frowns
Are no prevailing agents. [*To UBERTI.*

*Enter the door ALONZO and Attendants: MATILDA,
HEATRICE, ASCANIO, ROMBERGO, and Waiting-women,
at the other.*

Asc. I have seen
More than a wolf, a Gorgon! [*Swoons.*

Gon. What's the matter?

Matil. A page of mine is fallen into a swoon;
Look to him carefully. [*ASCANIO is carried out.*

Gon. Now, when you please,
The cause that brought you hither?

Alon. The protraction
Of my dispatch forgotten, from Lorenzo,

The Tuscan duke, thus much to you, Gonzaga,
The duke of Mantua. By me, his nephew,
He does salute you fairly, and entreats
(A word not suitable to his power and greatness)
You would consent to tender that which he,
Unwillingly, must force, if contradicted.
Ambition, in a private man a vice,
Is, in a prince, the virtue.

Gon. To the purpose;
These ambages are impertinent.

Alon. He demands

The fair Matilda, for I dare not take
From her perfections, in a noble way;
And in creating her the comfort of
His royal bed, to raise her to a height
Her flattering hopes could not aspire, where she
With wonder shall be gazed upon, and live
The envy of her sex.

Gon. Suppose this granted.

Uber. Or, if denied, what follows?

Alon. Present war,

With all extremities the conqueror can
Inflict upon the vanquish'd.

Uber. Grant me license
To answer this defiance. What intelligence
Holds your proud master with the will of heaven,
That, ere the uncertain die of war be thrown,
He dares assure himself the victory?
Are his unjust invading arms of fire?
Or those we put on in defence of right,
Like chaff to be consumed in the encounter?
I look on your dimensions, and find not
Mine own of lesser size; the blood that fills
My veins, as hot as yours: my sword as sharp,
My nerves of equal strength, my heart as good;
And, confident we have the better cause,
Why should we fear the trial?

Far. You presume

You are superior in numbers; we
Lay hold upon the surest anchor, virtue;
Which, when the tempest of the war roars loudest,
Must prove a strong protection.

Gon. Two main reasons
(Seconding those you have already heard)
Give us encouragement; the duty that
I owe my mother-country, and the love
Descending to my daughter. For the first,
Should I betray her liberty, I deserv'd
To have my name with infamy razed from
The catalogue of good princes; and I should
Unnaturally forget I am a father,
If, like a Tartar, or for fear or profit,
I should consign her, as a bondswoman,
To be disposed of at another's pleasure;
Her own consent or favour never sued for,
And mine by force exacted. No, Alonzo,
She is my only child, my heir; and, if
A father's eyes deceive me not, the hand
Of prodigal nature hath given so much to her
As, in the former ages, kings would rise up
In her defence, and make her cause their quarrel:
Nor can she, if that any spark remain
To kindle a desire to be possess'd
Of such a beauty, in our time, want swords
To guard it safe from violence.

Hort. I must speak,
Or I shall burst: now to be silent were
A kind of blasphemy: if such purity,
Such innocence, an abstract of perfection,
The soul of beauty, virtue, in a word,

A temple of things sacred, should groan under
The burthen of oppression, we might
Accuse the saints, and tax the Powers above us
Of negligence or injustice.—Pardon, sir,
A stranger's boldness, and in your mercy call it
True zeal, not rudeness. In a cause like this,
The husbandman would change his ploughing-
To weapons of defence, and leave the earth (iron
Untill'd, although a general dearth should follow:
The student would forswear his book, the lawyer
Put off his thriving gown, and, without pay,
Conclude this cause is to be fought, not pleaded.
The women will turn Amazons, as their sex
In her were wrong'd; and boys write down their
In the muster-book for soldiers. [names

Gon. Take my hand:

Whate'er you are, I thank you. How are you
Hort. Hortensio, a Milanese. [call'd?

Gon. I wish

Mantua had many such.—My lord ambassador,
Some privacy, if you please; Mantroy, you may
Partake it, and advise us. [They walk aside.

Uber. Do you know, friend,

What this man is, or of what country?

Far. Neither.

Uber. I'll question him myself. What are you,
Hort. A gentleman. [sir?

Uber. But if there be gradation

In gentry, as the heralds say, you have
Been over-bold in the presence of your betters.

Hort. My betters, sir!

Uber. Your betters. As I take it,
You are no prince.

Hort. 'Tis fortune's gift you were born one;
I have not heard that glorious title crowns you,
As a reward of virtue: it may be,
The first of your house deserv'd it; yet his merits
You can but faintly call your own.

Matil. Well answer'd.

Uber. You come up to me.

Hort. I would not turn my back,

If you were the duke of Florence, though you
charged me
I' the head of your troops.

Uber. Tell me in gentler language,
Your passionate speech induces me to think so,
Do you love the princess?

Hort. Were you mine enemy,
Your foot upon my breast, sword at my throat,
Even then I would profess it. The ascent
To the height of honour is by arts or arms;
And if such an unequal'd prize might fall
On him that did deserve best in defence
Of this rare princess, in the day of battle,
I should lead you a way would make your greatness
Sweat drops of blood to follow.

Uber. Can your excellence
Hear this without rebuke from one unknown?
Is he a rival for a prince?

Matil. My lord,
You take that liberty I never gave you.
In justice you should give encouragement
To him, or any man, that freely offers
His life to do me service, not deter him;
I give no suffrage to it. Grant he loves me,
As he professes, how are you wrong'd in it?
Would you have all men hate me but yourself?
No more of this, I pray you: if this gentleman
Fight for my freedom, in a fit proportion,
To his desert and quality, I can

And will reward him; yet give you no cause
Of jealousy or envy.

Hort. Heavenly lady!

Gon. No peace but on such poor and base conditions!

We will not buy it at that rate: return
This answer to your master: Though we wish'd
To hold fair quarter with him, on such terms
As honour would give way to, we are not
So thunderstruck with the loud voice of war,
As to acknowledge him our lord before
His sword hath made us vassals: we long since
Have had intelligence of the unjust gripe
He purposed to lay on us; neither are we
So unprovided as you think, my lord;
He shall not need to seek us; we will meet him.
And prove the fortune of a day, perhaps
Sooner than he expects.

Alon. And find repentance,
When 'tis too late. Farewell. [*Exit with FARNEZE.*]

Gon. No, my Matilda,

We must not part so. Beasts and birds of prey,
To their last gasp, defend their brood; and Florence,

Over thy father's breast shall march up to thee,
Before the force affection. The arms
That then must put on for us and thyself,
Are prayers and pure devotion, which will
Be heard, Matilda. Manfroy, to your trust
We do give up the city, with our daughter;
On both keep a strong guard. No tears, they are
O my Octavio, my tried Octavio, [ominous.
In all my dangers! now I want thy service,
In passion recompensed with banishment.
Error of princes, who hate virtue when
She's present with us, and in vain admire he
When she is absent!—'tis too late to think on't.
The wish'd-for time is come, princely Uberty,
To shew your valour; friends, being to do, not
All rhetoric is fruitless, only this, [talk,
Fate cannot rob you of deserv'd applause,
Whether you win or lose in such a cause. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—MANTUA. A Room in the Palace.

Enter MATILDA, BEATRICE, and Waiting-women.

Matil. No matter for the ring I ask'd you for.
The boy not to be found?

Beat. Nor heard of, madam.

1 Wom. He hath been sought and search'd for,
house by house,
Nay, every nook of the city, but to no purpose.

2 Wom. And how he should escape hence, the
lord Manfroy

Being so vigilant o'er the guards, appears
A thing impossible.

Matil. I never saw him,
Since he swoor'd in the presence, when my father
Gave audience to the ambassador: but I feel
A sad miss of him; on any slight occasion,
He would find out such pretty arguments
To make me sport, and with such witty sweetness
Deliver his opinion, that I must
Ingenuously confess his harmless mirth.
When I was most oppress'd with care, wrought
In the removing of't, than music on me. [more

Beat. An't please your excellence, I have observed him

Waggishly witty; yet, sometimes, on the sudden,
He would be very pensive; and then talk
So feelingly of love, as if he had
Tasted the bitter sweets of't.

1 Wom. He would tell, too,
A pretty tale of a sister, that had been
Deceived by her sweetheart; and then, weeping,
He wonder'd how men could be false. [swear

2 Wom. And that
When he was a knight, he'd be the ladies' cham-
And travel o'er the world to kill such lovers, [pion,
As durst play false with their mistresses.

Matil. I am sure
I want his company.

Enter MANFROY.

Man. There are letters, madam,
In post come from the duke, but I am charged,

By the careful bringer, not to open them
But in your presence.

Matil. Heaven preserve my father!
Good news, an't be thy will!

Man. Patience must arm you
Against what's ill.

Matil. I'll hear them in my cabinet. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Dutchy of MANTUA. GONZAGA'S Camp.

Enter HORTENSIO and ASCANIO.

Hort. Why have you left the safety of the city,
And service of the princess, to partake
The dangers of the camp? and at a time too
When the armies are in view, and every minute
The dreadful charge expected?

Asc. You appear
So far beyond yourself, as you are now,
Arm'd like a soldier, (though I grant your presence
Was ever gracious,) that I grow enamour'd
Of the profession: in the horror of it,
There is a kind of majesty.

Hort. But too heavy
To sit on thy soft shoulders, youth; retire
To the duke's tent, that's guarded.

Asc. Sir, I come
To serve you; knight-adventurers are allow'd
Their pages, and I bring a will that shall
Supply my want of power.

Hort. To serve me, boy!
I wish, believe it, that 'twere in my nerves
To do thee any service; and thou shalt,
If I survive the fortune of this day,
Be satisfied I am serious.

Asc. I am not
To be put off so, sir. Since you do neglect
My offer'd duty, I must use the power
I bring along with me, that may command you:
You have seen this ring—

Hort. Made rich by being worn
Upon the princess' finger.

Asc. 'Tis a favour
To you, by me sent from her: view it better;
But why coy to receive it?
Hort. I am unworthy
Of such a blessing, I have done nothing yet
That may deserve it; no commander's blood
Of the adverse party hath yet died my sword
Drawn out in her defence: I must not take it.
This were a triumph when I had
Made Florence' duke my prisoner, and compell'd
him

To kneel for mercy at her feet.

Asc. 'Twas sent, sir,
To put you in mind whose cause it is you fight for;
And, as I am her creature, to revenge
A wrong to me done.

Hort. By what man?

Asc. Alonzo.

Hort. The ambassador?

Asc. The same.

Hort. Let it suffice.
I know him by his armour and his horse;
And if we meet—[*Trumpets sound.*—] I am cut
off, the alarm

Commands me hence: sweet youth, fall off.

Asc. I must not;
You are too noble to receive a wound
Upon your back, and, following close behind you,
I am secure; though I could wish my bosom
Were your defence.

Hort. Thy kindness will undo thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* LORENZO's Camp.

Enter LORENZO, ALONZO, PISANO, and MARTINO.

Lor. We'll charge the main battalia, fall you
Upon the van; preserve your troops entire,
To force the rear: he dies that breaks his ranks,
Till all be ours, and sure.

Pis. 'Tis so proclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

Fighting and Alarm. Enter HORTENSIO, ASCANIO, and ALONZO.

Hort. 'Tis he, Ascanio:—Stand!

Alon. I never shunn'd
A single opposition; but tell me
Why, in the battle, of all men, thou hast
Made choice of me?

Hort. Look on this youth; his cause
Sits on my sword.

Alon. I know him not.

Hort. I'll help
Your memory. [*They fight.*]

Asc. What have I done? I am doubtful
To whom to wish the victory; for, still
My resolution wavering, I so love
The enemy that wrong'd me, that I cannot,
Without repentance, wish success to him
That seeks to do me right.—[*ALONZO falls*—]
Alas, he's fall'n!

As you are gentle, hold, sir! or, if I want
Power to persuade so far, I conjure you
By her loved name I am sent from.

Hort. 'Tis a charm
Too strong to be resisted: he is yours.
Yet, why you should make suit to save that life
Which you so late desired should be cut off,
For injuries received, begets my wonder.

Asc. Alas! we foolish, spleenful boys would have

We know not what; I have some private reasons,
But now not to be told.

Hort. Shall I take him prisoner?

Asc. By no means, sir; I will not save his life,
To rob him of his honour: when you give,
Give not by halves. One short word, and follow.

[*Exit HORTENSIO.*]

My lord Alonzo, if you have received
A benefit, and would know to whom you owe it,
Remember what your entertainment was
At old Octavio's house, one you call'd friend,
And how you did return it. [*Exit.*]

Alon. I remember
I did not well; but it is now no time
To think upon't: my wounded honour calls
For reparation, I must quench my fury
For this disgrace, in blood, and some shall smart
for't. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same.* A Forest.

Alarm continued. Enter UBERTI, and FARNEZE wounded.

Farn. O prince Uberti, valour cannot save us;
The body of our army's pierced and broken,
The wings are routed, and our scatter'd troops
Not to be rallied up.

Uber. 'Tis yet some comfort,
The enemy must say we were not wanting
In courage or direction; and we may
Accuse the Powers above as partial, when
A good cause, well defended too, must suffer
For want of fortune.

Farn. All is lost; the duke
Too far engaged, I fear, to be brought off:
Three times I did attempt his rescue, but
With odds was beaten back; only the stranger,
I speak it to my shame, still follow'd him,
Cutting his way; but 'tis beyond my hopes,
That either should return.

Uber. That noble stranger,
Whom I, in my proud vanity of greatness,
As one unknown contemn'd, when I was thrown
Out of my saddle by the great duke's lance,
Horsed me again, in spite of all that made
Resistance; and then whisper'd in mine ear,
*Fight bravely, prince Uberti, there's no way else,
To the fair Mahilda's favour.*

Farn. 'Twas done nobly.

Uber. In you, my bosom friend, I had call'd it
But such a courtesy from a rival merits [noble:
The highest attribute.

Enter HORTENSIO and GONZAAGA.

Farn. Stand on your guard;
We are pursued.

Uber. Preserv'd! wonder on wonder.

Farn. The duke in safety!

Gon. Pay your thanks, Farneze,
To this brave man, if I may call him so,
Whose acts were more than human. If thou art
My better angel, from my infancy
Design'd to guard me, like thyself appear,
For sure thou'rt more than mortal.

Hort. No, great sir,
A weak and sinful man; though I have done you
Some prosperous service that hath found you
I am lost to myself: but lose not you [favour,
The offer'd opportunity to delude
The hot-pursuing enemy; these woods,

Nor the dark veil of night, cannot conceal you,
If you dwell long here. You may rise again;
But I am fallen for ever.

Farn. Rather born up
To the supreme sphere of honour.

Uber. I confess

My life your gift.

Gon. My liberty.

Uber. You have snatch'd

The wreath of conquest from the victor's head,
And do alone, in scorn of Lorenzo's fortune,
Though we are slaved, by true heroic valour
Deserve a triumph.

Gon. From whence then proceeds

This poor dejection?

Hort. In one suit I'll tell you,

Which I beseech you grant:—I loved your daughter,
But how? as beggars, in their wounded fancy,
Hope to be monarchs: I long languish'd for her,
But did receive no cordial, but what
Despair, my rough physician, prescribed me.
At length her goodness and compassion found it;
And, whereas I expected, and with reason,
The distance ~~the~~ disparity consider'd
Between her birth and mine, she would contemn
me,

The princess gave me comfort.

Gon. In what measure?

Hort. She did admit me for her knight and ser-
vant,

And spur'd me to do something in this battle,
Fought for her liberty, that might not blemish
So fair a favour.

Gon. This you have perform'd
To the height of admiration.

Uber. I subscribe to't,

That am your rival.

Hort. You are charitable:

But how short of my hopes, nay, the assurance
Of those achievements which my love and youth
Already held accomplish'd, this day's fortune
Must sadly answer. What I did, she gave me
The strength to do; her piety preserved
Her father, and her gratitude for the dangers
You threw yourself into for her defence,
Protected you by me her instrument:
But when I came to strike in mine own cause,
And to do something so remarkable,
That should at my return command her thanks
And gracious entertainment, then, alas!
I fainted like a coward. I made a vow, too,
(And it is register'd,) ne'er to presume
To come into her presence, if I brought not
Her fears and dangers bound in fetters to her,
Which now's impossible.—Hark! the enemy
Makes his approaches: save yourselves: this only
Deliver to her sweetness; I have done
My poor endeavours, and pray her not repent
Her goodness to me. May you live to serve her,
This loss recover'd, with a happier fate!
And make use of this sword: arms I abjure,
And conversation of men; I'll seek out
Some unfrequented cave, and die love's martyr.

[Exit hastily.]

Gon. Follow him.

Uber. 'Tis in vain; his nimble feet
Have born him from my sight.

Gon. I suffer for him.

Farn. We share in it; but must not, sir, forget
Your means of safety.

Uber. In the war I have served you,
And to the death will follow you.

Gon. 'Tis not fit,

We must divide ourselves. My daughter—
If I retain yet

A sovereign's power o'er thee, or friends with you,
Do, and dispute not; by my example change
Your habits: as I thus put off my purple,
Ambition dies; this garment of a shepherd,
Left here by chance, will serve in lieu of it,
I leave this to the owner. Raise new forces,
And meet me at St. Leo's fort; my daughter,
As I commanded Manfroy, there will meet us.
The city cannot hold out, we must part:
Farewell, thy hand.

Farn. You still shall have my heart. [Exit]

SCENE V.—The same. Another part of the Forest.

Enter LORENZO, ALONZO, PISANO, MARTINO, Captains,
and Soldiers.

Lor. The day is ours, though it cost dear; yet
Enough to get a victory, if we lose ['tis not
The true use of it. We have hitherto
Held back your forward swords, and in our fear
Of ambushes, deferr'd the wish'd reward
Due to your bloody toil: but now give freedom,
Nay, license to your fury and revenge;
Now glut yourselves with prey; let not the night,
Nor these thick woods, give sanctuary to
The fear-struck hares, our enemies: fire these trees,
And force the wretches to forsake their holes,
And offer their scorch'd bodies to your swords,
Or burn them as a sacrifice to your angers.
Who brings Gonzaga's head, or takes him prisoner,
(Which I incline to rather, that he may
Be sensible of those tortures, which I vow
To inflict upon him for denial of
His daughter to our bed,) shall have a blank,
With our hand and signet made authenticall,
In which he may write down himself, what wealth
Or honours he desires.

Alon. The great duke's will
Shall be obey'd.

Pisan. Put it in execution.

Mart. Begirt the wood, and fire it.

Sold. Follow, follow!

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.—The same. Another part of the same.

Enter FARNEZ disguised as a Florentine Soldier.

Farn. Uberti, prince Uberti! O my friend,
Dearer than life! I have lost thee. Cruel fortune,
Unsatisfied with our sufferings! we no sooner
Were parted from the duke, and e'en then ready
To take a mutual farewell, when a troop
Of the enemy's horse fell on us; we were forced
To take the woods again, but in our flight,
Their hot pursuit divided us: we had been happy
If we had died together. To survive him,
To me is worse than death; and therefore should
not

Embrace the means of my escape, though offer'd
When nature gave us life she gave a burthen,
But at our pleasure not to be cast off,
Though weary of it; and my reason prompts me,

This habit of a Florentine, which I took
From a dying soldier, may keep me unknown,
Till opportunity mark me out a way
For flight, and with security.

Enter UBERTI.

Uber. Was there ever
Such a night of horror?

Farn. My friend's voice! I now
In part forgive thee, fortune.

Uber. The wood flames,
The bloody sword devours all that it meets,
And death in several shapes rides here in triumph.
I am like a stag closed in a toil, my life,
As soon as found, the cruel huntsman's prey:
Why fleist thou, then, what is inevitable?
Better to fall with manly wounds before
Thy cruel enemy, than survive thine honour:
And yet to charge him, and die unrevenge'd,
Mere desperation.

Farn. Heroic spirit!

Uber. Mine own life I condemn, and would not
But for the future service of the duke, [save it,
And safety of his daughter; having means,
If I escape, to raise a second army:
And, what is nearest to me, to enjoy
My friend Farnese.

Farn. I am still his care.

Uber. What shall I do? if I call loud, the foe
That hath begirt the wood, will hear the sound.
Shall I return by the same path? I cannot,
The darkness of the night conceals it from me;
Something I must resolve.

Farn. Let friendship rouse

Thy sleeping soul, Farnese: wilt thou suffer
Thy friend, a prince, nay, one that may set free
Thy captived country, perish, when 'tis in
Thy power, with this disguise, to save his life?
Thou hast lived too long, therefore resolve to die;
Thou hast seen thy country ruin'd, and thy master
Compell'd to shameful flight: the fields and woods
Strew'd o'er with carcases of thy fellow-soldiers:
The miseries thou art fallen in, and before
Thy eyes the horror of this place, and thousand
Calamities to come; and after all these,
Can any hope remain? shake off delays:
Dost thou doubt yet? To save a citizen,
The conquering Roman in a general
Esteem'd the highest honour: can it be then
Inglorious to preserve a prince, thy friend?—
Uberti, prince Uberti! [*Aloud.*] use this means
Of thy escape;—

[*Pulls off his Florentine uniform, and casts it before*
UBERTI.

Conceal'd in this, thou mayst
Pass through the enemy's guards: the time denies
Longer discourse; thou hast a noble end,
Live, therefore, mindful of thy dying friend. [*Exit.*

Uber. Farnese, stay thy hasty steps! Farnese!
Thy friend Uberti calls thee: 'tis in vain;
He's gone to death an innocent, and makes life,
The benefit he confers on me, my guilt.
Thou art too covetous of another's safety,
Too prodigal and careless of thine own.
'Tis a deceit in friendship to enjoin me
To put this garment on, and live, that he
May have alone the honour to die nobly.
O cruel piety, in our equal danger
To rob thyself of that thou giv'st thy friend!
It must not be; I will restore his gift,

And die before him. How? where shall I find
him?—

Thou art o'ercome in friendship; yield, Uberti,
To the extremity of the time, and live:
A heavy ransom! but it must be paid.
I will put on this habit: pitying heaven,
As it loves goodness, may protect my friend,
And give me means to satisfy the debt
I stand engaged for; if not, pale despair,
I dare thy worst; thou caust but bid me die,
And so much I'll force from an enemy [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.* LORENZO'S Camp.

*Enter ALONZO and PISANO, with FARNESSE bound; Soldiers
with torches, FARNESSE'S sword in one of the Soldiers'
hands.*

Alon. I know him, he's a man of ransom.

Pisan. True;

But if he live, 'tis to be paid to me.

Alon. I forced him to the woods.

Pisan. But my art found him;

Nor will I brook a partner in the prey
My fortune gave me.

Alon. Render him, or expect
The point of this.

Pisan. Were it lightning, I would meet it,
Rather than be outbraved.

Alon. I thus decide

The difference.

Pisan. My sword shall plead my title.

[*They fight.*

Enter LORENZO, MARTINO, Captains, and Attendants.

Lor. Ha! where learn'd you this discipline?
my commanders

Opposed 'gainst one another! what blind fury
Brings forth this brawl? Alonzo and Pisano
At bloody difference! hold, or I tilt
At both as enemies.—Now speak; how grew
This strange division?

Pisan. Against all right,
By force Alonzo strives to reap the harvest
Sown by my labour.

Alon. Sir, this is my prisoner,
The purchase of my sword, which proud Pisano,
That hath no interest in him, would take from me.

Pisan. Did not the presence of the duke forbid
I would say— [*me,*

Alon. What?

Pisan. 'Tis false.

Lor. Before my face!

Keep them asunder. And was this the cause
Of such a mortal quarrel, this the base
To raise your fury on? the ties of blood,
Of fellowship in arms, respect, obedience
To me, your prince and general, no more
Prevailing on you? this a price for which
You would betray our victory, or wound
Your reputation with mutinies,
Forgetful of yourselves, allegiance, honour?—
This is a course to throw us headlong down
From that proud height of empire, upon which
We were securely seated. Shall division
O'erturn what concord built! if you desire
To bathe your swords in blood, the enemy
Still lies before you: would you have spoil? the
country
Lies open to you. O unheard-of madness!

What greater mischief could Gonzaga wish us,
Than you pluck on our heads? no, my brave lead-
Let unity dwell in our tents, and discord [ers,
Be banish'd to our enemies.

Alon. Take the prisoner,
I do give up my title.

Pinan. I desire
Your friendship, and will buy it; he is yours.

[They embrace.]
Alon. No man's a faithful judge in his own
cause;

Let the duke determine of him: we are friends, sir.

Lor. Shew it in emulation to o'ertake
The flying foe; this cursed wretch disposed of,
With our whole strength we'll follow.

[Exeunt ALONZO and PINANO, embracing.]
Farn. Death at length
Will set a period to calamity:
I see it in this tyrant's frowns haste to me.

*Enter UBERTI, habited like a Florentine Soldier, and
mixes with the rest.*

Lor. Thou machine of this mischief, look to feel
Whate'er the wrath of an incensed prince
Can pour upon thee: with thy blood I'll quench
(But drawn forth slowly) the invisible flames
Of discord—by thy charms first fetch'd from hell,
Then forced into the breasts of my commanders.
Bring forth the tortures.

Uber. Hear, victorious duke,
The story of my miserable fortune,
Of which this villain (by your sacred tongue
Condemned to die) was the immediate cause:
And, if my humble suit have justice in it,
Vouchsafe to grant it.

Lor. Soldier, be brief; our anger
Can brook no long delay.

Uber. I am the last
Of three sons, by one father got, and train'd up
With his best care, for service in your wars:
My father died under his fatal hand,
And two of my poor brothers. Now I hear,
Or fancy, wounded by my grief, deludes me,
Their pale and mangled ghosts crying for vengeance
On perjury and murder. Thus the case stood:
My father, (on whose face he durst not look
An equal mart,) by his fraud circumvented,
Became his captive; we, his sons, lamenting
Our old sire's hard condition, freely offer'd
Our utmost for his ransom: that refused,
The subtle tyrant, for his cruel ends,
Conceiving that our piety might ensnare us,
Proposed my father's head to be redeem'd,
If ~~twice~~ we would yield ourselves his slaves.
Upon any terms, resolved to save him,
Though with the loss of life which he gave to us,
With an undaunted constancy drew lots
(For each of us contended to be one)
Who should preserve our father: I was exempted,
But to my more affliction. My brothers
Deliver'd up, the perjured homicide,
Laughing in scorn, and by his hoary locks
Pulling my wretched father on his knees,
Said, *Thus receive the father you have ransomed!*
And instantly struck off his head.

Lor. Most barbarous!
Uber. I never saw this man.

Lor. One murmur more,
I'll have thy tongue pull'd out.—Proceed.

Uber. Conceive, sir,

How thunderstruck we stood, being made specta-
Of such an unexpected tragedy: [tors

Yet this was a beginning, not an end
To his intended cruelty; for, pursuing
Such a revenge as no Hyrcanian tigress,
Robb'd of her whelps, durst aim at, in a moment,
Treading upon my father's trunk, he cut off
My pious brothers' heads, and threw them at me.
Oh, what a spectacle was this! what mountain
Of sorrow overwhelm'd me! my poor heart-strings,
As tenter'd by his tyranny, crack'd; my knees
Beating 'gainst one another, groans and tears
Blended together follow'd; not one passion
Calamity ever yet express'd, forgotten.—
Now, mighty sir, (bathing your feet with tears,)
Your suppliant's suit is, that he may have leave,
With any cruelty revenge can fancy,
To sacrifice this monster, to appease
My father's ghost, and brothers'.

Lor. Thou hast obtain'd it:
Choose any torture, let the memory
Of what thy father and thy brothers suffer'd,
Make thee ingenious in it; such a one,
As Phalaris would wish to be call'd his.
Martino, guarded with your soldiers, see
The execution done; but bring his head,
On forfeiture of your own, to us: our presence
Long since was elsewhere look'd for.

[Exit, with Captains and Attendants.]

Mart. Soldier, to work;
Take any way thou wilt for thy revenge,
Provided that he die: his body's thine,
But I must have his head.

Uber. I have already
Concluded of the manner. O just heaven,
The instrument I wish'd for offer'd me!

Mart. Why art thou rapt thus?

Uber. In this soldier's hand
I see the murderer's own sword, I know it;
Yes, this is it by which my father and
My brothers were beheaded: noble captain,
Command it to my hand.—[*Takes FARNEZE'S
sword from the Soldier.*]—Stand forth
and tremble!

This weapon, of late drunk with innocent blood,
Shall now carouse thine own: pray, if thou canst,
For, though the world shall not redeem thy body,
I would not kill thy soul.

Farn. Canst thou believe
There is a heaven, or hell, or soul? thou hast none,
In death to rob me of my fame, my honour,
With such a forged lie. Tell me, thou hangman,
Where did I ever see thy face? or when
Murder'd thy sire or brothers? look on me,
And make it good: thou dar'st not.

Uber. Yes, I will *[He unbinds his arms.]*
In one short whisper; and that told, thou art dead.
I am Uberti: take thy sword, fight bravely;
We'll live or die together.

Mart. We are betray'd.

[MARTINO is struck down, the Soldiers run off.]

Farn. And have I leave once more, brave prince,
My head on thy true bosom? *[to ease]*

Uber. I glory more
To be thy friend, than in the name of prince,
Or any higher title.

Farn. My preserver!

Uber. The life you gave to me I but return;
And pardon, dearest friend, the bitter language
Necessity made me use.

Farn. O, sir, I am
Outdone in all ; but comforted, that none
But you can wear the laurel.
Uber. Here's no place
Or time to argue this ; let us fly hence.
Farn. I follow.
Mart. *[rises.]* A thousand *Fariss* keep you
company !

[Exeunt.]

I was at the gate of [hell,] but now I feel
My wound's not mortal ; I was but astonish'd ;
And, coming to myself, I find I am
Reserv'd for the gulls : there's no looking on
The enraged duke, excuses will not serve ;
I must do something that may get my pardon ;
If not, I know the worst, a halter ends all !

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Dutchy of MANTUA. A part
of the Country near OCTAVIO's Cottage.*

Enter OCTAVIO, a book in his hand.

Oct. 'Tis true, by proof I find it, human reason
Views with such dim eyes what is good or ill,
That if the great Disposer of our being
Should offer to our choice all worldly blessings,
We know not what to take. When I was young,
Ambition of court-preference fired me :
And, as there were no happiness beyond it,
I labour'd for't, and got it ; no man stood
In greater favour with his prince ; I had
Honours and offices, wealth flow'd in to me,
And, for my service both in peace and war,
The general voice gave out I did deserve them.
But, O vain confidence in subordinate greatness !
When I was most secure it was not in
The power of fortune to remove me from
The flat I firmly stood on, in a moment
My virtues were made crimes, and popular favour
(To new-raised men still fatal) bred suspicion
That I was dangerous : which no sooner order'd
Gonzaga's breast, but straight my ruin follow'd ;
My offices were ta'en from me, my state seized on :
And, had I not prevented it by flight,
The jealousy of the duke had been removed
With the forfeiture of my head.

Hort. *[within.]* Or shew compassion,
Or I will force it.

Oct. Ha ! is not poverty safe ?
I thought proud war, that aim'd at kingdoms' ruins,
The sack of palaces and cities, scorn'd
To look on a poor cottage.

*Enter HORTENSIO with ANONIO in his arms, GIORNIO
following.*

Goth. What would you have ?
The devil sleeps in my pocket ; I have no cross
To drive him from it. Be you or thief or soldier,
Or such a beggar as will not be denied,
My scrip, my tar-box, hook, and coat, will prove
But a thin purchase ; if you turn my inside out.
You'll find it true. *[wards.]*

Hort. Not any food ? *[Searches his scrip.]*

Goth. Alas ! sir,
I am noutton, but an under-shepherd ;
The very picture of famine ; judge by my cheeks
else :

I have my pittance by ounces, and starve myself,
When I pay a pensioner, an ancient mouse,
I have, a crumb a meal.

Hort. No drop left ? *[Takes his bottle.]*
Drunkard ! hast thou swill'd up all ?

Goth. How ! drunkard, sir ?
I am a poor man, you mistake me, sir,
Drunkard's a title for the rich, my betters ;

A calling in repute ; some sell their lands for't,
And roar, *Wine's better than money.* Our poor
beverages

Of buttermilk or whey allay'd with water,
Ne'er raise our thoughts so high. *Drunk !* I had
The credit to be so yet. *[never]*

Hort. Ascanio,
Look up, dear youth ; Ascanio, did thy sweetness
Command the greedy enemy to forbear
To prey upon it, and I thank my fortune
For suffering you to live, that in some part
I might return thy courtesies, and now,
To heighten my afflictions, must I be
Enforced, no pitying angel near to help us,
Heaven deaf to my complaints too, to behold thee
Die in my arms for hunger ? no means left
To lengthen life a little ! I will open
A vein, and pour my blood, not yet corrupted
With any sinful act, but pure as he is,
Into his famish'd mouth.

Oct. *[comes forward.]* Young man, forbear
Thy savage pity ; I have better means
To call back flying life.

[Pours a cordial into the mouth of ASCANIO.]

Goth. You may believe him ;
It is his sucking-bottle, and confirms.
An old man's twice a child ; his nurse's milk
Was ne'er so chargeable, should you put in too
For soap and candles : though he sell his flock for't,
The baby must have this dug : he swears 'tis ill
For my complexion ; but wondrous comfortable
For an old man, that would never die.

Oct. Hope well, sir ;
A temperate heat begins to thaw his numbness ;
The blood too by degrees takes fresh possession
On his pale cheeks ; his pulse beats high : stand off,
Give him more air, he stirs. *[GIORNIO steals the bottle.]*

Goth. And have I got thee,
Thou bottle of immortality ! *[Aside.]*

Asc. Where am I ?
What cruel hand hath forced back wretched me
Is rest in death denied me :

Goth. O sweet liquor ! *[Drinks.]*
Were here enough to make me drunk, I might
Write myself gentleman, and never buy
A coat of the heralds. *[Aside.]*

Oct. How now, slave !
Goth. I was fainting,
A clownlike quail seized on me ; but I am
Recover'd, thanks to your bottle, and begin
To feel new stirrings, gallant thoughts ; one draught
more

Will make me a perfect signior.

Oct. A tough cudgel
Will take this gentle itch off ; home to my cottage,
See all things handsome.

Goth. Good sir, let me have
The bottle along to smell to : O rare perfume !
[Exit.]

Hort. Speak once more, dear Ascanio.—How
he eyes you,
Then turns away his face ! look up, sweet youth ;
The object cannot hurt you ; this good man,
Next heaven, is your preserver.

Asc. Would I had perish'd
Without relief, rather than live to break
His good old heart with sorrow. O my shame !
My shame, my never-dying shame !

Oct. I have been
Acquainted with this voice, and know the face
too :—

'Tis she, 'tis too apparent ; O my daughter !
I mourn'd long for thy loss, but thus'to find thee,
Is more to be lamented.

Hort. How ! your daughter ?

Oct. My only child ; I murmur'd against heaven
Because I had no more, but now I find
This one too many.—Is Alonzo glutted

[MARIA weeps.]

With thy embraces ?

Hort. At his name, a shower
Of tears falls from her eyes ; she faints again.
Grave sir, o'er-rule your passion, and defer
The story of her fortune. On my life
She is a worthy one ; her innocence
Might be abused, but mischief's self wants power
To make her guilty. Shew yourself a father
In her recovery ; then as a judge,
When she hath strength to speak in her own cause,
You may determine of her.

Oct. I much thank you
For your wise counsel : you direct me, sir,
As one indebted more to years, and I,
As a pupil, will obey you : not far hence
I have a homely dwelling ; if you please there
To make some short repose, your entertainment,
Though coarse, shall relish of a gratitude,
And that's all I can pay you. Look up, girl,
Thou art in thy father's arms.

Hort. She's weak and faint still—
O spare your age ! I am young and strong, and
this way

To serve her is a pleasure, not a burthen :
[Takes her in his arms.]

Pray you, lead the way.

Oct. The saints reward your goodness ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. Another part of the Country.

Enter MANFROY and MATILDA surprised.

Matil. No hope of safety left !
Man. We are desir'd.

Matil. I thought that, cover'd by this poor dis-
I might have pass'd unknown. [guise,

Man. A diamond,
Though set in horn, is still a diamond,
And sparkles as in purest gold. We are follow'd :
Out of the troops that scour the plains, I saw
Two gallant horsemen break through who, by their
Brave furniture and habiliments of the war,
Seem'd to command the rest, pressing hard to-
wards us.

See with what winged speed they fly the hill,
Like falcons on the stretch to prey !

Now they dismount, and on their hands and knees
O'ercome the deep ascent that guards us from them.
Your beauty hath betray'd you ; for it can
No more be night when bright Apollo shines
In our meridian, than that be conceal'd.

Matil. It is my curse, not blessing : fatal to
My country, father, and myself. Why did you
Forsake the city ?

Man. 'Twas the duke's command :
No time to argue that ; we must descend.
If undiscover'd, your soft feet, unused
To such rough travel, can but carry you
Half a league hence, I know a cave which will
Yield us protection.

Matil. I wish I could lend you
Part of my speed ; for me, I can outstrip
Daphne or Atalanta.

Man. Some good angel
Defend us, and strike blind our hot pursuers !

[Exeunt.]

Enter ALONZO and PISANO.

Alon. She cannot be far off : how gloriously
She shew'd to us in the valley !

Pisan. In my thought,
Like to a blazing comet.

Alon. Brighter far :
Her beams of beauty made the hill all fire ;
From whence removed, 'tis cover'd with thick clouds.
But we lose time : I'll take that way.

Pisan. I, this. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE III.—The same. A Wood.

Enter HORTENSBIO.

Hort. 'Tis a degree of comfort in my sorrow,
I have done one good work in reconciling
Maria, long hid in Ascanio's habit,
To griev'd Octavio. What a sympathy
I found in their affections ! she with tears
Making a free confession of her weakness,
In yielding up her honour to Alonzo,
Upon his vows to marry her ; Octavio,
Prepared to credit her excuses, nay,
To extenuate her guilt ; she the delinquent,
And judge, as 'twere, agreeing.—But to me,
The most forlorn of men, no beam of comfort
Deigns to appear ; nor can I, in my fancy,
Fashion a means to get it : to my country
I am lost for ever, and 'twere impudence
To think of a return ; yet this I could
Endure with patience, but to be divorced
From all my joy on earth, the happiness
To look upon the excellence of nature,
That is perfection in herself, and needs not
Addition or epithet, rare Matilda,
Would make a saint blasphemous. Here, Galeazzo,
In this obscure abode, 'tis fit thou shouldst
Consume thy youth, and grow old in lamenting
Thy star-cross'd fortune, in this shepherd's habit ;
This hook thy best defence, since thou couldst use,
When thou didst fight in such a princess' cause,
Thy sword no better. [Lies down.]

Enter ALONZO and PISANO with MATILDA.

Man. You men, or monsters ?
Whither drag me ? can the open ear
Of heaven hear when an unspotted maid
Cries out for aid !

Pisan. 'Tis in vain; cast lots
Who shall enjoy her first.

Alon. Flames rage within me,
And, such a spring of anger near to quench
them!

My appetite shall be cloy'd first: here I stand,
Thy friend or enemy; let me have precedence,
I write a friend's name in my heart; deny it,
As an enemy I defy thee.

Pisan. Friend or foe
In this alike I value, I disdain
To yield priority; draw thy sword.

Alon. To sheath it
In thy ambitious heart.
Matil. O curb this fury,
And hear a wretched maid first speak.

Hort. I am marble.

Matil. Where shall I seek out words, or how
restrain

My enemies rage, or lovers' ? oh, the latter
Is far more odious: did not your lust
Provoke you, for that is its proper name,
My chastity were safe; and yet I tremble more
To think what dire effects lust may bring forth,
Than what, as enemies, you can inflict,
And less I fear it. Be friends to yourselves,
And enemies to me; better I fall
A sacrifice to your atonement, than
Or one or both should perish. I am the cause
Of your division; remove, it lords,
And concord will spring up: poison this face
That hath bewitch'd you, this grove cannot want
Aspics or toads; creatures, though justly call'd,
For their deformity, the scorn of nature,
More happy than myself with this false beauty
(The seed and fruit of mischief) you admire so.
I thus embrace your knees, and yours, a suppliant,
If tigers did not nurse you, or you suck
The milk of a fierce lioness, shew compassion
Unto yourselves in being reconciled,
And pity to poor me, my honour safe,
In taking loath'd life from me.

Pisan. What shall we do?
Or end our difference in killing her,
Or fight it out?

Alon. To the last gasp. I feel
The moist tears on my cheeks, and blush to find
A virgin's plaints can move so.

Pisan. To prevent
Her flight while we contend, let's bind her fast
To this cypress-tree.

Alon. Agreed.

Matil. It does presage
My funeral rites. [They bind MATILDA.

Hort. I shall turn atheist
If heaven see and suffer this: why did I
Abandon my good sword? with unarmed hands
I cannot rescue her. Some angel pluck me
From the apostacy I am falling to,
And by a miracle lend me a weapon
To underprop falling honour.

Pisan. She is fast:
Resume your arms.

Alon. Honour, revenge, the maid too,
Lie at the stake.

Pisan. Which thus I draw.

Alon. All's mine,
But bought with some blood of mine. *Pisan.*
Thou wert a noble enemy, wear that laurel

In death to comfort thee: for the reward.
Tis mine now without rival.

[Hortensio snatches up PISANO's sword.

Hort. Thou art deceived;
Men will grow up like to the dragon's teeth
From Cadmus' helm, sown in the field of Mars,
To guard pure chastity from lust and rape.
Libidinous monster, satyr, faun, or what
Does better speak thee, slave to appetite,
And sensual baseness; if thy profane hand
But touch this virgin temple, thou art dead.

Matil. I see the aid of heaven, though slow, is
sure.

Alon. A rustic swain dare to retard my plea-
sure!

Hort. No swain, Alonzo, but her knight and
servant

To whom the world should owe and pay obedience;
One that thou hast encounter'd, and shrunk under
His arm; that spared thy life in the late battle,
At the intercession of the princess' page.
Look on me better.

Matil. 'Tis my virtuous lover!
Under his guard 'twere sin to doubt my safety.

Alon. I know thee, and with courage will re-
what fortune then took from me. [deem

Hort. Rather keep [They fight, ALONZO falls.
Thy compeer company in death.--Lie by him,
A prey for crows and vultures; these fair arms,
[He unbinds MATILDA.

Unfit for bonds, should have been chains to make
A bridegroom happy, though a prince, and proud
Of such captivity: whatsoever you are,
I glory in the service I have done you;
But I entreat you pay your vows and prayers,
For preservation of your life and honour,
To the most virtuous princess, chaste Matilda.
I am her creature, and what good I do
You truly may call her's; what's ill, mine own.

Matil. You never did do ill, my virtuous ser-
Nor is it in the power of poor Matilda, [vant;
To cancel such an obligation as,
With humble willingness, she must subscribe to.

Hort. The princess? ha!

Matil. Give me a fitter name:
Your manumised bondswoman, that even now
In the possession of lust, from which
Your more than brave,—heroic valour bought me:
And can I then, for freedom unexpected,
But kneel to you, my patron?

Hort. Kneel to me!
For heaven's sake rise; I kiss the ground you
tread on.

My eyes fix'd on the earth: for I confess
I am a thing unworthy to look on you,
Till you have pardon'd my pardon.

Matil. Do not interpret
The much you have done me, an offence?

Hort. That in performing your injunctions to
Is more than ought your allowance of [me,
My love and service to you, with admission:
To each place you made paradise with your pre-
sence.

Should have been mine to bring home conquest;
Then, as a reward, offer it
At the altar of honour: had my love
Answer'd your hopes, or my hopes, an army
Had been at your feet; for me; whereas I,
Like a coward, turn'd my back, and durst not
The fury of my day. [stand

Matil. Had you done
Nothing in the battle, this last act deserves more
Than I, the duke my father joining with me,
Can ever recompense. But take your pleasure;
Suppose you have offended in not grasping
Your boundless hopes, I thus seal on your lips
A full remission.

Hort. Let mine touch your foot,
Your hand's too high a favour.

Matil. Will you force me
To ravish a kiss from you. [Kisses him.]

Hort. I am entranced.

Matil. So much desert and bashfulness should
not march

In the same file. Take comfort: when you have
brought me

To some place of security, you shall find
You have a seat here, in a heart that hath
Already studied and vow'd to be thankful.

Hort. Heaven make me so! oh, I am over-
whelm'd

With an excess of joy! Be not too prodigal,
Divinent lady, of your grace and bounties,
At once; if you are pleas'd, I shall enjoy them,
Not taste them, and expire.

Matil. I'll be more sparing. [Exeunt.]

Enter OCTAVIO, GOTHRIO, and MARIA.

Oct. What noise of clashing swords, like armour
fashion'd

Upon an anvil, pierc'd mine ears; the echo
Redoubling the loud sound through all the vallies?
This way the wind assures me that it came.

Goth. Then with your pardon, I'll take this.

Oct. Why, sirrah?

Goth. Because, sir, I will trust my heels before
All winds that blow in the sky: we are wiser far
Than our grandsires were, and in this I'll prove
it;

They said, *Haste to the beginning of a feast,*
There I am with them; *but to the end of a fray—*
That is apocryphal; 'tis more canonical,
Not to come there at all; after a storm
There are still some drops behind.

Mar. Pure fear hath made
The fool a philosopher.

Oct. See, Maria, see!
I did not err; here ~~the~~ men weltering
In their own gore.

Mar. A pitiful object ~~to~~ look on't.

Goth. I am in a swoon, ~~and~~ look on't.

Oct. They are stiff ~~and~~ dead.

Goth. But are you sure they are dead?

Oct. Too sure, I fear.

Goth. But are they stark ~~and~~ dead?

Oct. Leave prating.

Goth. Then I am valiant, and dare come nearer
to them.

This fellow without a sword shall be my patient.
[Goes to PISANO.]

Oct. Whate'er they are, humanity commands us
To do our best endeavour. Run, Maria,
To the neighbour spring for water; you will find
there

A wooden dish, the beggar's plate, to bring it.

[Exit MARIA.]
Why dost not, dull drone, bend his body, and feel
If any life remain?

Goth. By your leave, he shall die first,
And then I'll be his surgeon.

Oct. Tear ope his doublet,
And prove if his wounds be mortal.

Goth. Fear not me, sir:

Here's a large wound.—[*Feels his pocket.*]
—How it is swoln and imposthumed!

This must be cunningly drawn out; should it
break, [Pulls out his purse.]

'Twould strangle him. What a deal of foul mat-
ter's here!

This hath been long a gathering. Here's a gash
too

On the rim of his belly,—[*Feels his side pocket.*]
—it may have matter in it.

He was a choleric man, sure; what comes from
him [Takes out his money.]

Is yellow as gold—how! troubled with the stone
too? [Sees a diamond ring on his finger.]

I'll cut you for this.

Pisan. Oh, oh! [Starts up.]

Goth. He roars before I touch him.

Pisan. Robb'd of my life?

Goth. No, sir, nor of your money,
Nor jewel; I keep them for you:—if I had been
A perfect mountebank, he had not lived
To call for his fees again.

Oct. Give me leave—there's hope
Of his recovery. [Quits PISANO and goes to ALONZO.]

Goth. I had rather bury him quick,
Than part with my purchase; let his ghost walk,
I care not.

Re-enter MARIA with a dish of water.

Oct. Well done, Maria; lend thy helping hand.
He hath a deep wound in his head, wash off
The clotted blood; he comes to himself.

Alon. My lust!

The fruit that grows upon the tree of lust!
With horror now I taste it.

Oct. Do you not know him?

Mar. Too soon. Alonzo! oh me! though dis-
Still dear to thy Maria. [Loyal.]

Goth. So they know not
My patient, all's cocksure; I do not like
The Romanish restitution. [Aside.]

Oct. Rise, and leave him.

Applaud heaven's justice.

Mar. 'Twill become me better,
To implore its saving mercy.

Oct. Hast thou no gall?

No feeling of thy wrongs?

Mar. Turtles have none;

Nor can there be such poison in her breast
That truly loves, and lawfully.

Oct. True, if that love

Be placed on a worthy subject. What he is,
In thy disgrace is published; heaven hath mark'd
him

For punishment, and 'twere rebellious madness
In thee to attempt to alter it: revenge,
A sovereign balm for injuries, is more proper
To thy robb'd honour. Join with me, and thou
Shalt be thyself the goddess of revenge,
This wretch, the vassal of thy wrath: I'll make
him,

While yet he lives, partake those torments which,
For perjured lovers, are prepared in hell,
Before his curs'd ghost enter it. This oil,
Extracted and sublimed from all the simples
The earth, when swoln with venom, e'er brought
forth,

Pour'd in his wounds, shall force such anguish as
The Furies' whips but imitate; and when
Extremity of pain shall hasten death,
Here is another that shall keep in life,
And make him feel a perpetuity
Of lingering tortures.

Goth. Knock them both o' th' head, I say,
An it be but for their skins; they are embroider'd,
And will sell well in the market.

Mar. Ill-look'd devil,
Tie up thy bloody tongue.—O sir! I was slow
In beating down those propositions which
You urge for my revenge; my reasons being
So many, and so forcible, that make
Against yours, that until I had collected
My scatter'd powers, I waver'd in my choice
Which I should first deliver. Fate hath brought
My enemy (I can faintly call him so)
Prostrate before my feet; shall I abuse
The bounty of my fate, by trampling on him?
He alone ruin'd me, nor can any hand
But his rebuild my late demolish'd honour.
If you deny me means of reparation,
To satisfy your spleen, you are more cruel
Than ever yet Alonzo was; you stamp

The name of strumpet on my forehead, which
Heaven's mercy would take off; you fan the fire,
E'en ready to go out; forgetting that
'Tis truly noble, having power to punish,
Nay, kinglike, to forbear it. I would purchase
My husband by such benefits as should make him
Confess himself my equal, and disclaim
Superiority.

Oct. My blessing on thee!
What I urged was a trial; and my grant
To thy desires shall now appear, if art
Or long experience can do him service.
Nor shall my charity to this be wanting,
Howe'er unknown: help me, Maria: you, sir,
Do your best to raise him.—So!

Goth. He's wondrous heavy;
But the porter's paid, there's the comfort.

Oct. 'Tis but a trance,
And 'twill forsake both.

Mar. If he live, I fear not
He will redeem all, and in thankfulness
Confirm he owes you for a second life,
And pay the debt, in making me his wife.

[*Exit OCTAVIO and MARIA with ALONZO, and GOTHARD with PISANO.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—LORENZO's Camp under the Walls
of Mantua.

Enter LORENZO and Captains.

Lor. Mantua is ours; place a strong garrison
To keep it so; and as a due reward [in it,
To your brave service, be our governour in it.

1 Capt. I humbly thank your excellence. [*Exit.*
Lor. Gonzaga

Is yet out of our gripe; but his strong fort,
St. Leo, which he holds impregnable
By the aids of art, as nature, shall not long
Retard our absolute conquest. The escape
Of fair Matilda, my supposed mistress,
(For whose desired possession 'twas given out
I made this war,) I value not; alas!
Cupid's too feeble-eyed to hit my heart,
Or could he see, his arrows are too blunt
To pierce it; his imagined torch is quench'd
With a more glorious fire of my ambition
To enlarge my empire: soft and silken amours,
With carpet courtship, which weak princes style
The happy issue of a flourishing peace,
My toughness scorns. Were there an abstract
Of all the eminent and canonized beauties [made
By truth recorded, or by poets feign'd,
I could unmoved behold it; as a picture,
Commend the workmanship, and think no more
on't;

I have more noble ends. Have you not heard yet
Of Alonzo, or Pisano?

2 Capt. My lord, of neither.

Lor. Two turbulent spirits unfit for discipline,
Much less command in war; if they were lost,
I should not pine with mourning.

Enter MARTINO and Soldiers with MATILDA and HORTENSIO.

Mar. Bring them forward:
This will make my peace, though I had kill'd his
Besides the reward that follows. [father;

Lor. Ha, Martino!

Where is Farnese's head? dost thou stare! and
where

The soldier that desired the torture of him?

Mart. An't please your excellence——

Lor. It doth not please us;

Are our commands obey'd?

Mart. Farnese's head, sir,
Is a thing not worth your thought, the soldier's
less, sir:

I have brought your highness such a head! a head
So well set on too! a fine head——

Lor. Take that, [Strikes him.
For thy impertinence: what head, you rascal?

Mart. My lord, if they that bring such presents
to you

Are thus rewarded, they will strive
To be near your grace's frowns: but I know

You will repent your anger. Here's the head:

And now I draw the sword that bath a face too,

And such a face——

Lor. Ha!

Mart. View her also, my lord,
My company on't, she's sound of wind and limb,
And will do her labour tightly, a bona robas;
And for her face, as I said, there are five hundred
City-dubb'd madams in the dukedom, that would
part with [your head, maid,

Their jointures to have such another:—hold up.

Lor. Of what age is the day?

Mart. Sir, since sunrise
About two hours.

Lor. Thou liest; the sun of beauty,
In modest blushes on her cheeks, but flow
Appear'd to me, and in her tears breaks forth,
As through a shower in April; every drop
An orient pearl, which, as it falls, congeal'd,
Were ear-rings for the Catholic king, [to be]
Worn on his birthday.

Mart. Here's a sudden change !

Lor. Incens'd Cupid, whom even now I scorn'd,
Hath ta'en his stand, and by reflection shines
(As if he had two bodies, or indeed
A brother-twin whom sight cannot distinguish)
In her fair eyes :—see, how they head their arrows
With her bright beams ! now frown, as if my heart,
Rebellious to their edicts were unworthy,
Should I rip up my bosom, to receive
A wound from such divine artillery !

Mart. I am made for ever.

[*Aside.*

Matil. We are lost, dear servant.

Hort. Virtue's but a word ;
Fortune rules all.

Matil. We are her tennis-balls.

Lor. Allow her fair, her symmetry and features
So well proportion'd, as the heavenly object
With admiration would strike Ovid dumb,
Nay, force him to forget his faculty
In verse, and celebrate her praise in prose.
What's this to me ? I that have pass'd my youth
Unscorch'd withanton fires, my sole delight
In glittering arms, my conquering sword my mis-

treach,
Neighing of barbed horse, the cries and groans
Of vanquish'd foes suing for life, my music :

And shall I, in the autumn of my age,
Now, when I wear the livery of time
Upon my head and beard, suffer myself
To be transform'd, and like a puling lover,
With arms thus folded up, echo *Ah me's* !
And write myself a bondman to my vassal ?
It must not, nay, it shall not be : remove
The object, and the effect dies. Nearer, Martino.

Mart. I shall have a regiment : colonel Mar-

Lor. What thing is this thou hast brought me ?

Mart. What thing ? heaven bless me ! are you
a Florentine,

Nay, the great duke of Florentines, and having had her
So long in your power, do you now ask what she is ?
Take her aside and learn : I have brought you that
I look to be ~~dearly~~ paid for.

Lor. I am a soldier,
And use of women will, Martino, rob
My nerves of strength.

Mart. All ~~amour~~ and no smock ?
Abominable ! a little of the one with the other
Is excellent : I ne'er knew general yet,
Nor prince that did deserve to be a worthy,
But he desired to have his sweat wash'd off
By a juicy bedfellow.

Lor. But say she be unwilling
To do that office ?

Mart. Wrestle with her—I will wager
Ten to one on your grace's side.

Lor. Slave, hast thou brought me
Temptation in a beauty not to be
With prayers ~~seduced~~ ; and, in place of counsel
To master my affections, and to guard

My honour, now ~~seduced~~ by lust, with the arms
Of sober temperance ~~seduced~~ me out a way
To be a ravisher ? ~~seduced~~ thou hadst shew'd
Some monster, though ~~seduced~~ more ugly form
Than Nile or Afric ~~seduced~~. The basilisk,
Whose envious eye yet ~~seduced~~ brook'd a neighbour,
Kills but the body ; her ~~seduced~~ potent eye
Buries alive mine honour ~~seduced~~ I yield thus ?
And all brave thoughts of ~~seduced~~ and triumphs,
The spoils of nations, the ~~seduced~~

Of happy subjects, made so by my conquests ;
And, what's the crown of all, a glorious name
Insculp'd on pyramids to posterity,
Be drench'd in Lethe, and no object take me
But a weak woman, rich in colours only,
Too delicate a touch, and some rare features
Which age or sudden sickness will take from her !
And where's then the reward of all my service,
Love-soothing passions, nay, idolatry
I must pay to her ? Hence, and with thee take
This second but more dangerous Pandora,
Whose fatal box, if open'd, will pour on me
All mischiefs that mankind is subject to.
To the desarts with this Circe, thus Calypso,
This fair enchantress ! let her spells and charms
Work upon beasts and thee, than whom wise nature
Ne'er made a viler creature.

Matil. Happy exile !

Hort. Some spark of hope remains yet.

Mart. Come, you are mine now.

I will remove her where your highness shall not
Or see or hear more of her : what a sum
Will she yield for the Turk's seraglio !

Lor. Stay, I feel
A sudden alteration.

Mart. Here are fine whimsies.

Lor. Why should I part with her ? can any
Inhabit such a clean and gorgeous palace ? [foulness
The fish, the fowl, the beasts, may safer leave
The elements they were nourish'd in, and live,
Than I endure her absence ; yet her presence
Is a torment to me : why do I call it so ?
My sire enjoy'd a woman, I had not been else ;
He was a complete prince, and shall I blush
To follow his example ? Oh ! but my choice,
Though she gave suffrage to it, is beneath me :
But even now, in my proud thoughts, I scorn'd
A princess, fair Matilda ; and is't decreed
For punishment, I straight must dote on one,
What, or from whence, I know not ? Grant she be
Obscure, without a coat or family,
Those I can give : and yet, if she were noble,
My fondness were more pardonable.—Martino,
Dost thou know thy prisoner ?

Mart. Do I know myself ?

I kept that for the P'nvoy ; 'tis the daughter
Of your enemy, duke Gonzaga.

Lor. Fair Matilda !

I now call to my memory her picture,
And find this is the substance ; but her painter
Did her much wrong, I see it.

Mart. I am sure

I tugg'd hard for her, here are wounds can witness,
Before I could call her mine.

Lor. No matter how :

Make thine own ransom, I will pay it for her.

Mart. I knew 'twould come at last.

Matil. We are lost again.

Hort. Variety of afflictions !

Lor. That his knee,

That never yet bow'd to mortality, [Kneels.
Kisses the earth happy to bear your weight,
I know, begets your wonder ; hear the reason,
And cast it off :—your beauty does command it.
Till now, I never saw you ; fame hath been
Too sparing in report of your perfections,
Which now with admiration I gaze on.
Be not afraid, fair virgin ; had you been
Employ'd to mediate your father's cause,
My drum had been unbraced, my trumpet hung up ;

Nor had the terror of the war's ^{er}lighted
His peaceful confines; your demands had been
As soon as spoke, agreed to: but you'll answer,
And may with reason, words make no satisfaction
For what's in fact committed. Yet, take comfort,
Something my pious love commands me do,
Which may call down your pardon.

Matil. This expression
Of reverence to your person better suits
[Raises ALONZO, and kneels.

With my low fortune. That you deign to love me,
My weakness would persuade me to believe,
Though conscious of mine own unworthiness:
You being as the liberal eye of heaven,
Which may shine where it pleases, let your beams
Of favour warm and comfort, not consume me!
For, should your love grow to excess, I dare not
Deliver what I fear.

Lor. Dry your fair eyes;
I apprehend your doubts, and could be angry,
If humble love could warrant it, you should
Nourish such base thoughts of me. Heaven bear
witness,

And, if I break my vow, dart thunder at me,
You are, and shall be, in my tent as free
From fear of violence, as a cloister'd nun
Kneeling before the altar. What I purpose
Is yet an embryo; but, grown into form,
I'll give you power to be the sweet disposer
Of blessings unexpected; that your father,
Your country, people, children yet unborn too,
In holy hymns, on festivals, shall sing
The triumph of your beauty. On your hand
Once more I swear it.—O imperious Love,
Look down, and, as I truly do repent,
Prosper the good ends of thy penitent! *[Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Dutchy. A Room in
OCTAVIO'S Cottage.*

Enter OCTAVIO, disguised as a Priest, and MARIA.

Oct. You must not be too sudden, my Maria,
In being known: I am, in this friar's habit,
As yet conceal'd. Though his recovery
Be almost certain, I must work him to
Repentance by degrees; when I would have you
Appear in your true shape of sorrow, to
Move his compassion, I will stamp thus,—then,
You know to act your part.

Mar. I shall be careful. *[Exit.*

Oct. If I can cure the ulcers of his mind,
As I despair not of his body's wounds,
Felicity crowns my labour.—Gothrio!

Enter GOTHRIO.

Goth. Here, sir.

Oct. Desire my patients to leave their chamber,
And take fresh air here: how have they slept?

Goth. Very well, sir.

I would we were so rid of them.

Oct. Why?

Goth. I fear one hath
The art of memory, and will rememoer
His gold and jewels: could you not minister
A potion of forgetfulness? What would gallants
That are in debt give me for such a receipt,
To pour in their creditors' drink?

Oct. You shall restore all,
Believe't, you shall:—will you please to walk?

Goth. Will you please to put off
Your holy habit, and spiced conscience? one,
I think, infects the other. *[Exit.*

Oct. I have observed
Compunction in Alonzo; he speaks little,
But full of retired thoughts, the other is
Jocund and merry; no doubt, because he hath
The less account to make here.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Reverend sir,
I come to wait your pleasure; but, my friend,
Your creature I should say, being so myself,
Willing to take further repose, entreats
Your patience a few minutes.

Oct. At his pleasure;
Pray you sit down; you are faint still.

Alon. Growing to strength,
I thank your goodness: but my mind is troubled,
Very much troubled, sir, and I desire,
Your pious habit giving me assurance
Of your skill and power that say, that you would
To be my mind's physician. *[please*

Oct. Sir, to that
My order binds me; if you please to unload
The burthen of your conscience, I will minister
Such heavenly cordials as I can, and set you
In a path that leads to comfort.

Alon. I will open
My bosom's secrets to you. That I am
A man of blood, being brought up in the wars,
And cruel executions, my profession
Admits not to be question'd; but in that,
Being a subject, and bound to obey
Whate'er my prince commands, I have left
Some shadow of excuse: with other crimes,
As pride, lust, gluttony, it must be told,
I am besmear'd all over.

Oct. On repentance,
Mercy will wash it off.

Alon. O sir, I grant
These sins are deadly ones; yet their frequency
With wicked men makes them less dreadful to us.
But I am conscious of one crime, with which
All ills I have committed from my youth
Put in the scale, weigh nothing such a crime,
So odious to heaven and man, and to
My scar'd-up conscience so full of horror,
As penance cannot expiate.

Oct. Despair not.
'Tis impious in man to presume limits
To the divine compassion: out with it.

Alon. Hear then, good man, and when that I
have given you

The character of it, and confess'd myself
The wretch that acted it, you must repent
The charity you have extended towards me.
Not long before these wars began, I had
Acquaintance ('tis not fit to style it friendship,
That being a virtue, and not to be blended
With vicious base-ness) with the lord Oct-
The minion of his power, and court, set off *[vio,*
With all the pomp and circumstance of greatness:
To this then happy *[and offer'd service,*
And with insinuation brought myself
Into his knowledge, and grew familiar with him,
Ever a welcome guest. This noble gentleman
Was bless'd with a fair daughter, so he thought,
And boldly might have so, for she was
In all things without a rival,

Till I, her father's mass of wealth before
My greedy eyes, but hoodwink'd to mine honour,
With far more subtle arts than perjured Paris
E'er practis'd on poor credulous Oenone,
Besieged her virgin fort, in a word, took it,
No vows or imprecation forgotten
With speed to marry her.

Oct. Perhaps, she gave you
Just cause to break those vows.

Alon. She cause! alas,
Her innocence knew no guilt, but too much favour
To me, unworthy of it: 'twas my baseness,
My foul ingratitude—what shall I say more?
The good Octavio no sooner fell.
In the displeasure of his prince, his state
Confiscated, and he forced to leave the court,
And she expos'd to want; but all my oaths
And protestation of service to her,
Like seeming flames rais'd by enchantment, va-
This, this sits heavy here. [sigh'd]

Oct. He speaks as if
He were acquainted with my plot.—You have
reason

To feel compunction, for 'twas most inhuman
So to betray a maid.

Alon. Most barbarous.

Oct. But does your sorrow for the fact beget
An aptness in you to make satisfaction,
For the wrong you did her?

Alon. Gracious heaven! an aptness?
It is my only study: since I tasted
Of your compassion, these eyes ne'er were closed,
But fearful dreams cut off my little sleep;
And, being awake, in my imagination
Her apparition haunted me.

Oct. 'Twas mere fancy. [He stamps]
Alon. 'Twas more, grave sir—nay, 'tis—now
it appears!

Enter MARIA, in white.

Oct. Where?

Alon. Do you not see there the gliding shadow
Of a fair virgin? that is she, and wears
The very garments that adorn'd her, when
She yielded to my crocodile tears: a cloud
Of fears and diffidence then so chased away
Her purer white and red, as it foretold
That I should be disloyal. Blessed shadow!
For 'twere a sin, far, far exceeding all
I have committed, to hope only that
Thou art a substance; look on my true sorrow,
Nay, soul's contrition: hear again those vows
My perjury cancell'd, stamp'd in brass, and never
To be worn out.

Mar. I can endure no more:
Action, not oaths, must make me reparation:
I am Maria.

Alon. Can this be?

Oct. It is,
And I Octavio.

Alon. Wonder on wonder!
How shall I look on you, or with what forehead
Desire your pardon?

Mar. You truly shall deserve it
In being constant.

Re-enter GONZALVO, with the purpse of ALONZO and PISANO.

Oct. If you fall not off,
But look on her in poverty with those eyes
As when she was my heir in expectation,
You thought her beautiful.

Alon. She is in herself
Both Indies to me.

Goth. Stay, she shall not come
A beggar to you, my sweet young mistress! no,
She shall not want a dower: here's white and red
Will ask a jointure; but how you should make her
one,

Being a captain, would beget some doubt,
If you should deal with a lawyer.

Alon. I have seen this purse.

Goth. How the world's given—I dare not say,
to lying,

Because you are a soldier; you may say as well,
This gold's mark'd too: you, being to receive it,
Should ne'er ask how I got it. I'll run for a priest
To dispatch the matter; you shall not want a ring,
I have one for the purpose.—[Gives PISANO'S ring
to ALONZO.]—Now, sir, I think I'm
honest. [Exit]

Alon. This ring was Pisano's.

Oct. I'll dissolve this riddle
At better leisure: the wound given to my daughter,
Which, in your honour, you are bound to cure,
Exacts our present care.

Alon. I am all yours, sir. [Exeunt]

SCENE III.—The same. The Castle of St. Leo.

Enter GONZALVO, UBERTI, and MANFROY.

Gon. Thou hast told too much to give assurance
Her honour was too far engag'd, to be [that]
By human help redeem'd: if thou hadst given
Thy sad narration this full period,
She's dead, I had been happy.

Uber. Sir, these tears
Do well become a father, and my eyes
Would keep you company as a forlorn lover,
But that the burning fire of my revenge
Dries up those drops of sorrow. We once more,
Our broken forces rallied up, and with
Full numbers strengthen'd, stand prepared t'en-
A second trial; nor let it dismay us [dure]
That we are once again to affront the fury
Of a victorious army; their abuse
Of conquest hath disarm'd them, and call'd down
The Powers above to aid us. I have read
Some piece of story, yet ne'er found but that
The general, that gave way to cruelty,
The profanation of things sacred, rapes
Of virgins, butchery of infants, and
The massacre in cold blood of reverend age,
Against the discipline and law of arms,
Did feel the hand of heaven lie heavy on him,
When most secure. We have had a late example,
And let us not despair but that, in Lorenzo,
It will be seconded.

Gon. You argue well,
And 'twere a sin in me to contradict you:
Yet we must not neglect the means that's lent us,
To be the ministers of justice.

Uber. No, sir:
One day given to refresh our wearied troops,
Tired with a tedious march, we'll be no longer
Coop'd up, but charge the enemy in his trenches,
And force him to a battle. [Shouts within]

Gon. Ha! how's this?
In such a general time of mourning, shouts,
And acclamations of joy?
[Cry within, Long live the princess long live Matilda.]

Uber. Matilda!
The princess' name, Matilda, off re-echoed!

Enter FARNÉE.

Gon. What speaks thy haste!
Farn. More joy and happiness
Than weak words can deliver, or strong faith
Almost give credit to: the princess lives;
I saw her, kiss'd her hand.

Gon. By whom deliver'd?

Farn. This is not to be staled by my report,
This only must be told:—As I rode forth
With some choice troops, to make discovery
Where the enemy lay, and how intrench'd, a leader
Of the adverse party, but unarm'd, and in
His hand an olive branch, encounter'd me:
He shew'd the great duke's seal, that gave him
To parley with me; his desires were, that [power
Assurance for his safety might be granted
To his royal master, who came as a friend,
And not as an enemy, to offer to you
Conditions of peace. I yielded to it.
This being return'd, the duke's praetorium open'd,
When suddenly, in a triumphant chariot
Drawn by such soldiers of his own as were,
For insolence after victory, condemn'd
Unto this slavish office, the fair princess
Appear'd, a wreath of laurel on her head,
Her robes majestic, their richness far
Above all value, as the present age
Contented that a woman's pomp should dim
The glittering triumphs of the Roman Cæsars.

[*Music without.*

—I am cut off; no cannon's throat now thunders,
Nor fife nor drum beat up a charge; choice music
Ushers the parent of security,
Long-absent peace.

Man. I know not what to think on't.

Uber. May it poison the expectation!

Loud music. *Enter Soldiers unarmed, bearing olive branches, Captains, LORENZO, MATILDA crowned with a wreath of laurel, and seated in a chariot drawn by Soldiers: followed by HORTENSIO and MARTINO.*

Gon. Thus to meet you,
Great duke of Tuscany, throws amazement on me;
But to behold my daughter, long since mourn'd for,
And lost even to my hopes, thus honour'd by you,
With an excess of comfort overwhelms me:
And yet I cannot truly call myself
Happy in this solemnity, till your highness
Vouchsafe to make me understand the motive
That, in this peaceful way, hath brought you to us.

Lor. I must crave license first; for know, *Gon.*
I am subject to another's will, and can [*zaga,*
Nor speak nor do without permission from her.
My curled forehead, of late terrible
To those that did acknowledge me their lord,
Is now as smooth as rivers when no wind stirs;
My frowns or smiles, that kill'd or saved, have lost
Their potent awe, and sweetness. I am transform'd
(But do not scorn the metamorphosis)
From that fierce thing men held me; I am captiv'd,
And, by the irresistible force of beauty,
Led hither as a prisoner. Is't your pleasure that
I shall deliver those injunctions which
Your absolute command imposed upon me,
Or deign yourself to speak them?

Matil. Sir, I am
Your property, you may use me as you please;

But what is in your power and breast to do,
No orator can dilate so well.

Lor. I obey you.

That I came hither as an enemy,
With hostile arms, to the utter ruin of
Your country, what I have done makes apparent;
That fortune seconded my will, the late
Defeat will make good: that I resolved
To force the sceptre from your hand, and make
Your dukedom tributary, my surprisal
Of Mantua, your metropolis, can well witness;
And that I cannot fear the change of fate,
My army flesh'd in blood, spoil, glory, conquest,
Stand ready to maintain: yet I must tell you
By whom I am subdued, and what's the ransom
I am commanded to lay down.

Gon. My lord,

You humble yourself too much; it is fitter
You should propose and we consent.

Lor. Forbear.

The articles are here subscribed and sign'd
By my obedient hand: all prisoners,
Without a ransom, set at liberty;
Mantua to be deliver'd up, the rampires
Ruin'd in the assault, to be repair'd;
The loss the husbandman received, his crop
Burnt up by wanton license of the soldier,
To be made good;—with whatsoever else
You could impose on me, if you had been
The conqueror, I your captive.

Gon. Such a change

Wants an example: I must owe this favour
To the clemency of the old heroic valour,
That spared when it had power to kill; a virtue
Buried long since, but raised out of the grave
By you, to grace this latter age.

Lor. Mistake not

The cause that did produce this good effect,
If as such you receive it: 'twas her beauty,
Wrought first on my rough nature; but the virtues
Of her fair soul, dilated in her converse,
That did confirm it.

Matil. Mighty sir, no more:

You honour her too much, that is not worthy
To be your servant.

Lor. I have done, and now

Would gladly understand that you allow of
The articles propounded.

Gon. Do not wrong

Your benefits with such a doubt; they are
So great and high, and with such reverence
To be received, that, if I should profess
I hold my dukedom from you, as your vassal,
Or offer'd up my daughter as you please
To be disposed of, in the point of honour,
And a becoming gratitude, 'twould not cancel
The bond I stand engag'd for:—but accept
Of that which I can pay, my all is yours, sir;
Nor is there any here, (though I must grant
Some have deserved much from me,) for so far
I dare presume, but will surrender up
Their interest to that your highness shall
Deign to pretend a title.

Uber. I subscribe not

To this condition.

Farn. The services

This prince hath done your grace in your most
Are not to be so slighted. [danger.

Hort. 'Tis far from me

To urge my merits, yet, I must maintain,

Howe'er my power is less, my love is more;
Nor will the gracious princess scorn to acknow-
ledge

I have been her humble servant.

Lor. Smooth your brows,
I'll not encroach upon your right, for that were
Once more to force affection, (a crime
With which should I the second time be tainted,
I did deserve no favour,) neither will I
Make use of what is offer'd by the duke,
Howe'er I thank his goodness. I'll lay by
My power, and though I should not brook a rival,
(What we are, well consider'd,) I'll descend
To be a third competitor; he that can
With love and service best deserve the garland,
With your consent let him wear it. I despair not
The trial of my fortune.

Gon. Bravely offer'd,
And like yourself, great prince.

Uber. I must profess
I am so taken with it, that I know not
Which way to express my service.

Hort. Did I not build
Upon the princess' grace, I could sit down,
And hold it no dishonour.

Matil. How I feel
My soul divided! all have deserved so well,
I know not where to fix my choice.

Gon. You have
Time to consider: will you please to take
Possession of the fort? then, having tasted
The fruits of peace, you may at leisure prove,
Whose plea will prosper in the court of Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—MANTUA. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ALONZO, OCTAVIO, PISANO, MARIA, and GOTHRIE.

Alon. You need not doubt, sir, were not peace
proclaim'd

And celebrated with a general joy,
The high displeasure of the Mantuan duke,
Raised on just grounds, not jealous suppositions,
The saving of our lives (which, next to heaven,
To you alone is proper) would force mercy
For an offence, though capital.

Pisan. When the conqueror
Uses entreaties, they are arm'd commands
The vanquish'd must not check at.

Mar. My piety pay the forfeit,
If danger come but near you! I have heard
My gracious mistress often mention you,
When I served her as a page, and feelingly
Relate how much the duke her sire repented
His hasty doom of banishment, in his rage
Pronounced against you.

Oct. In a private difference,
I grant that innocence is a wall of brass,
And scorns the hottest battery; but, when
The cause depends between the prince and subject,
'Tis an unequal competition; Justice
Must lay her balance by, and use her sword
For his ends that protects it. I was banish'd,
And, till revoked from exile, to tread on
My sovereign's territories with forbidden feet,
The severe letter of the law calls death;
Which I am subject to, in coming so near
His court and person. But my only child
Being provided for, her honour salv'd too,
I thank your noble change, I shall endure
Whatever can fall, with patience.

Alon. You have used
That medicine too long; prepare yourself
For honour in your age, and rest secure of't.

Mar. Of what is your wisdom musing?

Goth. I am gazing on
This gorgeous house; our cote's a dishelout to it;
It has no sign,—what do you call't?

Mar. The court;

I have lived in't a page.

Goth. Page! very pretty:
May I not be a page? I am old enough,

Well-timber'd too, and I've a beard to carry it:
Pray you, let me be your page; I can swear al-
Upon your pantofle. [ready,

Mar. What?

Goth. That I'll be true
Unto your smock.

Mar. How, rascal!

Oct. Hence, and pimp
To your rams and ewes: such foul pollution is
To be whipt from court; I have now no more use
Return to your trough. [of you;

Goth. Must I feed on husks,
Before I have play'd the prodigal?

Oct. No, I'll reward
Your service; live in your own element,
I like an honest man; all that is mine in the cottage,
I freely give you.

Goth. Your bottles too, that I carry
For your own tooth!

Oct. Full as they are.

Mar. And gold, [Gives him her purse
That will replenish them.

Goth. I am made for ever.

This was done i' the nick.

Oct. Why in the nick?

Goth. O sir!

'Twas well for me that you did reward my service
Before you enter'd the court; for 'tis reported
There is a drink of forgetfulness, which once tasted,
Few masters think of their servants, who, grown
old,
Are turn'd off, like lame hounds and hunting
horses,

To starve on the commons. [Exit.

Alon. Bitter knave!

Enter MARTINO.

There's craft

In the clouted shoe.—Captain!

Mart. I am glad to kiss
Your valiant hand, and yours; but pray you, take
notice,

My title's changed, I am a colonel.

Pisan. A colonel! where's your regiment?

Mart. Not raised yet;

All the old ones are cashier'd, and we are now
To have a new militia: all is peace here,

Yet I hold my title still, as many do
That never saw an enemy.

Alon. You are pleasant,
And it becomes you. Is the duke stirring?

Mart. Long since,
Four hours at least, but yet not ready.

Pisan. How!

Mart. Even so; you make a wonder of't, but
Alas, he is not now, sir, in the camp, [leave it :
To be up and arm'd upon the least alarm ;
There's something else to be thought on : here he
With his officers, new-rigg'd. [comes,

Enter Lorenzo, as from his chamber, with a looking-glass ;
Doctor, Gentleman, and Page employed about his
person.

Alon. A looking-glass !
Upon my head, he saw not his own face
These seven years past, but by reflection
From a bright armour.

Mart. Be silent, and observe.

Lor. So, have you done yet ?
Is your building perfect ?

Doct. If your highness please,
Here is a water.

Lor. To what use ? my barber
Hath wash'd my face already.

Doct. But this water
Hath a strange virtue in't, beyond his art ;
It is a sacred relic, part of that
Most powerful juice, with which Medea made
Old Aëon young.

Lor. A fable ! but suppose
I should give credit to it, will it work
The same effect on me ?

Doct. I'll undertake
This will restore the honour'd hair that grows
Upon your highness' head and chin, a little
Inclining unto gray.

Lor. Inclining ! doctor.

Doct. Pardon me, mighty sir, I went too far,
Not gray at all ;—I dare not flatter you—
'Tis something changed ; but this applied will help
To the first amber-colour, every hair [it
As fresh as when, your manhood in the prime,
Your grace arrived at thirty.

Lor. Very well.

Doct. Then here's a precious oil, to which the
maker

Hath not yet given a name, will soon fill up
These dimples in your face and front. I grant
They are terrible to your enemies, and set off
Your frowns with majesty ; but you may please
To know, as sure you do, a smooth aspect,
Softness and sweetness, in the court of Love,
Though dumb, are the prevailing orators.

Lor. Will he new-create me ?

Doct. If you deign to taste too,
Of this confection.

Lor. I am in health, and need
No physic.

Doct. Physic, sir ! An empress,
If that an empress' lungs, sir, may be tainted
With putrefaction, would taste of it,
That night on which she were to print a kiss
Upon the lips of her long-absent lord,
Returning home with conquest.

Lor. 'Tis predominant

Over a stinking breath, is it not, doctor ?

Doct. Clothe the infirmity with sweeter lan-
'Tis a preservative that way. [gauge :

Lor. You are, then,
Admitted to the cabinets of great ladies,
And have the government of the borrow'd beauties
Of such as write near forty.

Doct. True, my good lord,
And my attempts have prosper'd.

Lor. Did you never
Minister to the princess ?

Doct. Sir, not yet ;
She's in the April of her youth, and needs not
The aids of art ; my gracious lord ; but in
The autumn of her age I may be useful,
And sworn her highness' doctor, and your grace
Partake of the delight.—

Lor. Slave ! witch ! impostor !

[Strikes him down.

Mountebank ! cheater ! traitor to great nature,
In thy presumption to repair what she,
In her immutable decrees, design'd
For some few years to grow up, and then wither !
Or is't not crime enough thus to betray
The secrets of the weaker sex, thy patients,
But thou must make the honour of this age,
And envy of the time to come, Matilda,
Whose sacred name I bow to, guilty of
A future sin in thy ill-boding thoughts,
Which for a perpetuity of youth
And pleasure she disdain to art, such is
Her purity and innocence !

[Sets his foot on the Doctor's breast.

Alon. Long since
I look'd for this l'envoy.

Mart. Would I were well off !
He's dangerous in these humours.

Ort. Stand conceal'd.

Doct. O sir, have mercy ! in my thought I never
Offended you.

Lor. Me ! most of all, thou monster !
What a mock-man property in thy intent
Wouldst thou have made me ? a mere pathic to
Thy devilish art, had I given suffrage to it.
Are my gray hairs, the ornament of age,
And held a blessing by the wisest men,
And for such warrant'd by holy writ,
To be conceal'd, as if they were my shame ?
Or plaister up these furrows in my face,
As if I were a painted hawd or whore ?
By such base means if thou could ascend
To the height of all my hopes, their full fruition
Would not wipe off the scandal : no, thou wretch !
Thy cozening water and adulterate oil
I thus pour in thine eyes, and tread to dust
Thy loath'd confection with thy trumperies :—
Vanish for ever !

Mart. You have your fee as I take it,
Dear domine doctor ! I'll be no sharer with you.

Doctor.

Lor. I'll court her like myself ; rich
adornments

And jewels, worn by me, an absolute prince,
My order too, of which I am the sovereign,
Can meet no ill construction ; yet 'tis far
From my imagination to believe
She can be taken with sublimed clay,
The silk-worm's spoils, or rich embroideries.
Nor must I borrow helps from power or greatness,
But as a loyal lover plead my cause ;
If I can feebly express my ardour,
And make her sensible of the much I suffer
In hopes and fears, and she vouchsafe to take

Compassion on me!—~~has~~ compassion?
The word sticks in my throat: what's here, that
tells me

I do descend too low? rebellious spirit,
I conjure thee to leave me! there is now
No contradiction or declining left,
I must and will go on.

Mart. The tempest's laid;
You may present yourselves.

[*ALONZO and PISANO come forward.*]

Alon. My gracious lord.
Pisan. Your humble vassal.
Lor. Ha! both living?

Alon. Sir,
We owe our lives to this good lord, and make it
Our humble suit—

Lor. Plead for yourselves: we stand
Yet unresolved whether your knees or prayers
Can save the forfeiture of your own heads:
Though we have put our armour off, your pardon
For leaving of the camp without our license,
Is not yet signed. At some more fit time wait us.

[*Exit LORENZO, Gentleman, and Page.*]

Alon. How's this?

Mart. 'Tis well it is no worse; I met with
A rougher entertainment, yet I had
Good cards to shew. He's parcel mad; you'll find
him
Every hour in a several mood; this foolish love
Is such a shuttlecock! but all will be well,
When a better fit comes on him, never doubt it.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

[*Enter GONZAGA, UBERTI, FARNÈZE, and MANFRIV.*]

Gon. How do you find her?

Uber. Thankful for my service.

And yet she gives me little hope; my rival
Is too great for me.

Gon. The great duke, you mean?

Uber. Who else? the Milanese, although he be
A complete gentleman, I am sure despairs
More than myself.

Farn. A high estate, with women,
Takes place of all desert.

Uber. I must stand my fortune.

[*Enter LORENZO and Attendants.*]

Man. The duke of Florence, sir.

Gon. Your highness' presence
Answers my wish. Your private ear:—I have used
My best persuasion, with a father's power,
To work my daughter to your ends; yet she,
Like a small bark on a tempestuous sea,
Toss'd here and there by opposite winds, resolves

not

At which port to put in. This prince's merits,
Your grace and favour; nor is she unmindful
Of the brave acts (under your pardon, sir,
I needs must call them so) Hortensio
Hath done to gain her good opinion of him;
All these together tumbling in her fancy,
Do much distract her. I have spies upon her,
And am assured this instant hour she gives
Hortensio private audience; I will bring you
Where we will see and hear all.

Lor. You oblige me.

Uber. I do not like this whispering.

Gon. Fear no foul play.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

[*Enter HORTENSIO, BEATRICE, and two Waiting-women*]

1 *Wom.* The princess, sir, long since expected
you;

And, would I beg a thanks, I could tell you that
I have often moved her for you.

Hort. I am your servant.

[*Enter MATILDA.*]

Beat. She's come; there are others I must place
to hear

The conference. [Aside, and exit
1 *Wom.* Is't your excellency's pleasure
That we attend you?

Matil. No; wait me in the gallery.

1 *Wom.* Would each of us, wench, had a sweet-
To pass away the time! [heart too,

2 *Wom.* There I join with you.

[*Exit Waiting-women*]

Matil. I fear this is the last time we shall meet.
Hort. Heaven forbid!

[*Re-enter above BEATRICE with LORENZO, GONZAGA, UBERTI,
and FARNÈZE.*]

Matil. O my Hortensio!

In me behold the misery of greatness,
And that which you call beauty. Had I been
Of a more low condition, I might
Have call'd my will and faculties mine own,
Not seeing that which was to be beloved
With others' eyes: but now, ah me, most wretched
And miserable princess, in my fortune,
To be too much engaged for service done me!
It being impossible to make satisfaction
To my so many creditors; all deserving,
I can keep touch with none.

Lor. A sad exordium.

Matil. You loved me long, and without hope
(alas,

I die to think on't!) Parma's prince, invited
With a too partial report of what
I was, and might be to him, left his country,
To fight in my defence. Your brave achievements
I' the war, and what you did for me, unspoken,
Because I would not force the sweetness of
Your modesty to a blush, are written here:
And, that there might be nothing wanting to
Sum up my numerous engagements, (never
In my hopes to be cancell'd,) the great duke,
Our mortal enemy, when my father's country
Lay open to his fury, and the spoil
Of the victorious army, and I brought
Into his power, hath shewn himself so noble,
So full of honour, temperance, and all virtues
That can set off a prince, that, though I cannot
Render him that respect I would, I am bound
In thankfulness to admire him.

Hort. 'Tis acknowledged,
And on your part to be return'd.

Matil. How can I,
Without the brand of foul ingratitude
To you, and prince Uberti?

Hort. Hear me, madam,
And what your servant shall with zeal deliver,
As a Daedalus clew may guide you out of
This labyrinth of distraction. While that loves
His mistress truly, should prefer her honour
And peace of mind, above the glinting of
His ravenous appetite: he should affect her,

But with a fit restraint, and not take from her
To give himself : he should make it the height
Of his ambition, if it lie in
His stretch'd-out nerves to effect it, though she
fly in

An eminent place to add strength to her wings,
And mount her higher, though he fall himself
Into the bottomless abyss ; or else
The services he offers are not real,
But counterfeit.

Matil. What can Hortensio.

Infer from this ?

Hort. That I stand bound in duty,
(Though in the act I take my last farewell
Of comfort in this life,) to sit down willingly,
And move my suit no further. I confess,
While you were in danger, and heaven's mercy
made me

Its instrument to preserve you, (which your good-
Prized far above the merit,) I was bold [ness
To feed my starv'd affection with false hopes
I might be worthy of you : for know, madam,
How mean soever I appear'd in Mantua,
I had in expectation a fortune,
Though not possess'd of't, that encouraged me
With confidence to prefer my suit, and not
To fear the prince Uberti as my rival.

Gen. I ever thought him more than what he

Lor. Pray you, forbear. [seem'd.

Hort. But when the duke of Florence
Put in his plea, in my consideration
Weighing well what he is, as you must grant him
A Mars of men in arms, and those put off,
The great example for a kingly courtier
To imitate ; annex to these his wealth,
Of such a large extent, as other monarchs
Call him the king of coin ; and, what's above all,
His lawful love, with all the happiness
This life can fancy, from him flowing to you ;
The true affection which I have ever born you,
Does not alone command me to desist,
But, as a faithful counsellor, to advise you
To meet and welcome that felicity,
Which hastes to crown your virtues.

Lor. We must break off this parley :

Something I have to say. [Exeunt above.

Matil. In tears I thank

Your care of my advancement, but I dare not
Follow your counsel. Shall such piety
Pass unrewarded ? such a pure affection,
For any ends of mine, be undervalued ?
Avert it, heaven ! I will be thy Matilda,
Or cease to be ; no other heat but what
Glow from thy purest flames, shall warm this
bosom,

Nor Florence, nor all monarchs of the earth,
Shall keep thee from me.

*Re-enter below LORENZO, GONZAGA, UBERTI, FARNEZE, and
MANFROY.*

Hort. I fear, gracious lady,
Our conference hath been overheard.

Matil. The better :

Your part is acted ; give me leave at distance
To zany it.—Sir, on my knees thus prostrate
Before your feet—

Lor. This must not be, I shall
Both wrong myself and you in suffering it.

Matil. I will grow here, and weeping this turn
marble,

Unless you hear and grant the first petition
A virgin, and a princess, ever tendered :
Nor doth the suit concern poor me alone,
It hath a stronger reference to you,
And to your honour ; and, if you deny it,
Both ways you suffer. Remember, sir, you were
not

Born only for yourself, heaven's liberal hand
Design'd you to command a potent nation,
Gave you heroic valour which you have
Abused, in making unjust war upon
A neighbour-prince, a Christian ; while the Turk,
Whose scourge and terror you should be, securely
Wastes the Italian confines : 'tis in you
To force him to pull in his horned crescents,
And 'tis expected from you.

Lor. I have been

In a dream, and now begin to wake.

Matil. And will you

Forbear to reap the harvest of such glories,
Now ripe, and at full growth, for the embraces
Of a slight woman ? or exchange your triumphs
For chamber-pleasures, melt your able nerves
(That should with your victorious sword make way
Through the armies of your enemies) in loose
And wanton dalliance ? be yourself, great sir,
The thunderbolt of war, and scorn to sever
Two hearts long since united ; your example
May teach the prince Uberti to subscribe
To that which you allow of.

Lor. The same tongue

That charm'd my sword out of my hand, and threw
A frozen numbness on my active spirit,
Hath disenchanted me. Rise, fairest princess !
And, that it may appear I do receive
Your counsel as inspired from heaven, I will
Obey and follow it : I am your debtor.
And must confess you have lent my weaken'd
reason

New strengths once more to hold a full command
Over my passions. Here, to the world,
I freely do profess that I disclaim
All interest in you, and give up my title,
Such as it is, to you, sir ; and, as far
As I have power, thus join your hands.

Gen. To yours

I add my full consent.

Uber. I am lost, Farneze.

Farn. Much nearer to the port than you sup-
pose :—

In me our laws speak, and forbid this contract.

Matil. Ah me, new stops !

Hort. Shall we be ever cross'd thus ?

Farn. There is an act upon record, confirm'd
By your wise predecessors, that no heir
Of Mantua (as questionless the princess
Is the undoubted one) must be join'd in marriage,
But where the match may strengthen the estate
And safety of the dukedom. Now, this gentleman,
However I must style him honourable,
And of a high desert, having no power
To make this good in his alliance, stands
Excluded by our laws ; whereas this prince,
Of equal merit, brings to Mantua
The power and principality of Parma :
And therefore, since the great duke hath let fall
His plea, there lives no prince that justlier can
Challenge the princess's favour.

Lor. Is this true, sir ?

Gen. I cannot contradict it.

Enter MANFROY.

Man. There's an ambassador
From Milan, that desires a present audience ;
His business is of highest consequence,
As he affirms : I know him for a man
Of the best rank and quality.

Hort. From Milan !

Gon. Admit him.

Enter Ambassador, and JULIO with a letter, which he presents on his knee to MONTENSSIO.

How ! so low ?

Amb. I am sorry, sir,
To be the bringer of this heavy news ;
But since it must be known——

Hort. Peace rest with him !
I shall find fitter time to mourn his loss.
My faithful servant too !

Jul. I am o'erjoy'd,
To see your highness safe.

Hort. Pray you, peruse this,
And there you'll find that the objection,
The lord Farneze made, is fully answer'd.

Gon. The great John Galeas dead !

Lor. And this his brother,
The absolute lord of Milan !

Matil. I am revived.

Uber. There's no contending against destiny :
I wish both happiness.

Enter ALONZO, MARIA, OCTAVIO, PIRANO, and MARTINO.

Lor. Married, Alonzo !

I will salute your lady, she's a fair one,
And seal your pardon on her lips. [*Kisses MARIA.*]

Gon. Octavio !

Welcome e'en to my heart. Rise, I should kneel
To thee for mercy.

Oct. The poor remainder of
My age shall truly serve you.

Matil. You resemble
A page I had, Ascanio.

Mar. I am
Your highness' servant still.

Lor. All stand amazed
At this unlook'd-for meeting ; but defer
Your several stories. Fortune here hath shewn
Her various power ; but virtue, in the end,
Is crown'd with laurel : Love hath done his parts
And mutual friendship, after bloody jars, [too ;
Will cure the wounds received in our wars.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

Pray you, gentlemen, keep your seats ; something I would
Deliver to gain favour, if I could,
To us, and the still doubtful author. He,
When I desired an epilogue, answer'd me,
" 'Twas to no purpose : he must stand his fate,
" Since all entreaties now would come too late ;
" You bring long since resolved what you would say
" Of him, or us, as you rise, or of the play."
A strange old fellow ! yet this sullen mood
Would quickly leave him, might it be understood
You part not hence displeased. I am design'd
To give him certain notice : if you find
Things worth your liking, shew it. Hope and fear,
Though different passions, have the self-same ear.

THE OLD LAW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EVANDER, *Duke of Epiré.*
CRATILUS, *the Executioner.*
CREON, *Father to SIMONIDES.*
SIMONIDES, } *young Courtiers.*
CLEANTHES, }
LYRANDER, *Husband to EUGENIA, and Uncle to*
CLEANTHES.
ERONIDES, *Father to CLEANTHES.*
GNOTHO, *the Clown.*
Lawyers.
Courtiers.
Dancing-Master.
Butler,
Baillif,
Tailor,
Coachman, } *Servants to CREON.*
Footman,
Cook,

Clorg.
Draws.

ANTHONA, *Wife to CREON.*
HIPPOLITA, *Wife to CLEANTHES.*
EUGENIA, *Wife to LYRANDER, and Mother to*
PARTHENIA.
PARTHENIA.
AGATHA, *Wife to GNOTHO.*
Old Woman, Wives to CREON'S Servants.
Courtesan.

Fiddlers, Servants, Guard, &c.

SCENE,—EPIRÉ.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in CREON'S House.

Enter SIMONIDES and two Lawyers.

Sim. Is the law firm, sir?

1 Law. The law! what more firm, sir,
More powerful, forcible, or more permanent?

Sim. By my troth, sir,
I partly do believe it; conceive, sir,
You have indirectly answered my question.

I did not doubt the fundamental grounds

Of law in general, for the most solid;

But this particular law that me concerns,
Now, at the present, if that be firm and strong,

And powerful, and forcible, and permanent?

I am a young man that has an old father.

2 Law. Nothing more strong, sir.

It is—*Secundum statutum principis, confirmatum*
cum voce senatus, et voce reipublicæ; nay, con-
summum et exemplificatum.

Is it not in force,

When divers have already tasted it,

And paid their lives for penalty?

Sim. 'Tis true.

My father must be next; this day completes
Full fourscore years upon him.

2 Law. He is here, then,

Sub pænis statuti: hence I can tell him,
Truer than all the physicians in the world,
He cannot live out to-morrow; this
Is the most certain climacterical year—

'Tis past all danger, for there's no escaping it.
What age is your mother, sir!

Sim. Faith, near her days too;

Wants some two of threescore.

1 Law. So! she'll drop away
One of these days too: here's a good age now,
For those that have old parents, and rich inheri-
tance!

Sim. And, sir, 'tis profitable for others too:
Are there not fellows that lie bedrid in their offices,
That younger men would walk lustily in?
Churchmen, that even the second infancy
Hath silenced, yet have spun out their lives so
long,

That many pregnant and ingenious spirits
Have languish'd in their hoped reversion's,
And died upon the thought? and, by your leave,
Have you not places fill'd up in the law, [sir,
By some grave senators, that you imagine
Have held them long enough, and such spirits as
you,

Were they removed, would leap into their dignities?

1 Law. *Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi mag-*
nus Apollo.

Sim. But tell me, faith, your fair opinion:

Is't not a sound and necessary law,

This, by the duke enacted:

1 Law. Never did Greece,
Our ancient seat of brave philosophers,
'Mongst all her *nomothetæ* and lawgivers,
Not when she flourish'd in her sevenfold sages,
Whose living memory can never die,
Produce a law more grave and necessary.

Sim. I am of that mind too.

2 *Law*. I will maintain, sir,
Draco's oligarchy, that the government
Of community reduced into few,
Framed a fair state; Solon's *chreokopia*,
That cut off poor men's debts to their rich creditors,

Was good and charitable, but not full, allow'd;
His *seisactheia* did reform that error,
His honourable senate of Areopagite.
Lycurgus was more loose, and gave too free
And licentious reins unto his discipline;
As that a young woman, in her husband's weakness,
Might choose her able friend to propagate;
That so the commonwealth might be supplied
With hope of lusty spirits. Plato did err.
And so did Aristotle, in allowing
Lewd and luxurious limits to their laws:
But now our Epire, our Epire's Evander,
Our noble and wise prince, has hit the law
That all our predecessive students
Have miss'd, unto their shame.

Enter CLEANTHES.

Sim. Forbear the praise, sir,
'Tis in itself most pleasing:—Cleanthes!
O, lud, here's a spring for young plants to flourish!
The old trees must down kept the sun from us;
We shall rise now, boy.

Clean. Whither, sir, I pray?
To the bleak air of storms, among those trees
Which we had shelter from?

Sim. Yes, from our growth
Our sap and livelihood, and from our fruit.
What! 'tis not jubilee with thee yet, I think,
Thou look'st so sad on't. How old is thy father?

Clean. Jubilee! no, indeed; 'tis a bad year
with me.

Sim. Prithoe, how old's thy father? then I can
tell thee

Clean. I know not how to answer you, *Sim*,
~~monstrous~~

He is too old, being now exposed
Unto the rigour of a cruel edict;
And yet not old enough by many years,
'Cause I'd not see him go an hour before me.

Sim. These very passions I speak to my father.
Come, come, here's none but friends here, we may
speak

Our insides freely; these are lawyers, man,
And shall be counsellors shortly.

Clean. They shall be now, sir,
And shall have large fees if they'll undertake
To help a good cause, for it wants assistance;
Bad ones, I know, they can insist upon.

1 *Law*. O, sir, we must undertake of both parts;
But the good we have most good in.

Clean. Pray you, say,
How do you allow of this strange edict?

1 *Law*. *Secundum justitiam*; by my faith, sir,
The happiest edict that ever was in Epire.

Clean. What, to kill innocents, sir? it cannot
It is no rule in justice there to punish. [be,

1 *Law*. Oh, sir,
You understand a conscience, but not law.

Clean. Why, sir, is there so main a difference?

1 *Law*. You'll never be good lawyer if you under-
stand not that.

Clean. I think, thea, 'tis the best to be a bad
one.

1 *Law*. Why, sir, the very last and the sense

both do overthrow you in this statute, which
speaks, that every man living to fourscore years,
and women to threescore, shall then be cut off as
fruitless to the republic, and law shall finish what
nature linger'd at.

Clean. And this suit shall soon be dispatch'd in
law?

1 *Law*. It is so plain it can have no demur,
The church-book overthrows it.

Clean. And so it does;
The church-book overthrows it, if you read it well.

1 *Law*. Still you run from the law into error:
You say it takes the lives of innocents,
I say no, and so says common reason;
What man lives to fourscore, and woman to three,
That can die innocent?

Clean. A fine law evasion!
Good sir, rehearse the whole statute to me.

Sim. Fie! that's too tedious; you have already
The full sum in the brief relation.

Clean. Sir,
'Mongst many words may be found contradictions;
And these men dare sue and wrangle with a statute,
If they can pick a quarrel with some error

2 *Law*. Listen, sir, I'll gather it as brief as I
can for you:

Anno primo Evandri, Be it for the care and good
of the commonwealth, (for divers necessary reasons
that we shall urge,) thus peremptorily
enacted,—

Clean. A fair pretence, if the reasons foul it not!

2 *Law*. That all men living in our dominions of
Epire, in their decayed nature, to the age of four-
score, or women to the age of threescore, shall on
the same day be instantly put to death, by those
means and instruments that a former proclamation,
had to this purpose, through our said territories
dispersed.

Clean. There was no woman in this senate,
certain.

1 *Law*. That these men, being past their bearing
arms, to aid and defend their country; past their
manhood and likelihood, to propagate any further
issue to their posterity; and as well past their
councils (whose overgrown gravity is now run into
dotage) to assist their country; to whom, in com-
mon reason, nothing should be so wearisome as
their own lives, as they may be supposed tedious to
their successive heirs, whose times are spent in the
good of their country: yet wanting the means to
maintain it; and are like to grow old before their
inheritance (born to them) come to their necessary
use, be condemned to die: for the women, for that
they never were a defence to their country; never
by counsel admitted to assist in the government of
their country; only necessary to the propagation
of posterity, and now, at the age of threescore, past
that good, and all their goodness: it is thought fit
(a quarter abated from the more worthy member)
that they be put to death, as is before recited: pro-
vided that for the just and impartial execution of
this our statute, the example shall first begin in
and about our court, which ourself will see care-
fully performed; and not, for a full month fol-
lowing, extend any further into our dominions.
Dated the sixth of the second month, at our Palace
Royal in Epire.

Clean. A fine edict, and very fairly gilded!
And is there no scruple in all these words,
To demur the law upon occasion?

Sim. Pox ! 'tis an unnecessary inquisition ;
Prithee set him not about it.

2 Law. Troth, none, sir :

It is so evident and plain a case,

There is no succour for the defendant.

Clean. Possible ! can nothing help in a good case ?

1 Law. Faith, sir, I do think there may be a hole,

Which would protract ; delay, if not remedy.

Clean. Why, there's some comfort in that ; good sir, speak it.

1 Law. Nay, you must pardon me for that, sir.

Sim. Prithee, do not ;

It may ope a wound to many sons and heirs,
That may die after it.

Clean. Come, sir, I know

How to make you speak :—will this do it ?

[Gives him his purse]

1 Law. I will afford you my opinion, sir.

Clean. Pray you, repeat the literal words of the time of death. *[pressly,*

Sim. 'Tis an unnecessary question ; prithee let it alone. *]*

2 Law. Hear his opinion, 'twill be fruitless sir.
That man, at the age of fourscore, and woman at threescore, shall the same day be put to death.

1 Law. Thus I help the man to twenty-one years

Clean. That were a fair addition. *[more.]*

1 Law. Mark it, sir ; we say, man is not at age
Till he be one and twenty ; before, 'tis infancy,
And adolescence ; now, by that addition,
Fourscore he cannot be, till a hundred and one.

Sim. Oh, poor evasion !

He is fourscore years old, sir.

1 Law. That helps more, sir ;

He begins to be old at fifty, so, at fourscore,
He's but thirty years old ; so, believe it, sir,
He may be twenty years in declination ;
And so long may a man linger and live by it.

Sim. The worst hope of safety that e'er I heard !
Give him his fee again, 'tis not worth two deniers.

1 Law. There is no law for restitution of fees, sir.

Clean. No, no, sir ; I meant it lost when it was given.

Enter CREON and ANTIGONA.

Sim. No more, good sir,

Here are ears unnecessary for your doctrine.

1 Law. I have spoke out my fee, and I have

Sim. O my dear father ! *[done, sir.]*

Creon. Tush ! meet me not in exclaims ;

I understand the worst, and hope no better.

A fine law ! if this hold, white heads will be cheap,
And many watchmen's places will be vacant ;

Forty of them I know my seniors,
That did due deeds of darkness too :—their country

Has watch'd them a good turn for't,

And t' 'en them napping now :

The fewer hospitals will serve too, many

May be used for stews and brothels ; and those
Will never trouble them to fourscore. *[people]*

Ant. Can you play and sport with sorrow, sir ?

Creon. Sorrow, for what, Antigona ? for my life ?

My sorrow is I have kept it so long well,

With bringing it up unto so ill an end.

I might have gently lost it in my cradle,

Before my nerves and ligaments grew strong,

To bind it faster to me.

Sim. For mine own sake,

I should have been sorry for that.

Creon. In my youth

I was a soldier, no coward in my age ;

I never turn'd my back upon my foe ;

I have felt nature's winters, sicknesses,

Yet ever kept a lively sap in me

To greet the cheerful spring of health again.

Dangers, on horse, on foot, *[by land,]* by water,

I have escap'd to this day ; and yet this day,

Without all help of casual accidents,

Is only deadly to me, 'cause it numbers

Fourscore years to me. Where is the fault now ?

I cannot blame time, nature, nor my stars,

Nor aught but tyranny. Even kings themselves

Have sometimes tasted an even fate with me.

He that has been a soldier all his days,

And stood in personal opposition

'Gainst darts and arrows, the extremes of heat

And pinching cold, has treacherously at home,

In's secure quiet, by a villain's hand

Been basely lost, in his stars' ignorance. —

And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.

1 Law. Oh, say not so, sir, it is by the law.

Creon. And what's that, but the sword of tyranny,

When it is brandish'd against innocent lives ?

I am now upon my deathbed, and 'tis fit

I should unbosom my free conscience,

And shew the faith I die in :—I do believe

'Tis tyranny that takes my life.

Sim. Would it were gone

By one means or other ! what a long day

Will this be ere night ? *[Aside.]*

Creon. Simonides.

Sim. Here, sir,—weeping.

Creon. Wherefore dost thou weep ?

Clean. 'Cause you make no more haste to your end. *[Aside.]*

Sim. How can you question nature so unjustly ?

I had a grandfather, and then had ~~my~~ *my*

True filial tears for him ?

Clean. Hypocrite !

A disease of drought dry up all pity from him,

That can dissemble pity with wet eyes !

Creon. He good unto your mother, Simonides,

She must be now your cure.

Ant. To what end, sir ?

The bell of this sharp edict tolls for me,

As it rings out for you.—I'll be as ready,

With one hour's stay, to go along with you.

Creon. Thou must not, woman, there are years behind,

Before thou canst set forward in this voyage ;

And nature, sure, will now be kind to all :

She has a quarrel in't, a cruel law

Seeks to prevent her, she will therefore fight in't,

And draw out life even to her longest thread :

Thou art scarce fifty-five.

Ant. So many morrows !

Those five remaining years I'll turn to days,

To hours, or minutes, for your company.

'Tis fit that you and I, being man and wife,

Should walk together arm in arm.

Sim. I hope

They'll go together ; I would they would, i' faith,

Then would ~~my~~ *things* be saved too. *[Aside.]*—

The day goes away, sir.

Creon. Why shouldst thou have me gone, Simonides ?

Sim. O my heart! Would you have me gone
before you, sir,
You give me such a deadly wound?

Clean. Fine rascal!

Sim. Blemish my duty so with such a question?
Sir, I would haste me to the duke for mercy;
He that's above the law may mitigate
The rigour of the law. How a good meaning
May be corrupted by a misconstruction!

* *Creon.* Thou corrupt'st mine; I did not think
thou mean'st so.

Clean. You were in the more error. [*Aside.*

Sim. The words wounded me.

Clean. 'Twas pity thou died'st not on't.

Sim. I have been ransacking the helps of law,
Conferring with these learned advocates:
If any scruple, cause, or wrested sense

Could have been found out to preserve your life,
It had been bought, though with your full estate,
Your life's so precious to me!—but there's none.

Law. Sir, we have canvass'd her from top to
toe,

Turn'd her upside down, thrown her upon her side,
Nay, open'd and dissected all her entrails.
Yet can find none: there's nothing to be hoped,
But the duke's mercy.

Sim. I know the hope of that;
He did not make the law for that purpose.

Creon. Then to this hopeless mercy last I go;
I have so many precedents before me,
I must call it hopeless: Antigona,
See me deliver'd up unto my deathman,
And then we'll part—five years hence I'll look for
thee.

Sim. I hope she will not stay so long behind you.
[*Exit.*

Creon. Do not bate him an hour by grief and
sorrow,

Since there's a day prefix'd, hasten it not.
Suppose me sick, Antigona, dying now,
Any disease thou wilt may be my end.
Or when death's slow to come, say tyrants send.

[*Exit CREON and ANTIGONA.*

Sim. Cleanthes, if you want money, to-morrow
I'll trust you while your father's dead. [use me;
[*Exit, with the Lawyers.*

Clean. Why, here's a villain,
Able to corrupt a thousand by example!
Does the kind root bleed out his livelihood
In parent distribution to his branches,
Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,
Proud that his pride is seen when he's unseen.
And must not gratitude descend again,
To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter:
Unprovident, or at least partial nature!
Weak woman in this kind, who, in thy last
breath,

Forgets all the former, ever making
The burden of thy last throes the dearest darling!
O yet in nobler reform [reform] it,
And make us wiser than those vegetives,
Whose souls are with them. Nature, as thou art

If love and life be not dead in thee,
Make some new pattern of thyself,
Lest all do seem unnaturally dead in thee,
And thou be blamed for our misdeeds.

And be no seductions! As the ground
Where we are born, we breathe will be our own,

An edifice of honour, or of shame,
To all mankind.

Hip. You must avoid it, sir,
If there be any love within yourself:
This is far more than fate of a lost game
That another venture may restore again;
It is your life, which you should not subject
To any cruelty, if you can preserve it.

Clean. O dearest woman, thou hast doubled
now

A thousand times thy nuptial dowry to me!—
Why, she whose love is but derived from me,
Is got before me in my debted duty.

Hip. Are you thinking such a resolution, sir?

Clean. Sweetest Hippolita, what love taught thee
To be so forward in so good a cause?

Hip. Mine own pity, sir, did first instruct me,
And then your love and power did both command
me.

Clean. They were all blessed angels to direct
thee;

And take their counsel. How do you fare, sir?

Leon. Cleanthes, never better; I have conceived
Such a new joy within this old bosom,
As I did never think would there have enter'd.

Clean. Joy call you it? alas! 'tis sorrow, sir,
The worst of sorrows, sorrow unto death.

Leon. Death! what is that, Cleanthes? I
thought not on't,

I was in contemplation of this woman:
'Tis all thy comfort, son; thou hast in her
A treasure invaluable, keep her safe.
When I die, sure 'twill be a gentle death,
For I will die with wonder of her virtues;
Nothing else shall dissolve me.

Clean. 'Twere much better, sir,
Could you prevent their malice.

Leon. I'll prevent them,
And die the way I told thee, in the wonder
Of this good woman. I tell thee there's few men
Have such a child: I must thank thee for her.
That the strong tie of wedlock should do more,
Than nature in her nearest ligaments
Of blood and propagation! I should never
Have begot such a daughter of my own:
A daughter-in-law! law were above nature,
Were there more such children.

Clean. This admiration
Helps nothing to your safety; think of that, sir.

Leon. Had you heard her, Cleanthes, but labour
In the search of means to save my forfeit life,
And knew the wise and the sound preservations
That she found out, you would redouble all
My wonder, in your love to her.

Clean. The thought,
The very thought, sir, claims all that from me,
And she is now possess'd of't: but, good sir,
If you have aught received from her advice,
Let's follow it; or else let's better think,
And take the surest course.

Leon. I'll tell thee one;
She counsels me to fly my severe country;
To turn all into treasure, and there build up
My decaying fortunes in a safer soil,
Where Epire's law cannot claim me.

Clean. And, sir,
I apprehend it as a safest course,
And may be easily accomplished;
Let us all most expeditious.
Even where we breathe will be our own,

Or better soil, heaven is the roof of all,
And now, as Epire's situate by this law,
There is 'twixt us and heaven a dark eclipse

Hip Oh, then avoid it, sir, these sad events
Follow those black predictions.

Leon I prithee peace,
I do allow thy love, Hippolita
But must not follow it as counsel, child
I must not shame my country for the law
This country here hath bred me brought me up
And shall I now refuse a grave in her?
I am in my second infancy and children
Ne'er sleep so sweetly in their nurse's cradle
As in their natural mother's

Hip Ay, but, sir,
She is unnatural then the stepmother's
To be preferred before her

Leon Tush! she shall
Allow it me in despite of her entails
Why, do you think how far from judgment tis
That I should travel forth to seek a grave
That is already digg'd for me at home
Nay, perhaps find it in my way to seek it?
How have I then thought a repentant sorrow
For your dear loves how have I banish'd you
From your country ever? With my base attempt
How have I beggar'd you in wasting that
Which only for your sakes I bled together
Buried my name in a pure which I built
Upon this frame to live for ever in?
What a base coward shall I be to fly from
That enemy which every minute meets me
And thousand odds he had not long to conquer me
Before this hour of battle! Tily my death!
I will not be so false unto your states
Nor fainting to the man that's yet in me
I'll meet him bravely, I cannot (this knowing)
fear

That, when I am gone hence I shall be there
Come I have days of preparation left

Clean Good sir hear me
I have a genius that has prompted me,
And I have almost form'd it into words—
This done, pray you observe them, I can conceal
And yet not leave your country

Leon Tush! it cannot be,
Without a certain peril on us all
Clean Danger must be hazarded, rather than
accept

A sure destruction You have a lodge, sir,
So far remote from way of passengers,
That seldom any mortal eye does greet with't,
And yet so sweetly situate with thickets,
Built with such cunning labyrinths within,
As if the provident heavens, foresewing cruelty,
Had bid you frame it to this purpose only
Leon Fie! 'tis dangerous,—and treason too,
To abuse the law.

Hip 'Tis holy care, sir,
Of your dear life, which is your own to keep,
But not your own to lose either in will
Or negligence

Clean Call you it treason, sir?
I had been then a traitor unto you,
Had I forgot this, beseech you, accept of it,
It is secure, and a duty to yourself

Leon What a coward will you make me!
Clean You mistake

'Tis noble courage now you fight with death,
And yield not to him till you stoop under him

Leon This must needs open to discovery,
And then what torment follows?

Clean By what means, sir?
Why, there is but one body in all this counsel,
Which cannot betray itself we two are one,
One soul, one body, one heart, that think one
And yet we two are not completely one, [thought
But as I have derived myself from you —
Who shall betray us where there is no second?

Hip You must not mistrust my faith, though
Weakness and frailty for me [myself a plead

Leon Oh, I dare not
But where's the means that must make answer for
I cannot be lost without a full account [me
And what must pay that reckoning?

Clean Oh sir, we will
Keep solemn obits for your funeral
We'll seem to weep and seem to joy withal
That death so gently has prevented you
The law's sharp rigour, and this no mortal ear shall
Participate the knowledge of

Leon Ha, ha, ha!
This will be a sportive fine demur
If the crime be not found

Clean Pray doubt of none
Your company and best provision
Must be no further furnish'd than by us,
And in the interim, your solitude may
Converse with heaven, and fully prepare
[For that] which was too violent and raging
Thrown headlong on you

Leon Still there at some doubts
Of the discovery, yet I do allow it

Hip Will you not mention now the cost and
Which will be in your keeping? [charge,

Leon That will be somewhat
Which you might save too

Clean With his will against him,
What for is more to man than man himself?
Are you revolved sir?

Leon I am, Cleanthes
If by this means I do get a reprieve,
And cozen death awhile, when he shall come
Armed in his own power to give the blow,
I'll smile upon him then, and laugh

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before the Palace.

Enter EVANDER, COURTIER, and CHATLON.

Evan. Executioner!

Crat My lord

Evan. How did old Diocles take his death?

Crat As wedding brides receive the crown
With trembling, yet with patience.

Evan Why, Cleanthes?

I Court Nay, I know my father well,
my lord,

Whene'er he came to die, I'd that of him,
= = =

Which made me the more willing to part from him:
He was not fit to live in the world, indeed
Any time these ten years, my lord,
But I would not say so much.

* *Evan.* No! you did not well in't,
For he that's all spent, is ripe for death at all hours,
And does but trifle time out.

1 *Court.* Troth, my lord,
I would I'd known your mind nine years ago.

* *Evan.* Our law is fourscore years, because we
Dotage complete then, as unfruitfulness [Judge
In women, at threescore; marry, if the son
Can, within compass, bring good solid proofs
Of his own father's weakness, and unfitness
To live, or away the living, though he want five
Or ten years of his number, that's not it;
His defect makes him fourscore, and 'tis fit
He dies when he deserves; for every act
Is in effect then, when the cause is ripe.

2 *Court.* An admirable prince! how rarely he
talks!

Oh that we'd known this, lads! What a time did
we endure
In two-penny common, and in boots twice
vamp'd!

1 *Court.* Now we have two pair a week, and yet
not thankful;

'Twill be a fine world for them, sirs, that come
2 *Court.* Ay, an they knew it. [after us.

1 *Court.* Peace, let them never know it.
3 *Court.* A pox, there be young heirs will soon
smell't out.

2 *Court.* 'Twill come to them by instinct, man:
may your grace
Never be old, you stand so well for youth!

* *Evan.* Why now, methinks, our court looks like
a spring,
Sweet, fresh, and fashionable, now the old weeds
are gone.

1 *Court.* It is as a court should be:
Gloss and good clothes, my lord, no matter for
And herein your law proves a provident act, [merit;
When men pass not the palsy of their tongues,
Nor colour in their cheeks.

* *Evan.* But women,
By that law, should live long, for they're ne'er
past it.

1 *Court.* It will have heats though, when they
see the painting
Go an inch deep i' th' wrinkle, and take up
A box more than their gossips: but for men, my
That should be the sole bravery of a palace, [lord,
To walk with hollow eyes and long white beards,
As if a prince dwelt in a land of goats;
With clothes as if they sat on their backs on pur-
To arraign a fashion, and condemn't to exile; [pose
Their pockets in their sleeves, as if they laid
Their ear to avarice, and heard the devil whisper!
Now ours lie downward, here, close to the flank;
Right spending ~~profligate~~ as a son's should be,
That lives i' the fashion: where our diseased fathers,
Worried with the ~~scintilla~~ and aches,
Brought up your pained hose first, which ladies
laugh'd at.

Giving no reverence to the place has ruin'd:
They love a doublet that's three hours a buttoning,
And sits so close makes a man groan again,
And his soul murther half a day: yet those are those,
That carry away and worth; prick'd up in clothes,
Why should we fear our rising?

* *Evan.* You but wrong
Our kindness, and your own deserts, to doubt on't
Has not our law made you rich before your time?
Our countenance then can make you honourable.

1 *Court.* We'll spare for no cost, sir, to appear
worthily.

* *Evan.* Why you're i' the noble way then, for the
Are but appearers; worth itself is lost, [most
And bravery stands for't.

Enter CREON, ANTHONA, and SIMONIDES.

1 *Court.* Look, look, who comes here!
I smell death, and another courtier,
Simonides.

2 *Court.* Sim!

* *Sim.* Pish! I'm not for you yet,
Your company's too costly; after the old man's
Dispatch'd, I shall have time to talk with you;
I shall come into the fashion you shall see too,
After a day or two; in the mean time,
I am not for your company.

* *Evan.* Old Creon, you have been expected long;
Sure you're above fourscore.

* *Sim.* Upon my life,
Not four and twenty hours, my lord; I search'd
The church-book yesterday. Does your grace think
I'd let my father wrong the law, my lord?
'Twere pity o' my life then! no, your act
Shall not receive a minute's wrong by him,
While I live, sir; and he's so just himself too,
I know he would not offer't:—here he stands.

* *Creon.* 'Tis just I die, indeed; for I confess
I am troublesome to life now, and the state
Can hope for nothing worthy from me now,
Either in force or counsel? I've o'late
Employ'd myself quite from the world, and he
That once begins to serve his Maker faithfully,
Can never serve a worldly prince well after;
'Tis clean another way.

* *Ant.* Oh, give not confidence
To all he speaks, my lord, in his own injury.
His preparation only for the next world,
Makes him talk wildly, to his wrong, of this;
He is not lost in judgment.

* *Sim.* She spoils all again. [*Ande.*

* *Ant.* Deserving any way for state employment.

* *Sim.* Mother—

* *Ant.* His very household laws prescribed at
home by him,
Are able to conform seven Christian kingdoms,
They are so wise and virtuous.

* *Sim.* Mother, I say—

* *Ant.* I know your laws extend not to desert, sir,
But to unnecessary years; and, my lord,
His are not such; though they shew white, they
Judicious, able, and religious. [*are worthy,*

* *Sim.* Mother,

I'll help you to a courtier of nineteen.

* *Ant.* Away, unnatural!

* *Sim.* Then I am no fool, sure,
For to be natural at such a time
Were a fool's part, indeed.

* *Ant.* Your grace's pity,
And 'tis but fit and just.

* *Creon.* The law, my lord,
And that's the justest way.

* *Sim.* Well said, father, i' faith!

Thou wert ever juster than my mother still.

* *Evan.* Come hither, sir.

* *Sim.* My lord.

Evan. What are those orders?

Ant. Worth observation, sir,
So please you hear them read.

Sim. The woman speaks she knows not what,
my lord:

He make a law, poor man! he bought a TABLE,
indeed,

Only to learn to die by't, there's the business, now;
Wherein there are some precepts for a son too,
How he should learn to live, but I ne'er look'd on't:
For, when he's dead, I shall live well enough,
And keep a better TABLE than that, I trow.

Evan. And is that all, sir?

Sim. All, I vow, my lord;
Save a few running admonitions
Upon cheese-trenchers, as—

Take heed of whoring, shun it;
'Tis like a cheese too strong of the runnet.

And such calves' maws of wit and admonition,
Good to catch mice with, but not sons and heirs;
They are not so easily caught.

Evan. Agent for death!

Crat. Your will, my lord?

Evan. Take hence that pile of years,
Forfeit here with unprofitable age,
And, with the rest, from the high promontory,
Cast him into the sea.

Creon. 'Tis noble justice!

[Exit CRAT. with CREON.]

Ant. 'Tis cursed tyranny!

Sim. Peace! take heed, mother;
You've but short time to be cast down yourself;
And let a young courtier do't, an you be wise,
In the mean time.

Ant. Hence, slave!

Sim. Well, seven-and-fifty,
You have but three years to scold, then comes
your payment. *[Exit ANTIQONA.]*

1 *Court.* Simonides.

Sim. Pish, I'm not brave enough to hold you
talk yet,

Give a man time, I have a suit a making.

2 *Court.* We love thy form first; brave clothes
will come, man.

Sim. I'll make them come else, with a mischief
to them,
As other gallants do, that have less left them.

[Recorders within.]

Evan. Hark! whence those sounds? what's
that?

1 *Court.* Some funeral,
It seems, my lord; and young Cleanthes follows.

*Enter a Funeral Procession; the hearse followed by
CLEANTHES and HIPPOLITA, gaily dressed.*

Evan. Cleanthes!

2 *Court.* 'Tis, my lord, and in the place
Of a chief mourner too, but strangely habited.

Evan. Yet suitable to his behaviour; mark it;
He comes all the way smiling, do you observe it?
I never saw a corse so joyfully followed:
Light colours and light cheeks! who should this
'Tis a thing worth resolving. *[be?]*

Sim. One, belike,
That doth participate this our present joy.

Evan. Cleanthes.

Clean. Oh, my lord!

Evan. He laugh'd outright now;
Was ever such a contrariety seen
In natural courses yet, nay profess'd openly?

1 *Court.* I have known a widow laugh closely,
my lord,

Under her handkerchief, when t'other part
Of her old face has wept like rain in sunshine;
But all the face to laugh apparently,
Was never seen yet.

Sim. Yes, mine did once.

Clean. 'Tis, of a heavy time, the joyfull'st day
That ever son was born to.

Evan. How can that be?

Clean. I joy to make it plain,—my father's dead.

Evan. Dead!

2 *Court.* Old Leonides!

Clean. In his last month dead:
He beguiled cruel law the sweetliest,
That ever age was blest to.—
It grieves me that a tear should fall upon't,
Being a thing so joyful, but his memory

Will work it out, I see; when his poor heart broke,
I did not do so much: but leap'd for joy
So mountingly, I touch'd the stars, methought;
I would not hear of blacks, I was so light,
But chose a colour, orient like my mind:
For blacks are often such dissembling mourners,
There is no credit given to't; it has lost

All reputation by false sons and widows.
Now I would have men know what I resemble,
A truth, indeed; 'tis joy clad like a joy,
Which is more honest than a cunning grief,
That's only faced with sables for a show,
But gawdy-hearted: When I saw death come
So ready to deceive you, sir,—forgive me.
I could not choose but be entirely merry,
And yet to see now!—of a sudden,
Naming but death, I shew myself a mortal,
That's never constant to one passion long:
I wonder whence that tear came, when I smiled
In the production on't; sorrow's a thief,
That can, when joy looks on, steal forth a grief.
But, gracious leave, my lord; when I've perform'd
My last poor duty to my father's bones,
I shall return your servant.

Evan. Well, perform it,
The law is satisfied; they can but die:
And by his death, Cleanthes, you gain well,
A rich and fair revenue.

[Flourish. Enter DUKE, Courtiers, &c.]

Sim. I would I had e'en
Another father, condition he did the like.

Clean. I have past it bravely now; how blest
was I,

To have the duke in sight! now 'tis confirm'd,
Past fear or doubts confirm'd: on, on I say,
Him that brought me to man, I bring to clay.

*[Exit Funeral Procession, followed by CLEANTHES
and HIPPOLITA.]*

Sim. I am rapt now in a contemplation,
Even at the very sight of yonder hearse;
I do but think what a fine thing 'tis now
To live, and follow some seven uncles thus,
As many cousin-germans, and such people,
That will leave legacies; pox! I'd see them
hang'd else,
Ere I'd follow one of them, an they could find the
way.

Now I've enough to begin to be horrible covetous.

*Enter Butler, Teller, Bailiff, Cook, Coachman, and
Footman.*

But. We come to know your worship's plea-
sure, sir,

Having long serv'd your father, how your good will
Stands towards our entertainment.

Sim. Not a jot, i'faith :

My father wore cheap garments, he might do't ;
I shall have all my clothes come home to-morrow,
They will eat up all you, an there were more of
you, sirs.

To keep you six at livery, and still munching !

Tail. Why, I'm a tailor ; you have most need
of me, sir.

Sim. Thou mad'st my father's clothes, that I
confess ;

But what son and heir will have his father's tailor,
Unless he have a mind to be well laugh'd at ?
Thou'st been so used to wide long-side things, that
when

I come to truss, I shall have the waist of my
Lie on my buttocks, a sweet sight ! [doublet

But. I a butler.

Sim. There's least need of thee, fellow ; I shall
ne'er drink at home, I shall be so drunk abroad.

But. But a cup of small beer will do well next
morning, sir.

Sim. I grant you ; but what need I keep so big
a knave for a cup of small beer ?

Cook. Butler, you have your answer : marry,
sir, a cook

I know your mastership cannot be without.

Sim. The more ass art thou to think so ; for
what should I do with a mountebank, no drink in
my house ?—the banishing the butler might have
been a warning for thee, unless thou mean'st to
choak me.

Cook. In the mean time you have choak'd me,
methinks.

Bail. These are superfluous vanities, indeed,
And so accounted of in these days, sir ;

But then, your bailiff to receive your rents——

Sim. I prithee hold thy tongue, fellow, I shall
take a course to spend them faster than thou canst
reckon them ; 'tis not the rents must serve my
turn, unless I mean to be laugh'd at ; if a man
should be seen out of slash-me, let him ne'er look
to be a right gallant. But, sirrah, with whom is
your business ?

Coach. Your good mastership.

Sim. You have stood silent all this while, like
men

That know your strengths : in these days, none of
you

Can want employment ; you can win me wagers,
Footman, in running races.

Foot. I dare boast it, sir.

Sim. And when my bets are all come in, and
store,

Then, coachman, you can hurry me to my whore.

Coach. I'll firk them into foam else.

Sim. Speaks brave matter ;

And I'll firk some too, he't shall cost hot water.

[*Exeunt Coachman, Footman, and Footman.*]

Cook. Why, hark'st thou to make a cook a
ruffian,

And scold the devil indeed ! I'll make mad things,
Make mutton-pasties of dog's heads,

Bake snakes for lampreys, and setts for conies.

But. Come, will you be ruled by a butler's
advice once ? for we have made up our fortunes
somewhere now, as they stand, let's e'en,
therefore, go seek out some of mine and my
we can, that's within a year of their death, and so

we shall be sure to be quickly rid of them ; for a
year's enough of conscience to be troubled with a
wife, for any man living.

Cook. Oracle butler ! oracle butler ! he puts
down all the doctors o'the name. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in CREON'S House.

Enter EUGENIA and PARTHENIA.

Eug. Parthenia.

Parth. Mother.

Eug. I shall be troubled
This six months with an old clog ; would the law
Had been cut one year shorter !

Parth. Did you call, forsooth ?

Eug. Yes, you must make some spoonmeat for
your father, [*Exit PARTHENIA.*]

And warm three nightcaps for him. Out upon't !
The mere conceit turns a young woman's stomach.
His slippers must be warm'd, in August too,
And his gown girt to him in the very dog-days,
When every mastiff lolls out's tongue for heat.
Would not this vex a beauty of nineteen now ?
Alas ! I should be tumbling in cold baths now,
Under each armpit a fine bean-flower bag,
To screw out whiteness when I list——

And some sev'n of the properest men in the
dukedom

Making a banquet ready i'the next room for me ;
Where he that gets the first kiss is envied,
And stands upon his guard a fortnight after.
This is a life for nineteen ! 'tis but justice :
For old men, whose great acts stand in their minds,
And nothing in their bodies, do ne'er think
A woman young enough for their desire ;
And we young wenches, that have mother-wits,
And love to marry muck first, and man after,
Do never think old men are old enough,
That we may soon be rid o' them ; there's our
quintance.

I've waited for the happy hour this two years,
And, if death be so unkind to let him live still,
All that time I have lost.

Enter Courtiers.

1 *Court.* Young lady !

2 *Court.* O sweet precious bud of beauty !
Troth, she smells over all the house, methinks.

1 *Court.* The sweetbriar's but a counterfeit to it to
It does exceed you only in the prickle, [her——
But that it shall not long, if you'll be ruled, lady.

Eug. What means this sudden visitation, gen-
tlemen ?

So passing well perfumed too ! who's your milli-
1 *Court.* Love, and thy beauty, widow. [ner ?

Eug. Widow, sir ?

1 *Court.* 'Tis sure, and that's as good : in troth
we're suitors ;

We come a wooing, wench ; plain dealing's best.

Eug. A wooing ! what, before my husband's
dead ?

2 *Court.* Let's lose no time ; six months will
have an end ;

I know't by all the bonds that e'er I made yet.

Eug. That's a sure knowledge ; but it holds not
here, sir.

1 *Court.* Do not we know the craft of you young
wenches ?

How you wed an old man, you think upon

Another husband as you are marrying of him ;—
We, knowing your thoughts, made bold to see you.

Enter SIMONIDES richly drest, and Coachman.

Eug. How wondrous right he speaks ! 'twas my thought, indeed.

Sim. By your leave, sweet widow, do you lack any gallants ?

Eug. Widow, again ! 'tis a comfort to be call'd

1 *Court.* Who's this ? Simonides ? [so.]

2 *Court.* Brave Sim, i'faith !

Sim. Coachman !

Coach. Sir.

Sim. Have an especial care of my new mares ;
They say, sweet widow, he that loves a horse well,
Must needs love a widow well.—When dies thy
Is't not July next ? [husband ?]

Eug. Oh, you are too hot, sir !

Pray cool yourself, and take September with you.

Sim. September ! oh, I was but two bows wide.

1 *Court.* Simonides.

Sim. I can entreat you, gallants, I'm in fashion too.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Ha ! whence this herd of folly ? what are you ?

Sim. Well-willers to your wife : pray 'tend your book, sir ;

We've nothing to say to you, you may go die,
For here be those in place that can supply.

Lys. What's thy wild business here ?

Sim. Old man, I'll tell thee ;

I come to beg the reversion of thy wife :

I think these gallants be of my mind too.—

But thou art but a dead man, therefore what
should a man do talking with thee ? Come, widow,
stand to your tackling.

Lys. Lascivious blood-hounds !

Sim. Let the ghost talk, ne'er mind him.

Lys. Shames of nature !

Sim. Alas, poor ghost ! consider what the man is.

Lys. Monsters unnatural ! you that have been
covetous

Of your own father's death, gape you for mine
now ?

Cannot a poor old man, that now can reckon
Even all the hours he has to live, live quiet,
For such wild beasts as these, that neither hold
A certainty of good within themselves,
But scatter others' comforts that are ripen'd
For holy uses ? is hot youth so hasty,
It will not give an old man leave to die,
And leave a widow first, but will make one,
The husband looking on ? May your destructions
Come all in hasty figures to your souls !
Your wealth depart in haste, to overtake
Your honesties, that died when you were infants !
May your male seed be hasty spendthrifts too,
Your daughters hasty sinners, and diseased
Ere they be thought at years to welcome misery !
And may you never know what leisure is,
But at repentance !—I am too uncharitable,
Too foul ; I must go cleanse myself with prayers.
These are the plagues of fondness to old men,
We're punish'd home with what we dote upon.

[Exit.]

Sim. So, so ! the ghost is vanish'd : now, your
answer, lady.

Eug. Excuse me, gentlemen ; 'twere as much
impudence

In me, to give you a kind answer yet,
As madness to produce a churlish one.

I could say now, come a month hence, sweet
gentlemen,

Or two, or three, or when you will, indeed ;

But I say no such thing. I set no time,

Nor is it mannerly to deny any.

I'll carry an even hand to all the world :

Let other women make what haste they will,

What's that to me ? but I profess unfeignedly,

I'll have my husband dead before I marry ;

Ne'er look for other answer at my hands.

Sim. Would he were hung'd, for my part, looks

Eug. I'm at a word. [for other !]

Sim. And I am at a blow, then ;

I'll lay you o' the lips, and leave you.

[Kisses her.]

1 *Court.* Well struck, Sim.

Sim. He that dares say he'll mend it, I'll strike
him.

1 *Court.* He would betray himself to be a
That goes about to mend it. [botcher,

Eug. Gentlemen,

You know my mind ; I bar you not my house :

But if you choose out hours more seasonably,

You may have entertainment.

Re-enter PANTHENA.

Sim. What will she do hereafter, when she is a
Keeps open house already ? [widow,

[Exit SIMONIDES and Courtiers.]

Eug. How now, girl !

Parth. Those feather'd fools that hither took
Have grieved my father much. [their flight,

Eug. Speak well of youth, wench,

While thou'st a day to live ; 'tis youth must make
thee,

And when youth fails, wise women will make it ;

But always take age first, to make thee rich :

That was my counsel ever, and then youth

Will make thee sport enough all thy life after.

'Tis the time's policy, wench ; what is't to bide

A little hardness for a pair of years, or so ?

A man whose only strength lies in his breath,

Weakness in all parts else, thy bedfellow,

A cough o' the lungs, or say a wheezing matter ;

Then shake off chains, and dance all thy life after :

Parth. Every one to their liking ; but I say

An honest man's worth all, be he young or gray.

Yonder's my cousin. *[Exit.]*

Enter HIPPOLITA.

Eug. Art, I must use thee now ;
Dissembling is the best help for a virtue,
That ever women had ; it saves their credit oft.

Hip. How now, cousin !

What, weeping ?

Eug. Can you blame me, when the time
Of my dear love and husband now draws on ?

I study funeral tears against the day

I must be a sad widow.

Hip. In troth, *Eugenia*, I have cause to weep

But, when I visit, I come comfortably. *[too ;*

And look to be so comforted ;—yet more sobbing ?

Eug. Oh !

The greatest part of my affliction's past,
The worst of mine is to come ; I have one to die ;

Your husband's father is dead, and fixed in his

Eternal peace, past that sharp tyrannous blow,

Hip. You must not grieve, coz

Eug. Tell me of patience !

Hip. You have example for't, in me and many.

Eug. Yours was a father-in-law, but mine a husband :

O, for a woman that could love, and live
With an old man, mine is a jewel, cousin ;
So quietly he lies by one, so still !

Hip. Alas ! I have a secret lodged within me,
Which now will out in pity :—I cannot hold.

[*Aside.*]

Eug. One that will not disturb me in my sleep
For a whole month together, less it be
With those diseases age is subject to,
As aches, coughs, and pains, and these, heaven
knows,

Against his will too :—he's the quietest man,
Especially in bed.

Hip. Be comforted.

Eug. How can I, lady ?

None know the terror of an husband's loss,
But they that fear to lose him.

Hip. Fain would I keep it in, but 'twill not be ;
She is my kinswoman, and I am pitiful.
I must impart a good, if I know it once,
To them that stand in need on't ; I'm like one
Loves not to banquet with a joy alone,
My friends must partake too. [*Aside.*—*Prithce,*
cease, cousin ;

If your love be so boundless, which is rare,
In a young woman, in these days, I tell you,
To one so much past service as your husband,
There is a way to beguile law, and help you ;
My husband found it out first.

Eug. Oh, sweet cousin !

Hip. You may conceal him, and give out his
Within the time ; order his funeral too ; [death
We had it so for ours, I praise heav'n for't,
And he's alive and safe.

Eug. O blessed coz,
How thou revivest me !

Hip. We daily see
The good old man, and feed him twice a day.
Methinks, it is the sweetest joy to cherish him.
That ever life yet shew'd me.

Eug. So should I think,
A dainty thing to nurse an old man well !

Hip. And then we have his prayers and daily
blessing :

And we two live so lovingly upon it,
His son and I, and so contentedly,
You cannot think unless you tasted on't.

Eug. No, I warrant you. Oh, loving cousin,
What a great sorrow hast thou eased me of ?
A thousand thanks go with thee !

Hip. I have a suit to you,
I must not have you weep when I am gone.

[*Exit.*]

Eug. No, if I do ne'er trust me. Easy fool,
Thou hast put thyself into my power for ever ;
Take heed of angering of me : I conceal !
I feign a funeral ! I keep my husband !
'Las ! I've been thinking any time these two years,
I have kept him too long already.—
I'll go count o'er my suitors, that's my business,
And prick the man down : I've six months to do't,
But could dispatch it in one, were I put to't.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Church.*

Enter Gnotho and Clerk.

Gnoth. You have search'd over the parish-
chronicle, sir ?

Clerk. Yes, sir ; I have found out the true age
and date of the party you wot on.

Gnoth. Pray you, be cover'd, sir.

Clerk. When you have shewed me the way, sir.

Gnoth. Oh, sir, remember yourself, you are a
clerk.

Clerk. A small clerk, sir.

Gnoth. Likely to be the wiser man, sir ; for
your greatest clerks are not always so, as 'tis re-
ported.

Clerk. You are a great man in the parish, sir.

Gnoth. I understand myself so much the better,
sir ; for all the best in the parish pay duties to the
clerk, and I would owe you none, sir.

Clerk. Since you'll have it so, I'll be the first
to hide my head.

Gnoth. Mine is a capcase : now to our business
in hand. Good luck, I hope ; I long to be re-
solved.

Clerk. Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive
you :

This is the dial that goes ever true ;
You may say *ipse dixit* upon this witness,
And it is good in law too.

Gnoth. Pray you, let's hear what it speaks.

Clerk. Mark, sir.—*Agatha, the daughter of*

Pollux, (this is your wife's name, and the name of
her father,) *born*—

Gnoth. Whose daughter, say you ?

Clerk. The daughter of *Pollux*.

Gnoth. I take it his name was *Bollux*.

Clerk. *Pollux* the orthography I assure you, sir ;
the word is corrupted else.

Gnoth. Well, on sir,—of *Pollux* ; now come on,
Castor.

Clerk. *Born in an.* 1540, and now 'tis 99. By
this infallible record, sir, (let me see,) she's now
just fifty-nine, and wants but one.

Gnoth. I am sorry she wants so much.

Clerk. Why, sir ? alas, 'tis nothing ; 'tis but so
many months, so many weeks, so many—

Gnoth. Do not deduct it to days, 'twill be the
more tedious ; and to measure it by hourglasses
were intolerable.

Clerk. Do not think on it, sir ; half the time
goes away in sleep, 'tis half the year in nights.

Gnoth. O, you mistake me neighbour, I am loth
to leave the good old woman ; if she were gone
now it would not grieve me, for what is a year,
alas, but a lingering torment ? and were it not
better she were out of her pain ? It must needs be
a grief to us both.

Clerk. I would I knew how to ease you, neigh-
bour !

Gnoth. You speak kindly, truly, and if you say
but Amen to it, (which is a word that I know you
are perfect in,) it might be done. Clerks are the

most indifferent honest men,—for to the marriage of your enemy, or the burial of your friend, the curses or the blessings to you are all one; you say Amen to all.

Clerk. With a better will to the one than the other, neighbour: but I shall be glad to say Amen to anything might do you a pleasure.

Gnoth. There is, first, something above your duty: [*Gives him money.*] now I would have you set forward the clock a little, to help the old woman out of her pain.

Clerk. I will speak to the sexton; but the day will go ne'er the faster for that.

Gnoth. Oh, neighbour, you do not conceit me, not the jack of the clock-house; the hand of the dial, I mean.—Come, I know you, being a great clerk, cannot choose, but have the art to cast a figure.

Clerk. Never, indeed, neighbour; I never had the judgment to cast a figure.

Gnoth. I'll shew you on the back side of your book, look you,—what figure's this?

Clerk. Four with a cypher, that's forty.

Gnoth. So! forty; what's this, now?

Clerk. The cipher is turn'd into 9 by adding the tail, which makes forty-nine.

Gnoth. Very well understood; what is't now?

Clerk. The four is turn'd into three; 'tis now thirty-nine.

Gnoth. Very well understood; and can you do this again?

Clerk. Oh! easily, sir.

Gnoth. A wager of that! let me see the place of my wife's age again.

Clerk. Look you, sir, 'tis here, 1540.

Gnoth. Forty drachmas, you do not turn that forty into thirty-nine.

Clerk. A match with you.

Gnoth. Done! and you shall keep stakes yourself: there they are.

Clerk. A firm match—but stay, sir, now I consider it, I shall add a year to your wife's age; let me see—*Scitrophorion* the 17,—and now 'tis *Hecatomation* the 11. If I alter this, your wife will have but a month to live by law.

Gnoth. That's all one, sir; either do it, or pay me my wager.

Clerk. Will you lose your wife before you lose your wager?

Gnoth. A man may get two wives before half so much money by them; will you do it?

Clerk. I hope you will conceal me, for 'tis flat corruption.

Gnoth. Nay, sir, I would have you keep counsel; for I lose my money by't, and should be laugh'd at for my labour, if it should be known.

Clerk. Well, sir, there!—'tis done; as perfect a 39 as can be found in black and white: but mum, sir,—there's danger in this figure-casting.

Gnoth. Ay, sir, I know that: better men than you have been thrown over the bar for as little; the best is, you can be but thrown out of the belfry.

Enter the Cook, Tailor, Bailiff, and Butler.

Clerk. Lock close, here comes company; asses have ears as well as pitchers.

Cook. Oh, Gnotho, how is't? here's a trick of discarded cards of us! we were rank'd with coats, as long as old master lived.

Gnoth. And is this then the end of serving-men?

Cook. Yes, 'faith, this is the end of serving-men: a wise man were better serve one God than all the men in the world.

Gnoth. 'Twas well spoke of a cook. And are all fallen into fasting-days and Ember-weeks, that cooks are out of use?

Tail. And all tailors will be cut into lists and shreds; if this world hold, we shall grow both out of request.

But. And why not butlers as well as tailors? if they can go naked, let them neither eat nor drink.

Clerk. That's strange, methinks, a lord should turn away his tailor, of all men:—and how dost thou, tailor?

Tail. I do so, so; but, indeed, all our wants are long of this publican, my lord's bailiff; for had he been rent-gatherer still, our places had held together still, that are now seam-rent, nay crack'd in the whole piece.

Bail. Sir, if my lord had not sold his lands that claim his rents, I should still have been the rent-gatherer.

Cook. The truth is, except the coachman and the footman, all serving-men are out of request.

Gnoth. Nay, say not so, for you were never in more request than now, for requesting is but a kind of a begging; for when you say, I beseech your worship's charity, 'tis all one as if you say I request it; and in that kind of requesting, I am sure serving-men were never in more request.

Cook. Troth, he says true: well, let that pass, we are upon a better adventure. I see, Gnotho, you have been before us; we came to deal with this merchant for some commodities.

Clerk. With me, sir? anything that I can.

But. Nay, we have looked out our wives already: marry, to you we come to know the prices, that is, to know their ages; for so much reverence we bear to age, that the more aged, they shall be the more dear to us.

Tail. The truth is, every man has laid by his widow; so they be lame enough, blind enough, and old enough, 'tis good enough.

Clerk. I keep the town-stock; if you can but name them, I can tell their ages to a day.

All. We can tell their fortunes to an hour, then.

Clerk. Only you must pay for turning of the leaves.

Cook. Oh, bountifully.—Come, mine first.

But. The butler before the cook, while you live; there's few that eat before they drink in a morning.

Tail. Nay, then the tailor puts in his needle of priority, for men do clothe themselves before they either drink or eat.

Bail. I will strive for no place; the coachman I marry my wife, the other she will be, and that's her end and my end.

Clerk. I will marry you all, gentlemen, if you will have patience.

Gnoth. I commend your modesty, sir; you are a bailiff, whose place is to come behind other men, as it were in the bum of all the rest.

Bail. So, sir! and you were about this business too, seeking out for a widow?

Gnoth. Alack! no, sir; I am a married man,

and have those cares upon me that you would fain run into.

Bail. What, an old rich wife! any man in this age desires such a care.

Gnoth. 'Troth, sir, I'll put a venture with you, if you will; I have a lusty old quean to my wife, sound of wind and limb, yet I'll give out to take three for one at the marriage of my second wife.

Bail. Ay, sir, but how near is she to the law?

Gnoth. Take that at hazard, sir; there must be time, you know, to get a new. Unsight, unseem, I take three to one.

Bail. Two to one I'll give, if she have but two teeth in her head.

Gnoth. A match; there's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.

Bail. A match.

Cook. I shall be fitted bravely: fifty-eight, and upwards; 'tis but a year and a half, and I may chance make friends, and beg a year of the duke.

But. Hey, boys! I am made sir butler; my wife that shall be wants but two months of her time; it shall be one ere I marry her, and then the next will be a honeymoon.

Tail. I outstrip you all; I shall have but six weeks of Lent, if I get my widow, and then comes eating-tide, plump and gorgeous.

Gnoth. This tailor will be a man, if ever there were any.

Bail. Now comes my turn, I hope, Goodman Finis, you that are still at the end of all, with a so be it. Well now, sirs, do you venture there as I have done; and I'll venture here after you: Good luck, I beseech thee!

Clerk. Amen, sir.

Bail. That deserves a fee already—there 'tis; please me, and have a better.

Clerk. Amen, sir.

Cook. How, two for one at your next wife! is the old one living?

Gnoth. You have a fair match, I offer you no foul one; if death make not haste to call her, she'll make none to go to him.

But. I know her, she's a lusty woman; I'll take the venture.

Gnoth. There's five drachms for ten at my next wife.

But. A bargain.

Cook. Nay, then we'll be all merchants: give me.

Tail. And me.

But. What, has the bailiff sped?

Bail. I am content; but none of you shall know my happiness.

Clerk. As well as any of you all, believe it, sir.

Bail. Oh, clerk, you are to speak last always.

Clerk. I'll remember't hereafter, sir. You have done with me, gentlemen?

Enter AGATHA.

All. For this time, honest register.

Clerk. Fare you well then; if you do, I'll cry Amen to it. *[Exit.]*

Cook. Look you, sir, is not this your wife?

Gnoth. My first wife, sir.

But. Nay, then we have made a good match on't; if she have no froward disease, the woman may live this dozen years by her age.

Tail. I'm afraid she's broken-winded, she holds silence so long.

Cook. We'll now leave our venture to the event; I must a wooing.

But. I'll but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

Bail. So we must all; for he that goes a wooing to a widow without a weapon, will never get her.

[Exeunt all but Gnoth and AGATHA.]

Gnoth. Oh, wife, wife!

Aga. What ail you, man, you speak so passionately?

Gnoth. 'Tis for thy sake, sweet wife: who would think so lusty an old woman, with reasonable good teeth, and her tongue in as perfect use as ever it was, should be so near her time?—but the Fates will have it so.

Aga. What's the matter, man? you do amaze me.

Gnoth. Thou art not sick neither, I warrant thee.

Aga. Not that I know of, sure.

Gnoth. What pity 'tis a woman should be so near her end, and yet not sick!

Aga. Near her end, man! tush, I can guess at that;

I have years good yet of life in the remainder:

I want two yet at least of the full number;

Then the law, I know, craves impotent and useless, And not the able women.

Gnoth. Ay, alas! I see thou hast been repairing time as well as thou couldst; the old wrinkles are well filled up, but the vermilion is seen too thick, too thick—and I read what's written in thy forehead; it agrees with the church-book.

Aga. Have you sought my age, man? and, I prithee, how is it?

Gnoth. I shall but discomfort thee.

Aga. Not at all, man, when there's no remedy, I will go, though unwillingly.

Gnoth. 1539. Just; it agrees with the book. you have about a year to prepare yourself.

Aga. Out, alas! I hope there's more so. But do you not think a reprieve might be gotten for half a score—an 'twere but five years, I would not care? an able woman, methinks, were to be pitied.

Gnoth. Ay, to be pitied, but not help'd; no hope of that: for, indeed, women have so blemish'd their own reputations now-a-days, that it is thought the law will meet them at fifty very shortly.

Aga. Marry, the heavens forbid!

Gnoth. There's so many of you, that, when you are old, become witches; some profess physic, and kill good subjects faster than a burning fever; and then school-mistresses of the sweet sin, which commonly we call bawds, innumerable of that sort: for these and such causes 'tis thought they shall not live above fifty.

Aga. Ay, man, but this hurts not the good old women.

Gnoth. Faith, you are so like one another, that a man cannot distinguish them: now, were I an old woman, I would desire to go before my time, and offer myself willingly, two or three years before. Oh, those are the women, and worthy to be commended of all men in the world, that, when their husbands die, they run to be burnt to death with them: there's honour and credit! give me half a dozen such wives.

Aga. Ay, if your husband were dead before, 'twere a reasonable request: if you were dead, I could be content to be

Gnoth. Fie! that's not likely, for thou hadst two husbands before me.

Aga. Thou wouldst not have me die, wouldst thou, husband?

Gnoth. No, I do not speak to that purpose; but I say what credit it were for me and thee, if thou wouldst; then thou shouldst never be suspected for a witch, a physician, a bawd, or any of those things: and then how daintily should I mourn, for thee, how bravely should I see thee buried! when, alas, if he goes before, it cannot choose but be a great grief to him to think he has not seen his wife well buried. There be such virtuous women in the world, but too few, too few, who desire to die seven years before their time, with all their hearts.

Aga. I have not the heart to be of that mind; but, indeed, husband, I think you would have me gone.

Gnoth. No, alas! I speak but for your good and your credit; for when a woman may die quickly, why should she go to law for her death? Alack, I need not wish thee gone, for thou hast but a short time to stay with me: you do not know how near 'tis,—it must out; you have but a month to live by the law.

Aga. Out, alas!

Gnoth. Nay, scarce so much.

Aga. Oh, oh, oh, my heart! [Swoons.]

Gnoth. Ay, so! if thou wouldst go away quietly, 'twere sweetly done, and like a kind wife; lie but a little longer, and the bell shall toll for thee.

Aga. Oh, my heart, but a month to live!

Gnoth. Alas, why wouldst thou come back again for a month? I'll throw her down again—oh! woman, 'tis not three weeks; I think a fortnight is the most.

Aga. Nay, then I am gone already. [Swoons.]

Gnoth. I would make haste to the sexton now, but I'm afraid the tolling of the bell will wake her again. If she be so wise as to go now—she stirs again; there's two lives of the nine gone.

Aga. Oh! wouldst thou not help to recover me, husband?

Gnoth. Alas, I could not find in my heart to hold thee by thy nose, or box thy cheeks; it goes against my conscience.

Aga. I will not be thus frightened to my death, I'll search the church records: a fortnight!

'Tis too little of conscience, I cannot be so near; O time, if thou be'st kind, lend me but a year.

[Exit.]

Gnoth. What a spite's this, that a man cannot persuade his wife to die in any time with her good will? I have another bespoke already; though a piece of old beef will serve to breakfast, yet a man would be glad of a chicken to supper. The clerk, I hope, understands no Hebrew, and cannot write backward what he hath writ forward already, and then I am well enough.

'Tis but a month at most, if that were gone, My venture comes in with her two for one: 'Tis use enough o' conscience for a broker—[Exit.] if he had a conscience.

SCENE II.—A Room in CARON'S House.

Enter EUGENIA at one door, SIMONIDES and COURTIER at the other.

Eug. Gentlemen courtiers.

1 *Court.* All your vow'd servants, lady.

Eug. Oh, I shall kill myself with infinite Will nobody take my part? [laughter!]

Sim. An't be a laughing business, Put it to me, I'm one of the best in Europe; My father died last too, I have the most cause.

Eug. You have pick'd out such a time, sweet To make your spleen a banquet. [Gentlemen.]

Sim. Oh, the jest!

Lady, I have a jaw stands ready for't, I'll gape halfway, and meet it.

Eug. My old husband,

That cannot say his prayers out for jealousy, And madness at your coming first to woo me—

Sim. Well said.

1 *Court.* Go on.

2 *Court.* On, on.

Eug. Takes counsel with The secrets of all art, to make himself Youthful again.

Sim. How! youthful? ha, ha, ha!

Eug. A man of forty-five he would fain seem to be,

Or scarce so much, if he might have his will, indeed.

Sim. Ay, but his white hairs, they'll betray his hoariness.

Eug. Why, there you are wide: he's not the man you take him for,

Nor will you know him when you see him again; There will be five to one laid upon that.

1 *Court.* How!

Eug. Nay, you did well to laugh faintly there; I promise you, I think he'll outlive me now, And deceive law and all.

Sim. Marry, gout forbid!

Eug. You little think he was at fencing-school At four o'clock this morning.

Sim. How, at fencing-school!

Eug. Else give no trust to woman.

Sim. By this light, I do not like him, then; he's like to live Longer than I, for he may kill me first, now.

Eug. His dancer now came in as I met you.

1 *Court.* His dancer, too!

Eug. They observe turns and hours with him; The great French rider will be here at ten, With his curvetting horse.

2 *Court.* These notwithstanding, His hair and wrinkles will betray his age.

Eug. I'm sure his head and beard, as he has order'd it,

Look not past fifty now: he'll bring't to forty Within these four days, for nine times an hour He takes a black lead comb, and kems it over: Three quarters of his beard is under fifty; There's but a little tuft of fourscore left, All o'one side, which will be black by Monday.

[Enter LEANDER.]

And, to approve my truth, see where he comes! Laugh softly, gentlemen, and look upon him.

Sim. Now, by this hand, he's almost black i' the mouth, indeed. [They go aside.]

1 *Court.* He should die shortly, then.

Sim. Marry, methinks he dies too fast already,
For he was all white but a week ago.

1 Court. Oh! this same coney-white takes an
Too soon, a mischief on't! [excellent black.

2 Court. He will beguile

Us all, if that little tuft northward turn black too.

Eug. Nay, sir, I wonder 'tis so long a turning.

Sim. May be some fairy's child held forth at
Has piss'd upon that side. [midnight,

1 Court. Is this the beard?

Lys. Ah, sirrah? my young boys, I shall be for
This little mangy tuft takes up more time [you:
Than all the beard beside. Come you a wooing,
And I alive and lusty? you shall find
An alteration, jack-boys; I have a spirit yet,
(An I could match my hair to't, there's the fault,)
And can do offices of youth yet lightly;
At least, I will do, though it pain me a little.
Shall not a man, for a little foolish age,
Enjoy his wife to himself? must young court tits
Play tomboys' tricks with her, and he live? ha!
I have blood that will not bear't; yet I confess,
I should be at my prayers—but where's the dancer,
there!

Enter Dancing master.

Mast. Here, sir.

Lys. Come, come, come, one trick a day,
And I shall soon recover all again.

Eug. 'Slight, an you laugh too loud, we are all
discover'd.

Sim. And I have a scurvy grinning laugh o'mine
Will spoil all, I am afraid. [own,

Eug. Marry, take heed, sir.

Sim. Nay, an I should be hang'd I cannot leave
it;

Pup!—there 'tis. [Bursts into a laugh.

Eug. Peace! oh peace!

Lys. Come, I am ready, sir.

I hear the church-book's lost where I was born too,
And that shall set me back one twenty years;
There is no little comfort left in that:

And—then my three court-coddlings, that look par-
boil'd,

As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house—

Sim. He means me specially, I hold my life.

Mast. What trick will your old worship learn
this morning, sir?

Lys. Marry, a trick, if thou couldst teach a man,
To keep his wife to himself; I'd fain learn that.

Mast. That's a hard trick, for an old man spe-
The horse-trick comes the nearest. [cially;

Lys. Thou say'st true, i'faith,
They must be horsed indeed, else there's no keep-
ing them,

And horse-play at fourscore is not so ready.

Mast. Look you, here's your worship's horse-
trick, sir. [Gives a spring.

Lys. Nay, say not so,

'Tis none of mine; I fall down horse and man,
If I but offer at it.

Mast. My life for yours, sir.

Lys. Say'st thou me so? [Springs aloft.

Mast. Well offer'd, by my viol, sir.

Lys. A pox of this horse-trick! 't has play'd
the jade with me,

And given me a wrench i' the back.

Mast. Now here's your inturn and your trick
above ground.

Lys. Prithoe, no more, unless thou hast a mind

To lay me under-ground; one of these tricks
Is enough in a morning.

Mast. For your galliard, sir,

You are complete enough, ay, and may challenge
The proudest cockcomb of them all, I'll stand to't.

Lys. Faith, and I've other weapons for the rest
I have prepared for them, if e'er I take [too:
My Gregories here again.

Sim. Oh! I shall burst,
I can hold out no longer.

Eug. He spoils all. [They come forward

Lys. The devil and his grinners! are you come?

Bring forth the weapons, we shall find you play;
All feats of youth too, jack-boys, feats of youth.

And these the weapons, drinking, fencing, dancing:
Your own road-ways, you-clyster-pipes: I am old,
you say,

Yes, parlous old, kids, an you mark me well!
This beard cannot get children, you lank suck-eggs,
Unless such weasels come from court to help us.
We will get our own brats, you lecherous dog-bolts!

Enter a Servant with foils, and g'azzes.

Well said, down with them; now we shall see your
What! dwindle you already? [spirits.

2 Court. I have no quality.

Sim. Nor I, unless drinking may be reckon'd

1 Court. Why, Sim, it shall. [for one.

Lys. Come, dare you choose your weapon now?

1 Court. I? dancing, sir, an you will be so hasty.

Lys. We're for you, sir.

2 Court. Fencing, I.

Lys. We'll answer you too.

Sim. I am for drinking; your wet weapon there.

Lys. That wet one has cost many a princex life;
And I will send it through you with a powder!

Sim. Let it come, with a pox! I care not, so't
be drink.

I hope my guts will hold, and that's e'en all
A gentleman can look for of such trifflings.

Lys. Play the first weapon; come strike, strike,
I say.

Yes, yes, you shall be first; I'll observe court rules:
Always the worst goes foremost, so 'twill prove, I
hope. [1 Courtier dances a galliard.

So, sir! you've spit your poison; now come I.

Now, forty years go backward and assist me,
Fall from me half my age, but for three minutes,
That I may feel no crick! I will put fair for't,
Although I hazard twenty sciaticas. [Dances

So, I have hit you.

1 Court. You've done well, i'faith, sir.

Lys. If you confess it well, 'tis excellent,
And I have hit you soundly; I am warm now:
The second weapon instantly.

2 Court. What, so quick, sir?

Will you not allow yourself a breathing time?

Lys. I've breath enough at all times, Lucifer's
musk-cod

To give your perfumed worship three venues:
A sound old man puts his thrust better home,
Than a spiced young man: there I. [They fence.

2 Court. Then have at you, fourscore.

Lys. You lie, twenty, I hope, and you shall
find it.

Sim. I'm glad I miss'd this weapon, I'd had an
eye

Popt out ere this time, or my two butter-teeth
Thrust down my throat instead of a flap-dragon.

Lys. There's two, pentweeze. [His him

Mast. Excellently touch'd, sir.

2 Court. Had ever man such luck ! speak your opinion, gentlemen.

Sim. Methinks your luck's good that your eyes are in still ;

Mine would have dropt out like a pig's half roasted.

Lys. There wants a third—and there it is again !
[*Hits him again.*]

2 Court. The devil has steel'd him.

Eug. What a strong fiend is jealousy !

Lys. You are dispatch'd, bear-whelp.

Sim. Now comes my weapon in.

Lys. Here, toadstool, here.

'Tis you and I must play these three wet venués.

Sim. Venués in Venice glasses ! let them come, They'll bruise no flesh, I'm sure, nor break no bones.

2 Court. Yet you may drink your eyes out, sir.

Sim. Ay, but that's nothing ;

Then they go voluntarily : I do not

Love to have them thrust out, whether they will or no.

Lys. Here's your first weapon, duck's-ment.

Sim. How ! a Dutch what-do-you-call-'em, Stead of a German faulchion ! a shrewd weapon, And, of all things, hard to be taken down :

Yet down it must, I have a nose goes into't ;

I shall drink double, I think.

1 Court. The sooner off, Sim.

Lys. I'll pay you speedily,—with a trick I learnt once amongst drunkards, here's a half-pike.
[*Drinks*]

Sim. Half-pike comes well after Dutch what-do-you-call-'em,

They'd never be asunder by their good will.

1 Court. Well pull'd of an old fellow !

Lys. Oh, but your fellows

Full better at a rope.

1 Court. There's a hair, Sim,

In that glass.

Sim. An't be as long as a halter, down it goes ;

No hair shall cross me.
[*Drinks.*]

Lys. I'll make you stink worse than your pole-cats do :

Here's long-sword, your last weapon.

[*Offers him the glass.*]

Sim. No more weapons.

1 Court. Why, how now, Sim ? bear up, thou shamest us all, else.

Sim. 'Slight I shall shame you worse, an I stay longer.

I have got the scotomy in my head already,

The whimsey : you all turn round—do not you dance, gallants ?

2 Court. Pish ! what's all this ! why, Sim, look, the last venué.

Sim. No more venués go down here, for these are coming up again.
[*two*]

2 Court. Out ! the disgrace of drinkers !

Sim. Yes, 'twill out,

Do you smell nothing yet ?

1 Court. Smell !

Sim. Farewell quickly, then ;

You will do, if I stay.
[*Exit.*]

1 Court. A foil go with thee !

Lys. What, shall we put down youth at her own virtues ?

Beast folly in her own ground ! wondrous much !

Why may not we be held as full sufficient

To love our own wives then, get our own children,
And live in free peace till we be dissolv'd,
For such spring butterflies that are gaudy-wing'd,
But no more substance than those shamble flies
Which butchers' boys snap between sleep and waking ?

Come but to crush you once, you are but maggots,
For all your beamy outsides !

Enter CLEANTHES.

Eug. Here's Cleanthes,
He comes to chide ;—let him alone a little,
Our cause will be revenged ; look, look, his face
Is set for stormy weather ; do but mark
How the clouds gather in it, 'twill pour down straight.

Clean. Methinks, I partly know you, that's my grief.

Could you not all be lost ? that had been handsome ;

But to be known at all, 'tis more than shameful.
Why, was not your name wont to be Lysander ?

Lys. 'Tis so still, coz.

Clean. Judgment, defer thy coming ! ease this man's miserable.

Eug. I told you there would be a shower anon.

2 Court. We'll in, and hide our noddies.

[*Exit EUGENIA and COURTIERS.*]

Clean. What devil brought this colour to your mind,

Which, since your childhood, I ne'er saw you wear ?
[*Sure*] you were ever of an innocent gloss

Since I was ripe for knowledge, and would you lose it,

And change the livery of saints and angels
For this mixt monstrousness : to force a ground
That has been so long hallowed like a temple,
To bring forth fruits of earth now ; and turn back
To the wild cries of lust, and the complexion
Of sin in act, lost and long since repented !
Would you begin a work ne'er yet attempted,
To pull time backward !

See what your wife will do ! are your wits perfect ?

Lys. My wits !

Clean. I like it ten times worse, for't had been safe

Now to be mad, and more excusable :

I hear you dance again, and do strange follies.

Lys. I must confess I have been put to some, coz.

Clean. And yet you are not mad ! pray, say not so ;
Give me that comfort of you, that you are mad,
That I may think you are at worst ; for if
You are not mad, I then must guess you have
The first of some disease was never heard of,
Which may be worse than madness, and more fearful :

You'd weep to see yourself else, and your cause
To pray, would quickly turn you white again.

I had a father, had he lived his month out,
But to have seen this most prodigious folly,

There needed not the law to have him cut off,
The sight of this had proved his executioner

And broke his heart : he would have held it
Done to a sanctuary,—for what is age

But the holy place of life, chapel of ease
For all men's wearied miseries ? and to rob

That of her ornament, it is accurst
As from a priest to steal a holy vestment,

Ay, and convert it to a sinful covering.

[*Exit LYSANDER.*]

I see 't has done him good, blessing go with it,
Such as may make him pure again

Re-enter I UPRIMA

Eug 'Twas bravely touch'd, I' faith sir

Clean Oh, you are welcome

Eug Exceedingly well handled

Clean 'Tis to you I come he fell but in my

Fug You mark'd his beard, cousin [way

Clean Mark me

Fug Did you ever see a hair so chang'd?

Clean I must be forced to wake her loudly too,
The devil has rock'd her so fast asleep —strumpet

Eug Do you call, sir?

Clean Whore!

Fug How do you, sir

Clean Be I ne'er so well,

I must be sick of thee, thou art a disease

That stick'at to the heart,—as all such women are

Fug What ails our kindred?

Clean Bless me, she sleeps still

What a dead modesty is in this woman

Will never blush again! Look on thy work

But with a Christian eye, 'twould turn thy heart

Into a shower of blood, to be the cause

Of that old man's destruction think upon't,

Ruin eternally; for, through thy loose follies,

Heaven has found him a faint servant lately

His goodness has gone backward and engender'd

With his old sins again, he has lost his prayers

And all the tears that were companions with them

And like a blind-fold man, (giddy and blinded)

Thinking he goes right on still, swerves but one

foot,

And turns to the same place where he set out,

So he, that took his farewell of the world,

And cast the joys behind him, out of sight,

Summ'd up his hours made even with time and men

Is now in heart arriv'd at youth again

All by thy wildness thy too hasty lust

Has driven him to this strong apostasy.

Immodesty like thine was never equall'd

I've heard of women, (shall I call them so?)

Have welcomed suitors ere the corpse were cold,

But thou, thy husband living —thou'rt too bold

Fug Well, have you done now, sir?

Clean Look, look! she smiles yet

Fug All this is nothing to a mind resolv'd,

Ask any woman that, she'll tell you so much

You have only shewn a pretty saucy wit,

Which I shall not forget, nor to requite it

You shall hear from me shortly.

Clean Shameless woman!

I take my counsel from thee, 'tis too honest,

And leave thee wholly to thy stronger master

Bless the sex o' these! I think that's my prayer

We're all like thee, so impudently common,

No man would e'er be found to wed a woman

[Exit

Fug I'll fit you gloriously

He that attempts to take away thy pleasure,

I'll take away his joy, and I can sure

His conceal'd father pays for't I'll e'en tell

Him that I mean to make my husband next,

And he shall tell the duke—mass, here he comes

Re-enter SIMONIDES

Sim He has had a bout with me too

Fug What! no? since, sir?

Sim A flirt a little flirt, he call'd me strange

names,

But I ne'er minded him

Fug You shall quit him, sir,

When he as little minds you

Sim I like that well

I love to be reveng'd when no one thinks of me,

There's little danger that way.

Fug This is it then,

He you shall strike your stroke shall be profound,

And yet your foe not guess who gave the wound

Sim O' my tooth I love to give such wounds

[Exit

ACT IV.

SCENE I—Before a Tavern

Enter GNOTHO Butler, Bailiff Tallot Clerk Drawer and Courtizan

Draw Welcome, gentlemen, will you not draw
near? will you drink at door gentlemen

But Oh! the summer air is best

Draw What wine will't please you drink, gen-
tlemen?

But De Clare, sirrah.

[Exit Drawer

Gnoth What, you're all sped already, bullies?

Cook My widow's o' the spit and half ready,
lad, a turn or two more, and I have done with her

Gnoth Then, cook, I hope you have basted her
before this time

Cook And stuck her with rosemary too, to
sweeten her, she was tainted ere she came to my
hand. What an old piece of flesh of fifty-nine,
eleven months, and upwards! she must needs be
fly blown

Gnoth Put her off, put her off, though you
lose by her, the weather's hot

Cook Why, drawer!

Re-enter Drawer

Draw By and by —here, gentlemen here's the
quintessence of Greece; the sages never drunk
better grape

Cook Sir, the mad Greeks of this age can taste
their Palermo as well as the sage Greeks did before
them —Fill, hick-spigot

Draw Ad mum, sir

Gnoth My friends, I must doubly invite you
all the fifth of the next month, to the funeral of
my first wife, and to the marriage of my second,
my two to one; this is she.

Cook I hope some of us will be ready for the
funeral of our wives by that time, to go with thee
but shall the wife be of a day?

Gnoth Oh! best of all, sir; where sorrow and
joy meet together, we will help away with another
the better. Besides, there will be charges said
too, the same remedy that serves for the func-
eral, will serve for the wedding.

But How long shall we make account to be a
widower, sir?

Gnoth Some hours, sir; long enough o'con-

science. Come, come, let's have some agility; is there no music in the house?

Draw. Yes, sir, here are sweet wire-drawers in the house.

Cook. Oh! that makes them and you seldom part; you are wire-drawers, and they wire-drawers.

Tail. And both govern by the pegs too.

Gnoth. And you have pipes in your consort too.

Draw. And sack-buts too, sir.

Bul. But the heads of your instruments differ; your safe hogs-heads, theirs cittern and gittern-heads.

Bail. All wooden heads; there they meet again.

Cook. Bid them strike up, we'll have a dance, *Gnoth*; come, thou shalt foot it too.

[*Exit Drawer.*]

Gnoth. No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

Cook. Siren! 'twas Hiren, the fair Greek, man.

Gnoth. Five drachmas of that. I say Siren, the fair Greek, and so are all fair Greeks.

Cook. A match; five drachmas her name was Hiren.

Gnoth. Siren's name was Siren, for five drachmas.

Cook. 'Tis done.

Tail. Take heed what you do, *Gnoth*.

Gnoth. Do not I know our own countrywomen, Siren and Nell of Greece, two of the fairest Greeks that ever were?

Cook. That Nell was Helen of Greece too.

Gnoth. As long as she tarried with her husband, she was Ellen; but after she came to Troy, she was Nell of Troy, or Bonny Nell, whether you will or no.

Tail. Why, did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

Gnoth. She grew longer, if you mark the story. When she grew to be an ell, she was deeper than any yard of Troy could reach by a quarter; there was Cressid was Troy weight, and Nell was avoirdupois; she held more, by four ounces, than Cressid.

Bail. They say she caused many wounds to be given in Troy.

Gnoth. True, she was wounded there herself, and cured again by plaister of Paris; and ever since that has been used to stop holes with.

[*Re-enter Drawer.*]

Draw. Gentlemen, if you be disposed to be merry, the music is ready to strike up; and here's a consort of mad Greeks, I know not whether they be men or women, or between both; they have, what you call them, wizards on their faces.

Cook. Vizards, good man lick-spiggot.

Bul. If they be wise women, they may be wizards too.

Draw. They desire to enter amongst any merry company of gentlemen-good-fellows, for a strain or two.

[*Enter old Women and AGATHA in masks.*]

Cook. We'll strain ourselves with them, say; let them come, *Gnoth*; now for the honour of Epire!

Gnoth. No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

[*A Dance by the old Women and AGATHA; they offer to take the men, all except Gnoth, who sits with the Courtier.*]

Cook. Ay! so kind; then every one his wench

to his several room; *Gnoth*, we are all provided now as you are.

[*Exeunt all but Gnoth, Courtier, and AGATHA.*]

Gnoth. I shall have two, it seems: away! I have Siren here already.

Aga. What, a mermaid? [Takes off her mask.]

Gnoth. No, but a maid, horse-face: oh, old woman! is it you?

Aga. Yes, 'tis I; all the rest have gulled themselves, and taken their own wives, and shall know that they have done more than they can well answer; but I pray you, husband, what are you doing?

Gnoth. Faith, thus should I do, if thou wert dead, old *Aga*; and thou hast not long to live, I'm sure: we have Siren here.

Aga. Art thou so shameless, whilst I am living, to keep one under my nose?

Gnoth. No, *Ag*, I do prize her far above thy nose; if thou wouldst lay me both thine eyes in my hand to boot, I'll not leave her: art not ashamed to be seen in a tavern, and hast scarce a fortnight to live? oh, old woman, what art thou? must thou find no time to think of thy end?

Aga. O, unkind villain!

Gnoth. And then, sweetheart, thou shalt have two new gowns; and the best of this old woman's shall make thee raiment for the working days.

Aga. O, rascal! dost thou quarter my clothes already too?

Gnoth. Her ruffs will serve thee for nothing but to wash dishes; for thou shalt have thine of the new fashion.

Aga. Impudent villain! shameless harlot!

Gnoth. You may hear, she never wore any but rails all her lifetime.

Aga. Let me come, I'll tear the strumpet from him.

Gnoth. Dar'st thou call my wife strumpet, thou preterpluperfect tense of a woman! I'll make thee do penance in the sheet thou shalt be buried in; abuse my choice, my two-to-one!

Aga. No, unkind villain, I'll deceive thee yet, I have a reprieve for five years of life; I am with child.

Court. Jud so, *Gnoth*, I'll not tarry so long; five years! I may bury two husbands by that time.

Gnoth. Alas, give the poor woman leave to talk: she with child! ay, with a puppy: as long as I have thee by me, she shall not be with child, I warrant thee.

Aga. The law, and thou, and all, shall find I am with child.

Gnoth. I'll take my corporal oath I begat it not, and then thou diest for adultery.

Aga. No matter, that will ask some time in the proof.

Gnoth. Oh! you'd be stoned to death, would you? all old women would die o' that fashion with all their hearts; but the law shall overthrow you the other way, first.

Court. Indeed, if it be so, I will not linger so long, *Gnoth*.

Gnoth. Away, away! some botcher has got 'tis but a cushion, I warrant thee: the old woman is loth to depart; she never sung other tune in her life.

Court. We will not have our noses bored with a cushion, if it be so.

Gnoth. Go, go thy ways, thou old almanack at

the twenty-eighth day of December, e'en almost out of date! Down on thy knees, and make thee ready; sell some of thy clothes to buy thee a death's head, and put upon thy middle finger: your least considering bawd does so much; be not thou worse, though thou art an old woman as she is: I am cloy'd with old stock-fish, here's a young perch is sweeter meat by half: prithee, die before thy day, if thou canst, that thou mayst not be counted a witch.

Ag. No, thou art a witch, and I'll prove it; I said I was with child, thou knew'st no other but by sorcery: thou said'st it was a cushion, and so it is; thou art a witch for't, I'll be sworn to't.

Gnoth. Ha, ha, ha! I told thee 'twas a cushion. Go, get thy sheet ready; we'll see thee buried as we go to church to be married.

[*Exeunt Gnothio and Courtezan.*]

Ag. Nay, I'll follow thee, and shew myself a wife. I'll plague thee as long as I live with thee; and I'll bury some money before I die, that my ghost may haunt thee afterward. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Country. A Forest.

[*Enter CLEANTHUS.*]

Clean. What's that? oh, nothing but the whispering wind
Blews through yon churlish hawthorn, that
grew rude,

As if it did the gentle breath that kiss'd it.
I cannot be too circumspect, too careful;
For in these woods lies hid all my life's treasure,
Which is too much never to fear to lose,
Though it be never lost: and if our watchfulness
Ought to be wise and serious 'gainst a thief
That comes to steal our goods, things all without
us,

That prove vexation often more than comfort;
How mighty ought our providence to be,
To prevent those, if any such there were,
That come to rob our bosom of our joys,
That only make poor man delight to live!
Pshaw! I'm too fearful—fie, fie! who can hurt
But 'tis a general cowardice, that shakes [me?]
The nerves of confidence; he that hides treasure,
Imagines every one thinks of that place,
When 'tis a thing least minded; nay, let him change
The place continually; where'er it keeps,
There will the fear keep still: yonder's the store-
house

Of all my comfort now—and see! it sends forth

[*Enter HIPPOLITA, from the wood.*]

A dear one to me:—Precious chief of women,
How does the good old soul? has he fed well?

Hip. Beshrew me, sir, he made the heartiest
Much good may't do his health. [meal to-day—]

Clean. A blessing on thee,
Both for thy news and wish!

Hip. His stomach, sir,
Is better'd wondrously, since his concealment.

Clean. Heaven has a blessed work in't. Come,
we are safe here;

I prithee call him forth, the air's much wholesomer.
Hip. Father!

[*Enter LEONIDAS.*]

Leon. How sweetly sounds the voice of a good
woman!

It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses. Lists of honour!
I've a joy weeps to see you, 'tis so full,
So fairly fruitful.

Clean. I hope to see you often and return
Loaded with blessings, still to pour on some;
I find them all in my contented peace,
And lose not one in thousands, they are disperst
So gloriously, I know not which are brightest.
I find them, as angels are found, by legions:
First, in the love and honesty of a wife,
Which is the chiefest of all temporal blessings;
Next in yourself, which is the hope and joy
Of all my actions, my affairs, my wishes;
And lastly, which crowns all, I find my soul
Crown'd with the peace of them, the eternal
riches,

Man's only portion for his heavenly martiage!

Leon. Rise, thou art all obedience, love, and
goodness.

I dare say that which thousand fathers cannot,
And that's my precious comfort, never son
Was in the way more of celestial rising:
Thou art so made of such ascending virtue,
That all the powers of hell can't sink thee.

[*A horn sounded within.*]

Clean. Ha!

Leon. What was't disturb'd my joy?

Clean. Did you not hear,

As afar off?

Leon. What, my excellent comfort?

Clean. Nor you?

Hip. I heard a—

[*A horn*]

Clean. Hark, again!

Leon. Bless my joy,

What ails it on a sudden?

Clean. Now? since lately?

Leon. 'Tis nothing but a symptom of thy care.

Clean. Alas? you do not hear well.

Leon. What was't, daughter?

Hip. I heard a sound, twice.

[*A horn.*]

Clean. Hark! louder and nearer:

In, for the precious good of virtue, quick, sir!
Louder and nearer yet! at hand, at hand!

[*Exit LEONIDAS.*]

A hunting here? 'tis strange! I never knew
Game followed in these woods before.

[*Enter EVANDER, SIMONIDES, COURTIER, and CRATHUR.*]

Hip. Now let them come, and spare not.

Clean. Ha! 'tis—is't not the duke?—look
sparingly.

Hip. 'Tis he, but what of that? alas, take heed,
Your care will overthrow us. [sir,

Clean. Come, it shall not:

Let's set a pleasant face upon our fears,
Though our hearts shake with horror.—Ha, ha, ha!

Evan. Hark!

Clean. Prithee, proceed:

I am taken with these light things infinitely,
Since the old man's decrease; ha!—so they parted?
ha! ha!

Evan. Why, how should I believe this? look,
he's metry

As if he had no such charge: one with that care
Could never be so; still he holds his temper,
And 'tis the same still (with no difference)
He brought his father's corpse to the grave with;
He laugh'd thus then, you know.

[*1 Court.* Ay, he may laugh.

That shews but how he glories in his cunning ;
And is, perhaps, done more to advance his wit,
Than only he has over-reach'd the law,
Than to express affection to his father.

Sim. He tells you right, my lord, his own
cousin-german

Reveal'd it first to me ; a free-tongued woman,
And very excellent at telling secrets.

Evan. If a contempt can be so neatly carried,
It gives me cause of wonder.

Sim. Troth, my lord,

'Twill prove a delicate cozening, I believe :

I'd have no scrivener offer to come near it.

Evan. Cleanthes.

Clean. My loved lord.

Evan. Not moved a whit,

Constant to lightness still ! 'Tis strange to meet
Upon a ground so unfrequented, sir : [you

This does not fit your passion ; you're for mirth,
Or I mistake you much.

Clean. But finding it

Grow to a noted imperfection in me,

For anything too much vicious,

I come to these disconsolate walks, of purpose,

Only to dull and take away the edge on't.

I ever had a greater zeal to sadness,

A natural propension, I confess,

Before that cheerful accident fell out—

If I may call a father's funeral cheerful,

Without wrong done to duty or my love.

Evan. It seems, then, you take pleasure in these
walks, sir.

Clean. Contemplative content I do, my lord

They bring into my mind oft meditations

So sweetly precious, that in the parting.

I find a shower of grace upon my cheeks,

They take their leave so feelingly.

Evan. So, sir !

Clean. Which is a kind of grave delight, my
lord.

Evan. And I've small cause, Cleanthes, to
The least delight that has a name. [afford you

Clean. My lord !

Sim. Now it begins to fadge.

[*Court.* Peace ! thou art so greedy, Sim.

Evan. In your excess of joy you have express'd

Your rancour and contempt against my law :

Your smiles deserve a flogging : you have profess'd

Derision openly, e'en to my face,

Which might be death, a little more incensed.

You do not come for any freedom here,

But for a project of your own :—

But all that's known to be contentful to thee,

Shall in the use prove deadly. Your life's mine,

If ever your presumption do but lead you

Into these walks again,—ay, or that woman ;

I'll have them watched o' purpose.

[*CLEANTHES retires from the wood, followed by
HIPPOLITA.*

[*Court.* Now, now, his colour ebbs and flows.

Sim. Mark her's too.

Hip. Oh, who shall bring foot to the poor old
man, now !

Speak somewhat, good sir, or we're lost for ever.

Clean. Oh, you did wonderful ill to call me
again.

There are not words to help us ; if I entreat,
'Tis found ; that will betray us worse than silence :
Prishee let heaven alone, and let's say nothing.

[*Court.* You have struck them dumb, my lord.

Sim. Look how guilt looks !

I would not have that fear upon my flesh,
To save ten fathers.

Clean. He is safe still, is he not ?

Hip. Oh, you do ill to doubt it.

Clean. Thou art all goodness.

Sim. Now does your grace believe ?

Evan. 'Tis too apparent.

Search, make a speedy search ; for the imposture

Cannot be far off, by the fear it sends.

Clean. Ha !

Sim. He has the lapwing's cunning, I am afraid.

That cries most when she's furthest from the nest.

Clean. Oh, we are betray'd.

Hip. Betray'd, sir !

Sim. See, my lord,

It comes out more and more still.

[*SIMONIDES and Courtiers enter the wood.*

Clean. Bloody thief !

Come from that place ; 'tis sacred, homicide !

'Tis not for thy adulterate hands to touch it.

Hip. Oh miserable virtue, what distress

Art thou in at this minute !

Clean. Help me, thunder,

For my power's lost ! angels, shoot plagues, and
help me !

Why are these men in health, and I so heart-sick ?

Or why should nature have that power in me

To levy up a thousand bleeding sorrows,

And not one comfort ? only make me lie

Like the poor mockery of an earthquake here,

Paunting with horror,

And have not so much force in all my vengeance,

To shake a villain off me.

[*Re-enter SIMONIDES and Courtiers, with LEONIDES.*

Hip. Use him gently,

And heaven will love you for it.

Clean. Father ! oh father ! now I see thee full

In thy affliction ; thou'rt a man of sorrow,

But reverently becom'st it, that's my comfort :

Extremity was never better grac'd.

Thank with that look of thine ; oh ! let me look still,

For I shall lose it, all my joy and strength

[*Kneels.*

Is e'en eclipsed together : I transgress'd

Your law, my lord, let me receive the sting on't ;

Be once just, sir, and let the offender die :

He's innocent in all, and I am guilty.

Leon. Your grace knows, when affection only
speaks,

Truth is not always there ; his love would draw

An undeserved misery on his youth,

And wrong a peace resolv'd, on both parts sinful.

'Tis I am guilty of my own concealment,

And, like a worldly coward, injured heaven

With fear to go to't :—now I see my fault,

I am prepared with joy to suffer for it.

Evan. Go, give him quick dispatch, let him see
death :

And your presumption, sir, shall come to judgment.

[*Exit EVANDES, COURTIERS, SIMONIDES ; and CLEAN-
THES with LEONIDES.*

Hip. He's going ! oh, he's gone, sir !

Clean. Let me rise.

Hip. Why do you not then, and follow ?

Clean. I strive for it ;

Is there no hand of pity that will ease me,

And take this villain from my heart awhile ?

[*Rises*

Hip. Alas ! he's gone.

Clean. A worse supplies his place then,
A weight more ponderous ; I cannot follow.

Hip. Oh misery of affliction !

Clean. They will stay
Till I can come ; they must be so good ever,
Though they be ne'er so cruel :
My last leave must be taken, think of that,
And his last blessing given ; I will not lose
That for a thousand consorts.

Hip. That hope's wretched.

Clean. The unutterable stings of fortune !
All griefs are to be born save this alone,
This, like a headlong torrent, overturns
The frame of nature :
For he that gives us life first, as a father,
Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,
The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,
They are incorporate to us.

Hip. Noble sir !

Clean. Let me behold thee well.

Hip. Sir !

Clean. Thou should'st be good,
Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be lodged
So near the heart of man.

Hip. What means this, dear sir ?

Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed
secret

Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest ;
What follows to be thought on't ?

Hip. Miserable !

Why, here's the unhappiness of woman still :
That, having forfeited in old times her trust,
Now makes their faith suspected that are just.

Clean. What shall I say to all my sorrows then,
That look for satisfaction ?

Enter EUCARIA.

Eug. Ha, ha, ha ! cousin.

Clean. How ill dost thou become this time !

Eug. Ha, ha, ha !

Why, that's but your opinion ; a young wench
Becomes the time at all times.

Now, coz, we are even : an you be remember'd,
You left a strumpet and a whore with me,
And such fine field-bed words, which could not cost
you

Less than a father.

Clean. Is it come that way ?

Eug. Had you an uncle,
He should go the same way too.

Clean. Oh eternity,
What monster is this fiend in labour with ?

Eug. An ass-colt with two heads. that's she and
you :

I will not lose so glorious a revenge,
Not to be understood in't ; I betray'd him ;
And now we are even, you'd best keep you so.

Clean. Is there not poison yet enough to kill
me ?

Hip. Oh, sir, forgive me ; it was I betray'd

Clean. How !

Hip. I.

Clean. The fellow of my heart ! 'twill speed me,
then.

Hip. Her tears that never wept, and mine own
pity

Even cozen'd me together, and stole from me
This secret, which fierce death should not have
purchased.

Clean. Nay, then we are at an end ; all we are
false ones,

And ought to suffer. I was false to wisdom,
In trusting woman ; thou wert false to faith,
In uttering of the secret ; and thou false
To goodness, in deceiving such a pity :
We are all tainted some way, but thou worst,
And for thy infectious spots ought'st to die first.

[Offers to kill EUCARIA.]

Eug. Pray turn your weapon, sir, upon your
mistress,
I come not so ill friended :—rescue, servants !

Re-enter SIMONIDES and Courtiers.

Clean. Are you so whorishly provided ?

Sim. Yes, sir,
She has more weapons at command than one.

Eug. Put forward, man, thou art most sure to
have me.

Sim. I shall be surer, if I keep behind, though.

Eug. Now, servants, shew your loves.

Sim. I'll shew my love, too, afar off.

Eug. I love to be so courted, woo me there.

Sim. I love to keep good weapons, though ne'er
fought with.

I'm sharper set within than I am without.

Hip. Oh gentlemen ! Cleanthes !

Eug. Fight ! upon him !

Clean. Thy thirst of blood proclaims thee now
a strumpet.

Eug. 'Tis dainty, next to procreation fitting ;
I'd either be destroying men or getting.

Enter G.

1 Officer. Forbear, on your allegiance, gentle-
men.

He's the duke's prisoner, and we seize upon him
To answer this contempt against the law.

Clean. I obey fate in all things.

Hip. Happy rescue !

Sim. I would you'd seized upon him a minute
sooner, it had saved me a cut finger : I wonder
how I came by't, for I never put my hand forth,
I'm sure ; I think my sword did cut it, if
truth were known ; may be the wire in the handle.
I have lived these five or sixty years and never
knew what colour my blood was before. I never
durst eat oysters, nor crack-loaves.

Eug. You've shewn your spirits, gentlemen ;
Have cut your finger. *[but you]*

Sim. Ay, the wedding too, a pox on't !

Court. You'll prove a bachelor, Sim. to
have a cut upon your finger, are you are married.

Sim. I'll never drink again, to have such
a cut put upon me. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Court of Justice.*

Enter SIMONIDES and Courtiers, sword and mace carried before them.

Sim. Be ready with your prisoner; we'll sit instantly,
And rise before eleven, or when we please;
Shall we not, fellow-judges?

1 Court. 'Tis committed
All to our power, censure, and pleasure, now;
The duke hath made us chief lords of this sessions,
And we may speak by fits, or sleep by turns.

Sim. Leave that to us, but, whatsoe'er we do,
The prisoner shall be sure to be condemn'd;
Sleeping or waking, we are resolved on that,
Before we sit upon him.

2 Court. Make you question
If not?—Cleanthes! and an enemy!
Nay a concealer of his father too!
A vile example in these days of youth.

Sim. If they were given to follow such examples;

But sure I think they are not: howsoever,
'Twas wickedly attempted; that's my judgment,
And it shall pass whilst I am in power to sit.
Never by prince were such young judges made,
But now the cause requires it: if you mark it,
He must make young or none; for all the old ones
He hath sent a fishing—and my father's one,
I humbly thank his highness.

Enter EUGENIA.

1 Court. Widow!

Eug. You almost hit my name now, gentlemen;
You come so wonderful near it, I admire you
For your judgment.

Sim. My wife that must be! She.

Eug. My husband goes upon his last hour now.

1 Court. On his legs, I am sure.

Sim. September seventeenth—

I will not bate an hour on't, and to-morrow
His latest hour's expired.

2 Court. Bring him to judgment;
The jury's pannell'd, and the verdict given
Ere he appears; we have ta'en a course for that.

Sim. And officers to attach the gray young man,
The youth of fourscore: Be of comfort, lady,
You shall no longer bloom January;
For that I will take order, and provide
For you a lusty April.

Eug. The month I ought, indeed,
To go before May.

1 Court. Do as we have said,
Take a strong guard, and bring him into court.
Lady Eugenia, see the charge performed,
That, having his life forfeited by the law,
He may relieve his.

Eug. Willingly
From shaven chin I came better justice
Than these ne'er-to-be-by razor.

Sim. What you do,
Do suddenly, we charge you, for we purpose
To make but a short sessions.—A new business.

Enter HIPPOLITA.

1 Court. The fair Hippolita! now what's
suit?

Hip. Alas! I know not how to style you yet.

To call you judges doth not suit your years,
Nor heads and beards shew more antiquity;—
Yet away yourselves with equity and truth,
And I'll proclaim you reverend, and repeat
Once in my lifetime I have seen grave heads
Placed upon young men's shoulders.

2 Court. Hark! she flouts us,
And thinks to make us monstrous.

Hip. Prove not so;

For yet, methinks, you bear the shapes of men;
(Though nothing more than merely beauty serves
To make you appear angels,) but if you crimson
Your name and power with blood and cruelty,
Suppress fair virtue, and enlarge bold vice,
Both against heaven and nature, draw your sword,
Make either will or humour turn the soul
Of your created greatness, and in that
Oppose all goodness, I must tell you there
You are more than monstrous; in the very act,
You change yourselves to devils.

1 Court. She's a witch;
Hark! she begins to conjure.

Sim. Time, you see,
Is short, much business now on foot:—shall I
Give her her answer?

2 Court. None upon the bench,
More learnedly can do it.

Sim. He, he, hem! then list:
I wonder at thine impudence, young huswife,
That thou dar'est plead for such a base offender.
Conceal a father past his time to die!
What son and heir would have done this but he?

1 Court. I vow, not I.

Hip. Because ye are parricides;
And how can comfort be derived from such
That pity not their fathers?

2 Court. You are fresh and fair; practise young
women's ends;

When husbands are distress'd, provide them friends.

Sim. I'll set him forward for thee without fee:
Some wives would pay for such a courtesy.

Hip. Times of amazement! what duty, good-
ness dwell—

I sought for charity, but knock at hell. [Exit.]

Re-enter EUGENIA, and Guard with LYRANDE.

Sim. Eugenia come! command a second guard
To bring Cleanthes in; we'll not sit long;
My stomach strives to dinner.

Eug. Now, servants, may a lady be so bold
To call your power so low?

Sim. A mistress may,
She can make all things low; then in that language
There can be no offence.

Eug. The time's now come
Of manumissions, take him into bonds,
And I am then at freedom.

2 Court. This the man!
He hath left off a' late to feed on snakes;
His beard's turn'd white again.

1 Court. Is't possible these gonty legs danc'd
And shatter'd in a galliard? [lately.]

Eug. Jealousy
And fear of death can work strange prodigies.

2 Court. The nimble fencer this, that made me
traverse 'bout the chamber? [trav]

Sim. Ay, and gave me

Those elbow healths, the hangman take him for't!
They'd almost fetch'd my heart out: the Dutch
what-you-call,

I swallow'd pretty well; but the half-pike
Had almost pepper'd me; but had I ta'en long-
Being swollen, I had cast my lungs out. [sword,

A Flourish. Enter EVANDER and CRATILUS.

1 *Court.* Peace, the duke!

Evan. Nay, back t' your seats: who's that?

2 *Court.* May't please your highness, it is old
Lysander.

Evan. And brought in by his wife! a worthy
precedent

Of one that no way would offend the law,
And should not pass away without remark.
You ~~have~~ been look'd for long.

Lys. But never fit

To die till now, my lord. My sins and I
Have been but newly parted; much ado
I had to get them leave me, or be taught
That difficult lesson how to learn to die.

I never thought there had been such an act,
And 'tis the only discipline we are born for:

All studies else are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they must all meet.

I now can look upon thee, erring woman,
And not be vex'd with jealousy; on young men,
And no way envy their delicious health,
Pleasure, and strength; all which were once mine
And mine must be theirs one day. [own,

Evan. You have tamed him.

Sim. And know how to dispose him; that, my
Hath been before determined. You confess [liege,
Yourself of full age?

Lys. Yes, and prepared to inherit—

Eug. Your place above.

Sim. Of which the hangman's strength
Shall put him in possession.

Lys. 'Tis still cared

To take me willing and in mind to die;
And such are, when the earth grows weary of
Most fit for heaven. [them,

Sim. The court shall make his mittimus,
And send him thither presently: I' the mean

Evan. Away to death with him. [time—
[*Exit CRATILUS and LYSANDER.*

*Enter Guard with CLEANTHES, HIPPOLITA following,
weeping.*

Sim. So I see another person brought to the bar.

1 *Court.* The arch-malefactor.

2 *Court.* The grand offender, the most refrac-
To all good order: 'tis Cleantes, he— [tory

Sim. That would have sons grave fathers, ere
Be sent unto their graves. [their fathers

Evan. There will be expectation
In your severe proceedings against him;
His act being so capital.

Sim. Fearful and bloody;
Therefore we charge these women leave the court,
Lest they should swoon to hear it.

Eug. I, in expectation
Of a most happy freedom. [Exit.

Hip. I, with the apprehension
Of a most sad and desolate widowhood. [Exit.

1 *Court.* We bring him to the bar—

2 *Court.* Hold up your hand, sir.

Clean. More reverence to the place than to the
To the one I offer up a [spreading] palm [persons:
Of duty and obedience, as to heaven,

Imploring justice, which was never wanting
Upon that bench whilst their own fathers sat;
But unto you, my hands contracted thus,
As threatening vengeance against murderers,
For they that kill in thought, shed innocent
blood.—

With pardon of your highness, too much passion
Made me forget your presence, and the place
I now am call'd to.

Evan. All our majesty
And power we have to pardon or condemn,
Is now conferr'd on them.

Sim. And these we'll use,
Little to thine advantage.

Clean. I expect it:

And, as to these, I look no mercy from them,
And much less mean to entreat it, I thus now
Submit me to the emblems of your power,
The sword and bench: but, my most reverend
Ere you proceed to sentence, (for I know [judges,
You have given me lost,) will you resolve me one

1 *Court.* So it be briefly question'd. [thing?

2 *Court.* Shew your honour;

Day spends itself apace.

Clean. My lords, it shall.

Resolve me, then, where are your filial tears,
Your mourning habits, and sad hearts become,
That should attend your fathers' funerals?

Though the strict law (which I will not accuse,
Because a subject) snatch'd away their lives,
It doth not bar you to lament their deaths:

Or if you cannot spare one sad sigh,
It doth not bid you laugh them to their graves,
Lay subtle trains to antedate their years,
To be the sooner seized of their estates.

Oh, time of age! where's that *Aeneas* now,
Who letting all his jewels to the flames;
Forgetting country, kindred, treasure, friends,
Fortunes and all things, save the name of son,
Which you so much forget, godlike *Aeneas*,
Who took his bedrid father on his back,

And with that sacred load (to him no burthen)
Hew'd out his way through blood, through fire,
through [arms,]

Even all the arm'd streets of bright-burning Troy,
Only to save a father?

Sim. We've no leisure now,
To hear lessons read from Virgil; we are past
And all this time thy judges. [school,

2 *Court.* It is fit

That we proceed to sentence.

1 *Court.* You are the month,
And now 'tis fit to open.

Sim. Justice, indeed,
Should ever be close-ear'd, and open mouth'd;
That is to hear a little and speak much.

Know then, Cleantes, there is none can be
A good son and bad subject; for, if princes
Be call'd the people's fathers, then the subjects,
Are all his sons, and he that flouts the prince.
Doth disobey his father: there you are gone.

1 *Court.* And not to be recover'd.

Sim. And again—

2 *Court.* If he be gone once, call him not again.

Sim. I say again, this act of thine expresses
A double disobedience: as our princes
Are fathers, so they are our sovereigns too;
And he that doth rebel 'gainst sovereignty,
Doth commit treason in the height of degree:
And now thou art quite gone.

1 Court. Our brother in commission,
Hath spoke his mind both learnedly and neatly,
And I can add but little; howsoever,
It shall send him packing.
He that begins a fault that wants example,
Ought to be made example for the fault.

Clean. A fault! no longer can I hold myself
To hear vice upheld and virtue thrown down.
A fault! judge, I desire, then, where it lies,
In those that are my judges, or in me:
Heaven stands on my side, pity, love, and duty.

Sim. Where are they, sir? who sees them but

Clean. Not you; and I am sure, [yourself?
You never had the gracious eyes to see them.
You think that you arraign me, but I hope
To sentence you at the bar.

2 Court. That would shew brave.

Clean. This were the judgment-seat we [stand
at] now!

Of the heaviest crimes that ever made up [sin],
Unnaturalness, and inhumanity,
You are found foul and guilty, by a jury
Made of your father's curses, which have brought
Vengeance impending on you; and I, now,
Am forced to pronounce judgment on my judges.
The common laws of reason and of nature
Condemn you, *ipso facto*; you are parricides,
And if you marry, will beget the like,
Who, when they are grown to full maturity,
Will hurry you, their fathers, to their graves.
Like traitors, you take council from the living,
Of upright judgment you will rob the bench.
(Experience and discretion snatch'd away
From the earth's face,) turn all into disorder,
Imprison virtue, and infranchise vice,
And put the sword of justice in the hands
Of boys and madmen.

Sim. Well, well, have you done, sir?

Clean. I have spoke my thoughts.

Sim. Then I'll begin and end.

Evan. 'Tis time I now begin—

Here your commission ends.

Cleanthes, come you from the bar. Because
I know you are severally disposed, I here
Invite you to an object will, no doubt,
Work in you contrary effects.—Music!

*Loud Music. Enter LEONIDES, CREON, LYSANDER, and
other old Men.*

Clean. Pray, heaven, I dream not! sure he
moves, talks comfortably,
As joy can wish a man. If he be changed,
(Far above me,) he's not ill entreated;
His face doth promise fulness of content,
And glory hath a part in't.

Leo. Oh my son!

Evan. You that can claim acquaintance with
Talk freely. [these lads,

Sim. I can see none there that's worth
One hand to you from me.

Evan. These are thy judges, and by their grave
law

I find thee clear, but these delinquents guilty.
You must change places, for 'tis so decreed:
Such just pre-eminence hath thy goodness gain'd,
Thou art the judge now, they the men arraign'd.
[To CLEANTHES.

1 Court. Here's fine dancing, gentlemen.

2 Court. Is thy father amongst them?

Sim. Oh, pox! I saw him the first thing I
look'd on.

Alive again! 'sight, I believe now a father
Hath as many lives as a mother.

Clean. 'Tis full as blessed as 'tis wonderful.

Oh! bring me back to the same law again,
I am fouler than all these; seize on me, officers,
And bring me to new sentence.

Sim. What's all this?

Clean. A fault not to be pardon'd,
Unnaturalness is but sin's shadow to it.

Sim. I am glad of that; I hope the case may
And I turn judge again. [alter,

Evan. Name your offence.

Clean. That I should be so vile
As once to think you cruel.

Evan. Is that all?

'Twas pardon'd ere confess'd: you that have sons,
If they be worthy, here may challenge them.

Creon. I should have one amongst them, had
To have retained that name. [he had grace

Sim. I pray you, father,

Creon. That name, I know,

Hath been long since forgot

Sim. I find but small comfort in remembering
it now.

Evan. Cleanthes, take your place with these
grave fathers,

And read what in that table is inscribed.

[Gives him a paper.

Now set these at the bar,

And read, Cleanthes, to the dread and terror
Of disobedience and unnatural blood.

Clean. [reads.] *It is decreed by the grave and
learned council of Epire, that no son and heir
shall be held capable of his inheritance at the age
of one and twenty, unless he be at that time an
mature in obedience, manners, and goodness.*

Sim. Sure I shall never be at full age, then,
though I live to an hundred years; and that's
nearer by twenty than the last statute allow'd.

1 Court. A terrible act!

Clean. Moreover, it is enacted that all sons
aforesaid, whom either this law, or their own
grace, shall reduce into the true method of duty,
virtue, and affection [shall appear before us] and
relate their trial and approbation from Cleanthes,
the son of Leonides from me, my lord!

Evan. From none but you, as fullest. Proceed,
sir.

Clean. Whom, for his manifest virtues, we
make such judge and censor of youth, and the
absolute reference of life and manners.

Sim. This is a brave world! when a man should
be selling land he must be learning manners. Is't
not, my masters?

Re enter EVGENIA.

Eug. What's here to do? my suitors at the bar!
The old band shines again: oh miserable!

[She swoons.

Evan. Read the law over to her, 'twill awake
'Tis one deserves small pity. [her

Clean. Lastly, it is ordained, that all such
wives now whatsoever, that shall design their
husbands' death, to be soon rid of them, and enter-
tain suitors in their husbands' lifetime—

Sim. You had best read that a little louder; for,
if anything, that will bring her to herself again,
and find her tongue.

Clean. Shall not presume, on the penalty of our
heavy displeasure, to marry within ten years after.

Eug. That law's too long by nine years and a half,

I'll take my death upon't, so shall most women.

Clean. And those incontinent women so offending, to be judged and censured by Hippolita, wife to Cleanthes.

Eug. Of all the rest, I'll not be judged by her.

Re-enter HIPPOLITA.

Clean. Ah! here she comes. Let me prevent thy joys,

Prevent them but in part, and hide the rest;

Thou hast not strength enough to bear them, else.

Hip. Leonides! *[She faints.]*

Clean. I fear'd it all this while;

I knew 'twas past thy power. Hippolita!

What contrariety is in woman's blood?

One faints for spleen and anger, she for grace.

Evan. Of sons and wives we see the worst and May future ages yield Hippolitas [best.]

Many; but few like thee, Eugenia!

Let no Sthenoides henceforth have a fame.

But all blest sons live in Cleanthes' name—

[Harsh music within.]

Ha! what strange kind of melody was that?

Yet give it entrance, whatso'er it be,

This day is all devote to liberty.

Enter Fiddlers, Gnotho, Courtiers, Cook, Butler, &c., with the old Women, AGATHA, and one bearing a bride-cake for the wedding.

Gnoth. Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on; let no man lay a block in your way.—Crowd on, I say.

Evan. Stay the crowd awhile; let's know the reason of this jollity.

Clean. Sirrah, do you know where you are?

Gnoth. Yes, sir: I am here, now here, and now here again, sir.

Lys. Your hat is too high crown'd, the duke in presence.

Gnoth. The duke! as he is my sovereign, I do give him two crowns for it, and that's equal change all the world over: as I am lord of the day (being my marriage-day the second) I do advance my bonnet.—Crowd on afore.

Leon. Good sir, a few words, if you will vouch. Or will you be forced? [safe them;]

Gnoth. Forced! I would the duke himself would say so.

Evan. I think he dares, sir, and does; if you You shall be forced. [stay not,

Gnoth. I think so, my lord, and good reason too; shall not I stay when your grace says I shall? I were unworthy to be a bridegroom in any part of your highness's dominions, then: will it please you to taste of the wedlock-courtesy?

Evan. Oh, by no means, sir; you shall not de-face so fair an ornament for me.

Gnoth. If your grace please to be cakated, say so.

Evan. And which might be your fair bride, sir?

Gnoth. This is my two-for-one that must be the usor uxoris, the remedy doloris, and the very *speculum amoris*.

Evan. And hast thou any else?

Gnoth. I have an older, my lord, for other uses.

Clean. My lord,

I do observe a strange decorum here:

These that do lead this day of jollity,

Do march with music and most mirthful cheeks;

Those that do follow, sad, and woefully,

Nearer the haviour of a funeral,
Than of a wedding.

Evan. 'Tis true; pray expound that, sir.

Gnoth. As the destiny of the day falls out, my lord, one goes to wedding, another goes to hanging; and your grace, in the due consideration, shall find them much alike; the one hath the ring upon her finger, the other the halter about her neck. *I take thee, Beatrice,* says the bridegroom; *I take thee, Agatha,* says the hangman; and both say together, *to have and to hold, till death do part us.*

Evan. This is not yet plain enough to my understanding.

Gnoth. If further your grace examine it, you shall find I shew myself a dutiful subject, and obedient to the law, myself, with these my good friends, and your good subjects, our old wives, whose days are ripe, and their lives forfeit to the law: only myself, more forward than the rest, am already provided of my second choice.

Evan. Oh! take heed, sir, you'll run yourself into danger;

If the law finds you with two wives at once,
There's a shrewd premonire.

Gnoth. I have taken leave of the old, my lord. I have nothing to say to her; she's going to sea, your grace knows whither, better than I do; she has a strong wind with her, it stands full in her poop; when you please, let her disembogue.

Cook. And the rest of her neighbours with her, whom we present to the satisfaction of your highness' law.

Gnoth. And so we take our leaves, and leave them to your highness.—Crowd on.

Evan. Stay, stay, you are too forward. Will And your wife yet living? [you marry,

Gnoth. Alas! she'll be dead before we can get to church. If your grace would set her in the way, I would dispatch her: I have a venture on't, which would return me, if your highness would make a little more haste, two for one.

Evan. Come, my lords, we must sit again; Craves a most serious censure. [here's a case]

Cook. Now they shall be dispatch'd out of the way.

Gnoth. I would they were gone once; the time goes away.

Evan. Which is the wife unto the forward bride-
Aga. I am, an it please your grace. [groom?]

Evan. Trust me, a lusty woman, able-bodied, And well-blooded cheeks.

Gnoth. Oh, she paints, my lord; she was a chambermaid once, and learn'd it of her lady.

Evan. Sure I think she cannot be so old.

Aga. Truly I think so too, an't please your grace.

Gnoth. Two to one with your grace of that! she's threescore by the book.

Leon. Peace, sirrah, you are too loud.

Cook. Take heed, Gnotho! if you move the duke's patience, 'tis an edge-tool; but a word and a blow, and it's off your head.

Gnoth. Off my head! away, ignorant! he knows it better than in the hair; he does not use to cut off many such heads as mine: I will talk to him too; if he cut off my head, I'll give him my ears. I say my wife is at full age for the law, the clerk shall take his oath, and the church-book shall be sworn too.

Evan. My lords, I leave this censure to you.

Leon. Then first, this fellow does deserve punish-
For offering up a lusty able woman, [ment,
Which may do service to the commonwealth,
Where the law craves one impotent and useless.

Creon. Therefore to be severely punished
For thus attempting a second marriage,
His wife yet living.

Lys. Nay, to have it trebled;
That even the day and instant when he should
As a kind husband, at her funeral, [mourn,
He leads a triumph to the scorn of it;
Which unseasonable joy ought to be punish'd
With all severity.

But. The fiddles will be in a foul case too, by
and by.

Leon. Nay, further; it seems he has a venture
Of two for one at his second marriage,
Which cannot be but a conspiracy
Against the former.

Gnoth. A mess of wise old men!

Lys. Sirrah, what can you answer to all these?

Gnoth. Ye are good old men, and talk as age
will give you leave. I would speak with the youth-
ful duke himself; he and I may speak of things
that shall be thirty or forty years after you are dead
and rotten. Alas! you are here to-day, and gone
to sea to-morrow.

Evan. In troth, sir, then I must be plain with
you.

The law that should take away your old wife from
The which I do perceive was your desire, [you,
Is void and frustrate; so for the rest:
There has been since another parliament,
Has cut it off.

Gnoth. I see your grace is disposed to be pleas-
ant.

Evan. Yes, you might perceive that; I had not
Thus dallied with your follies. [else

Gnoth. I'll talk further with your grace when I
come back from church; in the mean time, you
know what to do with the old women.

Evan. Stay, sir, unless in the mean time you
mean

I cause a gibbet to be set up in your way.

And hang you at your return.

Aga. O gracious prince!

Evan. Your old wives cannot die to-day by any
law of mine; for aught I can say to them,
They may, by a new edict, bury you,
And then, perhaps, you'll pay a new fine too.

Gnoth. This is fine, indeed!

Aga. O gracious prince! may he live a hundred
years more.

Cook. Your venture is not like to come in to-
day, Gnotho.

Gnoth. Give me the principal back.

Cook. Nay, by my troth we'll venture still—and
I'm sure we have as ill a venture of it as you; for
we have taken old wives of purpose, that we had
thought to have put away at this market, and now
we cannot utter a pennyworth.

Evan. Well, sirrah, you were best to discharge
your new charge, and take your old one to you.

Gnoth. Oh music! no music, but prove most
doleful trumpet;

Oh bride! no bride, but thou mayst prove a
strumpet;

Oh venture! no venture, I have, for one, now
none;

Oh wife! thy life is saved when I hoped it had
been gone.

Case up your fruitless strigs; no penny, no
wedding;

Case up thy maidenhead; no priest; no bedding:
Avaunt, my venture! ne'er to be restored,
Till Ag, my old wife, be thrown overboard.
Then come again, old Ag, since it must be so;
Let bride and venture with woful music go.

Cook. What for the bridecake, Gnotho?

Gnoth. Let it be mouldy, now 'tis out of season,
Let it grow out of date, currant, and reason:
Let it be chipt and chopt, and given to chickens.
No more is got by that, than William Dickins
Got by his wooden dishes.

Put up your plums, as fiddlers put up pipes,
The wedding dash'd, the bridegroom weeps and
wipes.

Fiddlers, farewell; and now, without perhaps,
Put up your fiddles as you put up scraps.

Lys. This passion has given some satisfaction
yet. My lord, I think you'll pardon him now,
with all the rest, so they live honestly with the
wives they have.

Evan. Oh! most freely; free pardon to all.

Cook. Ay, we have deserved our pardons, if we
can live honestly with such reverend wives, that
have no motion in them but their tongues.

Aga. Heaven bless your grace! you are a just
prince.

Gnoth. All hopes dash'd; the clerk's duties
lost,

My venture gone; my second wife divorced;
And which is worst, the old one come back again!
Such voyages are made now-a-days!

Besides these two fountains of fresh water, I will
weep two salt out of my nose. Your grace had
been more kind to your young subjects—heaven
bless and mend your laws, that they do not gull
your poor countrymen: but I am not the first, by
forty, that has been undone by the law. 'Tis but
a folly to stand upon terms; I take my leave of
your grace, as well as mine eyes will give me leave:
I would they had been asleep in their beds when
they opened them to see this day! Come Ag, come
Ag. [Exeunt Gnotho and AGATHA.

Creon. Were not you all my servants?

Cook. During your life, as we thought, sir; but
our young master turn'd us away.

Creon. How headlong, villain, wert thou in thy
ruin!

Sim. I followed the fashion, sir, as other young
men did. If you were as we thought you had been,
we should ne'er have come for this, I warrant you.
We did not feed, after the old fashion, on beef and
mutton, and such like.

Creon. Well, what damage or charge you have
run yourselves into by marriage, I cannot help, nor
deliver you from your wives; them you must keep;
yourselves shall again return to me.

All. We thank your lordship for your love, and
must thank ourselves for our bad bargains. [Exeunt.

Evan. Cleanthes, you delay the power of law,
To be inflicted on these misgovern'd men,
That filial duty have so far transgress'd.

Cleon. My lord, I see a satisfaction
Meeting the sentence, even preventing it,
Beating my wife back in their utterance.
See, sir, there's salt sorrow bringing forth fresh
And new duties, as the sea propagates.

The elephants have found their joints too—

[They kneel.]

Why, herce humbly able to bind up
The punning hands of the severest masters,
Much more the gentle fathers.

Sim. I had ne'er thought to have been brought
so low as my knees again; but since there's no
remedy, fathers, reverend fathers, as you ever hope
to have good sons and heirs, a handful of pity! we
confess we have deserved more than we are willing
to receive at your hands, though sons can never
deserve too much of their fathers, as shall appear
afterwards.

Creon. And what way can you decline your
feeding now?

You cannot retire to beeves and muttons sure.

Sim. Alas! sir, you see a good pattern for that,
now we have laid by our high and lusty meats, and
are down to our marrowbones already.

Creon. Well, sir, rise to virtues: we'll bind you
now; [They rise.]

You that were too weak yourselves to govern,
By others shall be govern'd.

Lys. Cleanthes,

I meet your justice with reconciliation—
If there be tears offaith in woman's breast,
I have received a myriad, which confirms me
To find a happy renovation.

Clean. Here's virtue's throne,
Which I'll embellish with my dearest jewels
Of love and faith, peace and affection!
This is the altar of my sacrifice,
Where daily my devoted knees shall bend.
Age-honoured shrine! time still so love you,
That I so long may have you in mine eye

Until my memory lose your beginning!
For you, great prince, long may your fame survive,
Your justice and your wisdom never die,
Crown of your crown, the blessing of your land,
Which you reach to her from your regent hand!

Leon. O Cleanthes, had you with us tasted
The entertainment of our retirement,
Fear'd and exclaim'd on in your ignorance,
You might have sooner died upon the wonder,
Than any rage or passion for our loss.

A place at hand we were all strangers in,
So spher'd about with music, such delights,
Such viands and attendance, and once a-day
So cheered with a royal visitant,
That oft-times, waking, our unsteady fancies
Would question whether we yet lived or no,
Or had possession of that paradise
Where angels be the guard!

Evan. Enough, Leonides,
You go beyond the praise; we have our end,
And all is ended well: we have now seen
The flowers and weeds that grow about our court.

Sim. If these be weeds, I'm afraid I shall wear
none so good again as long as my father lives.

Evan. Only this gentleman we did abuse
With our own bosom: we seem'd a tyrant,
And he our instrument. Look, 'tis Cratilus,

[Discovers CRATILUS.]

The man that you supposed had now been travell'd;
Which we gave leave to learn to speak,
And bring us foreign languages to Greece.
All's joy, I see; let music be the crown:
And set it high, "The good needs fear no law,
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe."

[Flourish. Exeunt]

POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO MY HONOURABLE FRIEND SIR FRANCIS
FOLJAMBE, KNIGHT AND BARONET.

SIR, with my service I present this book,
A trifle, I confess, but pray you look
Upon the sender, not his gift, with your
Accustomed favour, and then 't will endure
Your search the better. ~~Something~~ there may be
You'll find in the perusal fit for me
To give to one I honour, and may plead,
In your defence, though you descend to read
A pamphlet of this nature. May it prove
In your free judgment, though not worth your
Yet fit to find a pardon, and I'll say [love,
Upon your warrant that it is a play.

Ever at your commandment,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO MY JUDICIOUS AND LEARNED FRIEND THE
AUTHOR, [JAMES SHIRLEY.]

*Upon his ingenious Poem, "The Grateful Servant," a
Comedy, published in 1630.*

THOUGH I well know, that my obscurer name
Listed with theirs who here advance thy fame,
Cannot add to it, give me leave to be,
Among the rest a modest votary
At the altar of thy Muse. I dare not raise
Giant hyperboles unto thy praise;
Or hope it can find credit in this age.
Though I should swear, in each triumphant page
Of this thy work there's no line but of weight,
And poetry itself shewn at the height:
Such common places, friend, will not agree
With thy own vote, and my integrity.
I'll steer a midway, have clear truth my guide,
And urge a praise which cannot be denied.
Here are no forced expressions, no rack'd phrase;
No Babel compositions to amaze
The tortured reader; no believed defence
To strengthen the bold Atheist's insolence;
No obscene syllable, that may compel
A blush from a chaste maid: but all so well

Express'd and order'd, as wise men must say
It is a grateful poem, a good play:
And such as read ingeniously, shall find
Few have outstripp'd thee, many halt behind.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO HIS SON J. S. UPON HIS MINERVA.

THOU art my son; in that my choice is spoke:
Thine with thy father's Muse strikes equal stroke.
It shew'd more art in Virgil to relate,
And make it worth the hearing, his great'st fate,
Than to conceive what those great minds must be
That sought, and found out, fruitful Italy.
And such as read and do not apprehend,
And with applause, the purpose and the end
Of this neat poem, in themselves confess
A dull stupidity and barrenness.
Methinks I do behold, in this rare birth,
A temple 'uilt up to facetious Mirth,
Pleased Phœbus smiling on it: doubt not, then,
But that the suffrage of judicious men
Will honour this Thalia; and, for those
That praise sir Bevis, or what's worse in prose,
Let them dwell still in ignorance. To write
In a new strain, and from it raise delight,
As thou in this hast done, doth not by chance,
But merit, crown thee with the laurel branch.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

HERO AND HERO.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MY MOST SINGU-
LAR GOOD LORD AND PATRON, PHILIP, EARL
OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY,

Lord-Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, &c.,

*Upon the deplorable and untimely Death of his late, truly
noble Son, CHARLES LORD HERBERT, &c.*

'Twas fate, not want of duty, did me wrong;
Or, with the rest, my hymeneal song
Had been presented, when the knot was tied
That made the bridegroom and the virgin bride

A happy pair. I cur'd my absence then
 That hinder'd it, and bit my star-cross'd pen,
 Too busy in stage-blanks, and trifling rhyme,
 When such a cause call'd, and so apt a time
 To pay a general debt; mine being more
 Than they could owe, who since, or heretofore,
 Have labour'd with exalted lines to raise
 Brave piles, or rather pyramids of praise
 To Pembroke and his family: and dare I,
 Being silent then, aim at an elegy?
 Or hope my weak Muse can bring forth one verse
 Deserving to wait on the sable hearse
 Of your late hopeful Charles? his obsequies
 Exact the mourning of all hearts and eyes
 That knew him, or loved virtue. He that would
 Write what he was, to all posterity, should
 Have ample credit in himself, to borrow.
 Nay, make his own, the saddest accents sorrow
 Ever express'd, and a more moving quill,
 Than Spenser used when he gave Astrophil
 A living epicedium. For poor me,
 By truth I vow it is no flattery,
 I from my soul wish, (if it might remove
 Grief's burthen, which too feelingly you prove,)
 Though I have been ambitious of fame,
 As poets are, and would preserve a name,
 That, my toys burnt, I had lived unknown to men,
 And ne'er had writ, nor ne'er to write again.
 Vain wish, and to be scorn'd! can my foul dross,
 With such pure gold be valued! or the loss
 Of thousand lives like mine, merit to be
 The same age thought on, when his destiny
 Is only mentioned? no, my lord, his fate,
 Is to be prized at a higher rate;
 Nor are the groans of common men to be
 Blended with those, which the nobility

Vent hourly for him. That great ladies mourn
 His sudden death, and lords vie at his urn
 Drops of compassion; that true sorrow, fed
 With showers of tears, still bathes the widow'd bed
 Of his dear spouse; that our great king and queen
 (To grace your grief) disdain'd not to be seen
 Your royal comforters; these well become
 The loss of such a hope, and on his tomb
 Deserve to live: but, since no more could be
 Presented, to set off his tragedy,
 And with a general sadness, why should you
 (Pardon my boldness!) pay more than his due,
 Be the debt ne'er so great? No stoic can,
 As you were a loving father, and a man,
 Forbid a moderate sorrow; but to take
 Too much of it, for his or your own sake,
 If we may trust divines, will rather be
 Censured repining, than true piety.
 I still presume too far, and more than fear
 My duty may offend, pressing too near
 Your private passions. I thus conclude,
 If now you show your passive fortitude,
 In bearing this affliction, and prove
 You take it as a trial of heaven's love
 And favour to you, you ere long shall see
 Your second care return'd from Italy,
 To bless his native England, each rare part,
 That in his brother lived, and joy'd your heart,
 Transferr'd to him; and to the world make known
 He takes possession of what's now his own.

Your honour's most humble
 and faithful servant,
 PHILIP MASSINGER.

GLOSSARY.

A

ABRAM MEN, impostors, who feigning madness, wandered about the country, and extorted charity, through fear, from the servants of small families.

Aburd ; Or she will cry, Absurd ! ("The Emperor of the East," act ii. scene 1.), a logical phrase, when false conclusions are deduced from the promises of an opponent.

Abuse ; You abuse me, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 3.), practise on my credulity.

Actuate, Or actuate what you command to me, ("The Roman Actor," act iv. scene 2.), act.

Acric, nest.

Alba Regalis, ("The Picture," act iii. scene 6.), the town where the kings of Hungary were anciently crowned; now a paltry village called Stalwieszenburg.

Alar ; Friendship—that binds no further than to the altar, ("The Parliament of Love," act iii. scene 2.), an allusion to the saying of Pericles that he would support the interests of his friend *as far as the altar*, (μεχρι βωμου), as far as he could with due respect for the gods.

Amorous ; Nor am I amorous, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act ii. scene 3.), apt to be inflamed at first sight.

Amsterdam ; Preach at Amsterdam, ("The Renegade," act i. scene i.), the resort of religionists of all denominations.

Anaxarete ; "Such an Iphis," &c. ("The Roman Actor," act iii. scene 2.); see the story of Iphis and Anaxarete in the 14th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*.

Angel ; The Roman angel's wings, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act ii. scene 2.), bird.

Apostata, apostate.

Apple ; And I would sell my empire, could it purchase the dull art of forgetfulness, ("The Emperor of the

East," act iv. scene 5.) : the reader will not be surprised at the passion of Theodosius, when he recollects that, among the ancients, the presentation of an *apple* had a mystic meaning ; it signified love accepted and returned.

Argiers, the old form of Algiers.

As ; As I know not that, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act ii. scene 3.), as if.

At all, A gamester at the height, and cry *At all* ("The City Madm," act iv. scene 2.), means that the caster will play for any sums the company may think proper to risk against him.

Atheam, To bind up Athelism, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 3.) : our early writers appear to have employed this word with great laxity, applying it to any remarkable violation of moral or natural decorum.

Atonement, A fair atonement, ("The Duke of Milan," act iv. scene 3.), reconciliation.

Aventure ; My strong Aventure, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), post of security, defence.

B

Bake-house, Of the conduit and the bakehouse, ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 5.), the common rendezvous of gossips of both sexes.

Bandog, properly *band-dog*, a dog kept tied up on account of his fierceness.

When bear-baiting was in vogue in England, bandogs were used for that sport.

Banquet, the dessert, composed of fruit, sweetmeats, &c. Our ancestors, as soon as they had dined, removed to another room, (commonly to a garden-house, or arbour,) where the banquet was spread.

Banqueting-house, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3.) : see the preceding article.

Bar ; garden-house, summer-house ; in the suburbs of London, gardens with buildings of this kind (which were often used as places of intrigue) were formerly much in fashion.

Bar ; I am no bar for you to try your strength on, ("The Parliament of Love," act ii. scene 3.) : Clarindora means, I am not to be kept down stairs, alluding to the game of pitching the bar.

Barathrum ; You barathrum of the shambles, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 2.) : from *Barance*, "barathrumque mellei," abyss, gulf.

Barley-break ; He is at barley break, and the last couple are now in bed, ("The Virgin Martyr," act v. scene 1.). This game is thus described by Gifford, chiefly from a passage in Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*. "It was played by six people (three of each sex) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called *hell*. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division, to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities, in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded by pre-occupation from the other places; in this 'catching' however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said to be in *hell*, and the game ended."

Bases ; your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 1.), a kind of embroidered mantle, which hung down from the middle to about the knees, or lower, worn by knights on horseback.

Basket, the ; Go to the basket, and re-

point, ("The Fatal Dowry," act v. scene 1.), the basket in which broken meat was sent from the sheriff's table to the poor confined in the prisons, also the basket from which broken meat was distributed to the poor at the porter's lodge of great houses, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act i. scene 3)

Buttress, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 1.), the main body of the army

Beaumonts, prayer-men, those who pray for their benefactors, dependants on charity

Beating-dishes, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act v. scene 1.), solid, substantial dishes

Becon, a tame curlewd

Bees, Minceown bees rebel against me, ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 4.); the speaker considers herself as queen of the hive

Beptreigh, chief governor of a province

Bells ring out of tune, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 1.), ring backward, the common signal of alarm on the breaking out of fires

Bend the body, ("The Duke of Milan," act ii. scene 1.), and "The Rashful Lover," act iii. scene 3.), to ascertain if any life remains in it

Beneath the salt: see *Salt*, above the *betake*, consign

Bind with: And by turns bind with her, ("The Guardian," act i., scene 1.), tire, seize

Bird bolts, blunt, pointless arrows, used to kill birds without piercing them

Birthing: And spoil him of his birthing, ("The Bondman," act ii. scene 1.), an allusion to the history of Jacob and Esau

Bisopman, beggar

Blacks: Tears, sighs, and blacks, "The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 1., mourning weeds

Blue gown, the livery of Bridewell

Roman: Like a Roman, ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 2.), means, in cant language, a gallant fellow: perhaps, however, it is here a misprint for "Roman"

Box-keeper: Gettall, a box-keeper, (*Dram. Pers.* to "The City Madam,"), groom-porter to a gambling-house, who sits in a raised box or chair, and declares the state of the game, &c.

Brack, hound-hitch

Brave, richly apparelled

Braveries: The braveries of Syracuse, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3.), fashionable gallants

Bravory, finery of apparel

Breda: Practised at Breda, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act i. scene 2.): an allusion to the celebrated siege of Breda by Spinola: it was begun on the 26th August, 1634, and continued till the 1st July in the following year, when the besieged, after enduring many hardships, surrendered

Brennus: The fatal gold which Brennus took from Delphos, ("The Fatal Dowry," act v. scene 2.): it was so destructive to all who shared it, that it grew into a proverb

Broadside: They shew'd a broadside to us, ("The Renegade," act v. scene 7.): as a proof that they thought themselves safe from the danger of pursuit

Brother, O for a brother! ("The Maid of Honour," act ii. scene 2.), brother in arms

Buck, to beat a, ("The Virgin Martyr," act iv. scene 2.), to wash clothes by beating them in the water on a smooth stone with a pole flattened at the end

Bug: No bug words, sir, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 2.), frightful, terrifying

Bullion: At noon in the Bullion, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.), appears to mean some piece of finery (trunk-hose, &c.), so called from the large globular gilt buttons on it

Burse, the, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.), the New Exchange in the Strand

Bury money, I'll bury some money before I die, that my ghost may haunt thee afterward, ("The Old Law," act iv. scene 1.), according to the superstition, that those who had buried treasure, walked after death

Butler, Dr., Oricle Butler, &c. ("The Old Law," act ii. scene 1.); the physician here alluded to, was of great celebrity; he died at an advanced age in 1618

Cat-catch salmon, salmon prepared in a manner which differs but little from the modern method of pickling it

Canceller, the hawk was said to cancel, when, missing the aim in the shoot, he turned upon the wing to recover himself

Candour: Dispense a little with your candour, ("Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 3., and "The Guardian," act iii. scene 1.), honour

Canters, rogues, vagrants, beggars

Caranza, (*Jerome*), wrote a treatise, in which the laws of duelling were strictly laid down

Carcanet, necklace

Caroch, coach

Carpent knights, a term of contempt for knights dubbed on public festivities, &c., not in the field

Caster, scare the, ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 2.) Gifford cites the following explanation of this passage: "When a sutter supposes himself to possess more money than the caster, it is usual for him, on putting his stake into the ring, to cry, 'Ware caster!' the caster then declares at all under such a sum, ten, twenty, or fifty pounds, for instance; or else to place against the stakes of certain setters, the corresponding sums, and cry, 'Ware cover'd' only"

Casting: O no more of stones - - We are not so high in our flesh now to need casting, ("The Picture," act v. scene 1.); "When the hawk will come to the lure, then give her every night stones, till you find her stomach good; after that, proffer her casting, to make her

cleanse and purge her gorge." *The Gentleman's Recreation*, p. 135

Cater, caterer, purveyor

Cat-stick, the stick used in the game of tip cat

Cautious, wary, suspicious

Cavallery, cavalry

Censure, to judge

Ceruse, white paint

Chamber: A chamber shut off, ("The Renegade," act v. scene 8.—stage direction,) a small piece of ordnance

Chaplines, large clogs, worn under the shoes, made of cork or light framework, covered with leather

Charms: Can charms be writ on such pure rubies? ("The Great Duke of Florence," act ii. scene 3.), an allusion, probably, to the notion, that certain gems from their inherent sanctity, could not be profaned or used for magical purposes

Cheese trenchers: Admonitions upon cheese-trenchers, ("The Old Law," act ii. scene 1.), cheese-plates were formerly inscribed with posies, proverbial verses, &c.

Chiaus, an officer in the Turkish court, who acts as usher; also, as ambassador to foreign states

Chreokopia: a Greek word, the cutting off that part of the debt which arose from the interest of the sum lent

Chuffs, coarse clowns, at once sordid and wealthy

Clutch-book, the, ("The Old Law," act i. scene 1.): the Lawyer means the register of births, Clemthes takes it in the sense of the Holy Scriptures

Circular: Your wisdom is not circular, ("The Emperor of the East," act iii. scene 2.), full and perfect (a Latinism)

Cred, Acquainted only with a civil life, ("The Renegade," act v. scene 3.), with the political regulations, customs, and habits of the city, as distinguished from the court

Clap-dish: A leper with a clap dish, ("The Parliament of Love," act ii. scene 2.), a wooden dish, with a movable lid, which the leper clapped, as a warning that alms might be given without touching him

Clemm'd: Entrails were clemm'd, ("The Roman Actor," act ii. scene 1.), shrunk up with hunger, so as to cling together

Clubs: In London among the clubs, ("The Renegade," act i. scene 3.): the shops in London were formerly furnished with bludgeons; and in any public fray, at the cry of Clubs, clubs! the apprentices, armed with those weapons, immediately rushed into the streets

Coats: Ranked with coats, ("The Old Law," act iii. scene 1.), court cards

Colbraut, a famous Danish giant

Colan: the largest of the intestines,—the cravings of hunger

Coming in: His coming in, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 1.), surrender

Commodities: Drawing gallants into mortgages for commodities, ("The Bondman," act ii. scene 3.), wares, of which the needy gallants were to make what they could, in lieu of the money for which they had signed

Come off; Will you come off, sir? ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 2.), pay

Commoner, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act iii. scene 3.), a common lawyer

Comrades; a jocular perversion of comrades,—fellow-rigues

Conceited, facetious, witty

Conclusions; Try conclusions, ("The Duke of Milan," act iv. scene 1.), experiments

Condition; Condition he did the like, ("The Old Law," act ii. scene 1.), on condition

Conduit; see *Bake-house*

Consort, band of musicians

Constantly; Bear his restraint so constantly, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act v. scene 2.), firmly, resolutely

Corinth; With any she in Corinth, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3.), spoken in allusion to the high reputation of the Corinthian ladies for gallantry

Curious, curious-ly

Counsel; It is not counsel, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 1.), secret; worthy of your counsel, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 2.), secrecy

Courtesy; Stole courtesy from heaven, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act ii. scene 3.), won, derived courtesy from heaven,—had a heavenly kind of affability and sweetness

Courtship; This may prove but courtship, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 2.), paying court to her as duchess; The elements of courtship, (*Id.* act iv. scene 1.), court policy; the word is also used more than once in the sense of court-breeding, good-breeding

Crack; Here's a crack, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.), an arch, lively boy

Crinumma, the venereal disease

Crowd, ("The Old Law," act v. scene 1.), fiddle

Crowns of the sun, *cuscus de soleil*, coins with a little star (or sun) on one side

Cry Abroad; see *Abroad*

Cry aim, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 1.), "The Renegade," act i. scene 1.; An expression taken from archery; it was an exclamation of encouragement from the bystanders to the person about to shoot; hence it came to signify encourage, sanction, &c.

Cupid and Death; Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act iv. scene 3.); an allusion to a poem among the *Elegies of Secundus*, Lib. ii. El. 6. the fable is very ancient

Cullions; a term of strong contempt. subject wretches

Curiosity; Nay, curiosity to appear lovely, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.), scrupulous anxiety

Curious impertinent; Away, thou curious impertinent! ("The Fatal Dowry," act iii. scene 1.), an allusion to a novel of Cervantes, so named

Curiousness, scrupulousness, punctilious nicety

Cypress; It does presage my funeral rites, ("The Bashful Lover," act iii.

scene 3); cypress boughs were carried in funeral processions among the Romans and some other nations

D

Dag; Draws a pocket-dag, ("The Fatal Dowry," act iv. scene 1.—stage direction,) pocket-pistol

Dalliance; Thou shalt curse thy dalliance, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act iv. scene 1.), hesitation, delay

Danger; To be in your danger, ("The Fatal Dowry," act i. scene 2.), debt

Dead pays, the continued pay of soldiers actually dead, which dishonest officers took to themselves

Deck; Ready in the deck, ("The Guardian," act iii. scene 3.), heap, gross—properly, pack of cards

Decline; In foolish pity to decline his dangers, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 1.), divert from their course

Deduct; Deduct it to days, ("The Old Law," act iii. scene 1.), reduce, (in Latinism)

Deer of ten, a deer with ten branches to his horns; which it has at three years old

Defence, defeat

Defended, defended wantonness, ("The Guardian," act iv. scene 2.), forbidden

Defensible; In whom lust is grown defensible, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 1.), an object of justification rather than of shame

Degrees; To the Degrees in public, ("The Roman Actor," act iii. scene 2.), the *Scala Gemina*; see *Gemina's Demeanor*; How narrow our domains are, ("The Picture," act i. scene 1.), means

Depart; Not depart with one piece of economy, ("The Renegade," act i. scene 2.), part

Dependencies; your masters of dependencies, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 1.) In the language of the duello, *dependencies* meant the grounds of a quarrel; the *masters* were needy braves, who undertook to inquire into it, and *smelt* as to settle it, for those who were timorous or unskilful

Discourse and reason, ("The Unnat. Combat," act ii. scene 1.); Faculties of discourse, ("The Renegade," act iv. scene 3.); Discourse and judgment, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 2.). There is great difficulty in determining the precise meaning in which the word *discourse* was formerly employed, or how far it differed in signification from *reason*; Gifford is inclined to think that *discourse* indicated a more rapid deduction of consequences from premises than was supposed to be effected by *reason*

Discloses; Discloses the eagle and the wren, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 2.), hatches

Dispartitions, ("The Renegade," act ii. scene 6.), separate apartments; but the reading is doubtful, the old edition having "dispute action"

Dispute; A kiss . . . will not disstate you, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 4.), displease; Disstate our servants, ("The Renegade," act i. scene 2.), dislike

Distempered; I dare not say distempered, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 1.), intoxicated

Divert; The motives that divert us, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act i. scene 2.), turn us aside from following what you advise

Dinner-son, ("The Guardian," act ii. scene 3.), inclement to appetite

Drum, cook's drum, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 1.), "The Guardian," act iii. scene 3.; formerly, when dinner was ready, the cook used to summon the servants to carry it into the hall, by knocking on the dresser with his knife

Drum scene, ("The City Madam," act ii. scene 1.), perhaps, such stuff as was sold at the drum-head; or it may mean, such as might be bought at auctions, which were announced by beat of drum

Dunkirk, a she, ("The Duke of Milan," act ii. scene 2.), a female privateer; the privateers of Dunkirk were very formidable

Dutch hangman, ("The City Madam," act v. scene 3.) In the Low Countries the office of hangman was regarded as so infamous, that no one would sit at meat with him, or even taste what he put took of

E

Eloquence, sophisticated refutations of an opponent's position

Entada, rents, revenues

Equal; An equal hearing, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.), just, impartial

Equal merit, ("The Bashful Lover," act ii. scene 7.), a translation of *æquo meritis*, equal fight

Estrado, ostrich

Extended; This manner is extended to my use, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act v. scene 1.), seized; a legal phrase

Extent; Serve an extent, ("The City Madam," act v. scene 2.), an execution

Fawks, young hawks, just taken from the nest and unable to prey for themselves

F

Far brought; Since ladies, as you know, affect strange dainties, and brought far to them, ("The Guardian," act ii. scene 4.), an allusion to the proverb, *Far-fetched and dainties are good for ladies*

Fault; 'Tis my fault, ("The Bondman," act v. scene 2.); There's the fault, ("The Old Law," act iii. scene 2.), misfortune

Faunters; The gods and faunters, ("The Bondman," act v. scene 3.), favourers; equivalent to—the favouring gods

Favours, in allusion to a term still employed at the Middle

Temple, where an additional dish to the regular dinner is called *excessings*

Fetch in: To fetch in Anselario, ("The Roman Actor," act iv. scene 1.), seize

Fewterer, the person who took charge of the dogs, immediately under the huntsman, conducted them to the place of action, and let them loose in the chase

Fineness; Religious fineness, ("The Renegade," act iv. scene 1.), subtle device

For; occurs often in the sense of prevention: as, Far enough for reaching, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act v. scene 1.)

Forms, used with a play on words, Sweet forms, your pardon, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 2.), the speaker moaning—benches

Frequent; "Is frequent in the city, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), common, commonly reported; This frequent senate, (*Id.* act i. scene 3.), full: both Latinisms

Frillery: an old-clothes shop

Fur; Get your fur, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.), perhaps, a piece of undressed skin, used as a shooing-horn

G

Gabel, excise, tax

Gallant of the last edition, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 2.), a gallant of the newest fashion

Galley-folst: In the morning in the Galley-folst, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.), perhaps, some dress adorned with scarfs and ribbands; *Galley-folst* is properly the Lord Mayor's barge

Galliard, a swift, lively, leaping dance

Garded; The garded robe, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), laced, bordered

Gazet, a Venetian coin, worth about three farthings

Gemonies, the ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), the *Scala Gemonie*, on the Aventine

Genova print, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 1.), an allusion to the spirituous liquor so called

Glorious; This glorious relation, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.), vain, boastful

Go by; I'll only say, *Go by*, ("The Maid of Honour," act v. scene 1.), an allusion to a speech of Ieronimo in *The Spanish Tragedy*, which is often ridiculed by our early dramatists

Gods to offend, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), with the protection of the gods

Gold and store, an expression occurring more than once in *Masseuger*, and taken from an old ballad

Go less; I'll go no less, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 2.); I cannot go less, ("The Rashful Lover," act iv. scene 1.); I will not play for a smaller stake, &c.

Golle, a cant term for hands,—fists

Good; A good husband? ("The City

Madam," act iii. scene 3.), in the mercantile sense,—rich

Good fellows; Meet with some of these good fellows, ("The Guardian," act v. scene 3.); Command over good fellows, (*Id.* act v. scene 4.); a cant term for highwaymen and thieves

Good lord; My Good Lord, (Dedication to "The Emperor of the East,"), patron

Good mistress. You shall find me your good mistress, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 2.), patroness

Gorgon: see *Wolf*

Green apron: An English pirate's whore, with a green apron, ("The Renegade," act i. scene 1.); the reader must remember that green is the colour appropriated solely to the descendants of Mahomet

Guard; The surest guard, ("The Picture," act i. scene 2.), posture of defence

H

Hand; My power and means hand with my will, ("The Renegade," act iv. scene 1.), go hand in hand

Hell; He was redeem'd from the hole, to live, in our house, in hell, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.); one of the wretched departments of a gaol was called the *hole*, and a still more wretched spot was termed *hell*

High forehead; The increase of your high forehead, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.); an allusion to the Usher's baldness

Hole. see *Hell*

Horse-trick; Here's your worship's horse-trick, ("The Old Law," act iii. scene 2.), some rough kind of step in dancing

Hose, breeches: see *Panted hose*

Humanity: In all humanity, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 1.), polite literature

Hunt's-up; a lesson on the horn, played under the windows of sportsmen to rouse them in the morning

I—J

Imp, to insert a new feather into the wing of a hawk, or other bird, in the place of a broken one

Impotence; The impotence of his affection, ("The Roman Actor," act v. scene 1.); With much more impotence to dote upon her, ("A Very Woman," act ii. scene 1.); uncontrollable violence

Impotent; An impotent lover of women, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 2.), uncontrollable in his passions

Ingles, intimate friends, associates

Iphis: see *Anaxarctic*

Jane-of-apes; No, here's a Jane-of-apes shall serve, ("The Bondman," act iii. scene 3.), a play on the word

Jest-an-apes, (the speaker means *jest*)

K

Ka me, ka thee, ("The City Madam," act ii. scene 1.), A proverbial phrase, of Scottish origin, equivalent to—Do me a good turn, and I'll do you another

Katezoken, ("The Guardian," act iii. scene 1.); *Kar' efexen*, chiefly, above all others

Keeper of the door; Keeper of the vaulting door, ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 3.), equivalent to bawd, pander

L

Lachrymæ, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 1., "The Picture," act v. scene 3.), the title of a musical work composed by John Doulard;

Lachrymæ, or *Seven Tears figured in seven passionate Pavens*, &c.

Lady of the lake, the, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act ii. scene 1.), an enchantress, who figures in the *Morte Arthur* and in other old romances

Lamia, sorceress

Lancepizado, the lowest officer of foot

Last edition: see *Gallant*

Lausender; In your lavender robes, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act v. scene 1.), in your clothes which have just been taken out of pawn: to *lay in lausender* meant to pawn

Lavolta, a dance for two persons, consisting much in high bounds, and whirling

Leaguer; Leaguer laundress, ("The Picture," act i. scene 1.), camp laundress

Lent; At the end of a long Lent, ("The Renegade," act v. scene 2.), an allusion to the custom, observed by Catholics, of confession at Easter

L'envoy; equivalent in our author to—conclusion

Lets; All lets thrown behind me, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act i. scene 1.); There are so many lets, ("The Unnat. Combat," act v. scene 2.); impediments

Lightly; For lightly ever he that parts the fray, ("The Bondman," act iii. scene 3.), commonly, usually

Line-hound, the common hound; so called because it was led by a *lyme* or string

Line; The line is, upon which love-errands run, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act ii. scene 2.), an allusion to fireworks running upon lines

Legs; Very weak legs, ("A Very Woman," act iii. scene 1.); the speech of the Merchant, which precedes these words, alludes to a notion formerly prevalent, that small legs were one of the characteristic marks of a fine gentleman

Lively; A lively grave, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 1.), living

Looking-glasses at their girdles, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.), stage-direction), a fashionable ornament

Lost; I am lost, ("The Renegade," act v. scene 3.), I forget myself
Loth to depart; The old woman is loth to depart, ("The Old Law," act iv. scene 1.), an allusion to the tune of this name
Ludgate; The certain road to Ludgate, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 3.), the prison so called

Magnificent; this word in Massinger is always equivalent to magnificent

Manchetts, rolls of the finest white bread

Mandrake; Or eaten mandrakes, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.). The mandrake has a soporific quality, and used to be employed as a powerful narcotic

Mankind; Are you turn'd mankind? ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.), masculine, manlike

Marginal fingers, ("The Fatal Dowry," act iii. scene 1.), an allusion to the index (xv), common, in the margin of old books, to direct the attention of the reader to striking passages

Marmoset, a monkey

Masters of dependencies; see Dependencies

Mephistophilus, ("The Picture," act v. scene 3.), the fiend attendant in Marlowe's play of *Faustus*, as also in the "history," on which that play is founded. The speaker means, of course, Baptista

Mermaid; What a mermaid? ("The Old Law," act iv. scene 1.), a cant term for a harlot

Micher, lurker

Miniver cap, a cap made of the fur of the ermine mixed with that of the small weasel

Mistress; I would call her mistress, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 1.); As if the mistresses could not assert their servants' guardianship, ("The Parliament of Love," act i. scene 5.); at the time Massinger wrote, *mistress* was the term by which a lover addressed the object of his affection, who in return called him *servant*

Mistress, title of; You grac'd me with the title of your mistress, ("The Parliament of Love," act v. scene 3.); in allusion to the request (see act 1.) that he might be allowed to wear her colours—i. e. a scarf or riband from her person, and so become her champion

Moppea, ("The Bondman," act iii. scene 3, stage-direction.), grimaces, properly, the grinings of an ape when irritated

More; More, with his looks, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 2.), yet more, further

Most an end; For she sleeps most an end, ("A Very Woman," act iii. scene 1.), a phrase implying continuation,—almost constantly, without intermission

N

Neat-house; The neat-house for musk-millions, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.), a celebrated garden and place of entertainment near Chelsea

Niggle, trifle, play

Night-rail, night-shift

Nimming, stealing

O

Often and return; I hope to see you often and return loaded with blessings, ("The Old Law," act iv. scene 2.), equivalent to—often return

Oil of angels, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 2.), an allusion to the gold coins (*angels*) worth about 10s. each

Oil of tale, a nostrum, famous as a cosmetic, was sold under this name in Massinger's days

Olympus; More shaken than Olympus is, &c., ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iv. scene 1.), a mistake either of the author, or transcriber, for *Parnassus*

Once; Would you'd dispatch and dis once! ("The Roman Actor," act ii. scene 1.), once for all

Outcry; Sold at an outcry, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 3.), a public auction

Owe; this word frequently occurs in the sense of own, possess

P

Packing; Our packing being laid open, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iii. scene 1.), invidious contrivance

Padders, lurkers about the high way, foot-pads

Panted hose, breeches composed of stripes of various coloured cloth, stitched together

Pantofle, slipper: Ere I was sworn to the pantofle, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 2.); the speaker means—ere I became a page, whose office was to bring the slippers

Parallels; We are not parallels, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 2.), seems to be used in the sense of *radii*

Parted; But to be parted in their numerous shares, ("The Virgin Martyr," act ii. scene 3.) endowed with a part; To deliver her better parted than she is, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.), endowed with better parts

Pash, to strike so as to crush to pieces

Passionate; So passionate, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act i. scene 1.), full of sorrow

Passionately; You speak so passionately, ("The Old Law," act iii. scene 1.), sorrowfully

Passion; These very passions I speak to my father, ("The Old Law," act i. scene 1.); This passion has given some satisfaction yet, (id. act v. scene 1.), pathetic speech

Patch; Peace, Patch! ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 3.), fool: Cardinal Wolsey had a fool so named, from whom, it has been thought, the term was applied to others

Peat, pet

Peevish; That peevish lady, ("The Virgin Martyr," act iii. scene 3.), foolish

Personate; Or does she personate, "The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.), play a fictitious character

Pig-scurer, pig-head, dull-pated fellow

Pip; Which is a pip out, you know, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.), pip means a spot on a card; and the allusion is to the game called *one-and-thirty*

Place; As he were sent a messenger to the moon, in such a place flies, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 1.), a term of salcary, the greatest elevation which a bird of prey attains; Though she fly in an eminent place, ("The Rashful Lover," act v. scene 3.), height

Plurisy; Thy plurisy of goodness, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 1.), superabundance

Plymouth clout, a cant term for a staff, or cudgel

Poor John, a cant term for hake dried and salted

Porter's lodge; That have perus'd the porter's lodge, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 2.), the speaker means,—that have been whipped at the porter's lodge, which was formerly the usual place of punishment for servants

Ports; Keep the ports close, ("The Virgin Martyr," act i. scene 1.), to get out of the ports, ("The Renegade," act v. scene 4.), gates of the city

Puissant; The secretary hath possessed the duke, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act in scene 1.), informed

Power of things; Doubtless, that owns away the power of things, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), the world, (*rerum potestas*)

Practice; Apprehended by her practice, ("The Parliament of Love," act v. scene 1.), Though we know all this by practice, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act v. scene 3.), artifice

Precisian, puritan

Prest; Prest to fetch in, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 2.), ready, prepared

Prevent; Yet I'll prevent you, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iv. scene 3.); A cruel law seeks to prevent her, ("The Old Law," act i. scene 1.); And yet prevented the rising sun, ("The Renegade," act ii. scene 1.), anticipate

Prodigious; By his prodigious legs, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.), unnatural, portentous

Progress; In a summer progress, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 1.), travelling of the sovereign and

to court to visit different parts of the dominions

Prout sword, a plain sword, such as formed part of the provision for the army

Pull down the side; If now - - - I may but hold your cards, I'll not pull down the side, ("The Unnat. Combat," act ii. scene 1.); If I hold your cards, I shall pull down the side, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.); an allusion to card playing; to pull down a side, meant to occasion the loss of the game by ignorance or treachery

Put on, Put on, we'll be familiar, ("The Duke of Milan," act iv. scene 1.); And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 2.); What do you mean to do? Put on, ("The City Madam," act v. scene 2.), be covered

Put on; Now, put on your spirits, ("The Fatal Dowry," act i. scene 1.), rouse

Q

Quality; I do accuse the quality of treason, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 3.), How do you like the quality? ("The Picture," act ii. scene 1.); For so his quality speaks him, ("The Fatal Dowry," act iv. scene 2.), profession; in the two first passages it means the profession of a player, to which our old writers seem more peculiarly to have appropriated the word

Quello ruff, ruffs for the neck

Quirpo; In the evening, In Quirpo, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.), an undress, (Span. *cuerpo*)

R

Ram-alley, one of the avenues to the Temple from Fleet-street: it abounded in cooks shops

Resolv'd; The his hand, I'm resolv'd of it, ("The Duke of Milan," act ii. scene 1.); Till you are resolv'd, sir forsake not hope, ("The Picture," act v. scene 3.), convinced

Rest on it, I'll save my lips, I rest on it, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3.), am fixed, determined, on it; a metaphor drawn from play, (cards, dice, bowls, &c.), where the term *rest* was given to the highest stake when the parties were disposed to venture

Ride, I can but ride, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.), ride in a cart, be carried for a strumpet

Rise; as interjection, -generally used in Rascallian revelry

Roarer; A lady to turn roarer, ("The Renegado," act i. scene 3.), blusterer, bully

Roses; These roses will show rare, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.); And roses worth a family, ("The City Madam," act v. scene 2.), large knots of roses for the shoe

Rouse; Stands bound to take his rouse, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 1.); Another rouse! we lose time, ("The Bondman," act ii. scene 3.), full glass, bumper

Rubies; see *Charmes*

S

Sacred; Sacred, as 'tis accus'd, is proper to me, ("The Emperor of the East," act iv. scene 5.), an allusion to the meaning of the Latin *sacer*

Sacred badge; Wear on your forehead the sacred badge he arms his servants with, ("The Renegado," act iv. scene 3.), a periphrasis of baptism

St. Dennis; And then I will not cry, St. Dennis for me! ("The Parliament of Love," act ii. scene 1.), the war cry of France

St. Martin's; Thou shalt forget that o'er was a St. Martin's, ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 2.); it is doubtful whether the speaker alludes to the sanctuary, bridewell, spittle, or almshouse of St. Martin's

Sanzacke, governor of a city

Salt, above the; You ne'er presume to sit above the salt, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 1.); Marry, ever beneath the salt, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.) - at the tables of our ancestors, the salt (or large salt-cellar) was usually placed about the middle, the seats above which were assigned to the guests of more distinction, those below to dependants, inferiors, and poor relations

Scarabs, beetles

Scarlet; Or they will ne'er wear scarlet, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 2.), because mayors or aldermen

Scotomg, dizziness in the head

Sea rats; You shall no more be sea-rats, ("A Very Woman," act v. scene 1.), pirates

Seck to; To seck to me with more obsequiousness, ("The Picture," act i. scene 2.), supplicate, intreat

Servant; And now exchanging courtship with my son, her servant, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 3.); Choosing rather she should style me servant, (*Id.* act iv. scene 1.); A servant to air you in the evening, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 2.); see *Mistress*

Shadows; I must not have my board pester'd with shadows, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 1.), a Latinism, (*umbræ*), uninvited strangers, introduced by one of the guests

Shape; This Persian shape laid by, ("The Bondman," act v. scene 3.); But in another shape, ("The Parliament of Love," act iii. scene 3.); Paris the tragedian's shape, ("The Roman Actor," act ii. scene 1.); How do you like that shape? (*Id.* act iii. scene 2.); I put on a shape, ("The Emperor of the East," act iii. scene 4.); dress, a change of the word

Shakel; see *Disgrace*

Shakel; see *Disgrace*

Show water; I'll show you a little show water, I'll show you a little show water, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 1.); see *Water*

Sight; I'll show you a little sight, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 1.); see *Sight*

Sleep on it; Sleep on it, sleep on it, ("The Duke of Milan," act ii. scene 2.), sleep soundly, free from care; from Terence, "in aurem ultravivis dormire"

Sorl; And to bear money to a sort of rogues, ("The Virgin-Mary," act iii. scene 3.), get, parcel

Sovereign; As he is my sovereign, I do give him two crowns for it, ("The Old Law," act v. scene 1.); a pun is intended here, but the exact meaning is uncertain: a *sovereign* was a gold coin worth ten shillings

Sought to; I requir'd not to be sought to this poor way, ("The Unnat. Combat," act v. scene 2.); see *Sick to*

Spittle; He is a spittle of diseases, ("The Picture," act iv. scene 2.); I will rather choose a spittle sinner, ("The Fatal Dowry," act iii. scene 1.); Your spittle rogueships, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.); Gifford has attempted to establish a distinction between *spital* and *spittle*, which, after all, perhaps our old writers never intended; he says, "a hospital or *spital* signified a charitable institution for the advantage of poor, infirm, and aged persons, an almshouse, in short, while *spittles* were mere lazar-houses, receptacles for wretches in the leprosy, and other loathsome diseases, the consequence of debauchery and vice"

Spot; I scorn to be a spot in her proud train, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 2.), an allusion to the spots in the peacock's tail

Squire of dames; And how, my honest squire o' dames? ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 3.); And honour'd with the style of Squire of Dames, ("The Emperor of the East," act i. scene 2.), seems to have been used by our old dramatists as a cant term for a pander: the appellation is taken from Spenser's *Fairie Queene*, where, however, the Squire of Dames is a personage of great respectability

Squire of Troy; Though it savour of the old squire of Troy, ("The Guardian," act iii. scene 1.), Pandarus

Stale the jest; I'll now stale the jest by my relation, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 2.), render the jest flat

Startup, a coarse kind of half boot with thick soles

Stalls; Offering Timoleon the state, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3.), stage-direction; The Ladies descend from the state, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act v. scene 3. stage-direction) a raised platform, on which

Stairs: In the *Great Duke of Florence*, "The Great Duke of Florence," got down the stairs, persons of rank.
Stairs: In the *Parliament of Love*, "The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 3., the narrow passage allowed by statute to the Duke of Florence to go to his room, which was down the stairs.
Stairs: O the state of stairs, &c., ("The Picture," act i. scene 1.): see *Costing*.

Stole courtesy from heaven: see *Courtesy*.

Stools: Like unbidden guests, bring their own stools, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 3.): But now I could carry my own stool to a tripe, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 1.): unbidden or unexpected guests used often to bring seats with them,—probably, because houses in those days were but scantily furnished.

Story: Philosophy, story, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.), history.

Strange: A man of strange and reserved parts, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 1.), equivalent to—strangely (singularly) reserved.

Strengths: Yet must I not part so with mine own strengths, ("The Renegade," act iv. scene 2.): In the midst of our strengths, (*Id.* act v. scene 6.): Employ the strengths you hold, ("The Emperor of the East," act iv. scene 1.), castles, strongholds, defences.

Striker: Prove a notable striker, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 2.), wench.

Supplant: You practis'd to supplant me, ("The Renegade," act iv. scene 2.), trip up, (a Lullism).

T

Table: He bought a table, indeed, only to learn to die by't, ("The Old Law," act ii. scene 1.): a large sheet of paper, where, in distinct lines, were set down precepts for the due regulation of life.

Taint: I have a staff to taint, and bravely, ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 3.): a passage of uncertain meaning: to taint a staff meant, to break it at tilt, but not in the most honourable and scientific manner.

Take in: To take in Dunkirk, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act v. scene 1.), subdue, seize.

Take us with you, sir, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.), understand our meaning fully; Take me with you, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 3.), understand my meaning fully; Pray you, take me with you, ("A Very Woman," act iii. scene 3.), let me understand you fully.

Take up, ("The Great Duke of Flo-

rence," act i. scene 2.), ("The Picture," act v. scene 3.), check yourself; You there shall find two tall ships ready rig'd, ("The Virginia Martyr," act v. scene 2.); stodd; As tall a trencherman, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 1.), as hearty a feeder.

Tawin: An old samis gown, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 2.), a coarse lincey-woolsey stuff.

Termagant: Will swear by Mahomet and Termagant, ("The Renegade," act i. scene 1.), was not a Saracenic divinity, but our ancestors, in their zeal against the Turks, charged them with deities whom they never worshipped: Gifford thinks that the word was originally used as an attribute of the Supreme Being of the Saxons, a people little less odious to our romance writers than the Saracens, and sometimes confounded with them.

Thing of Things: With which that Thing of Things bound in the world, ("The Bondman," act ii. scene 3.), a literal translation of *Ens Entium*.
Timariots: Some party of his Timariots, ("The Picture," act i. scene 1.), Turkish cavalry.

Time: The motions of the spheres are out of time, ("The Roman Actor," act ii. scene 1.), tune, harmony.

Taken: Your credit not worth a token, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act i. scene 1.): I will be satisfied to d token, ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 3.): as very little brass and copper money was coined by authority, tradesmen were allowed, for the convenience of the public, to coin small money or tokens, which were used for change: their value was about a farthing.

Tosses: For other tosses, take a hundred thousand crowns, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 3.) equivalent perhaps to—for trash to fling away.

Train: This train of yours, dame Eubridge, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 2.), tail.

Tramontanes: strangers, barbarians, all who live beyond the Alps, (*ultra montes*).

Trill-bubs, a cant term for any thing trifling.

Trimm'd: Or stay, till she be trimm'd, ("The Parliament of Love," act ii. scene 1.), means; perhaps, till she be in the humour.

Tripe: But now I could carry my own stool to a tripe, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 1.), a tripe-shop.

Try Conclusions: see *Conclusions*.

Turn Turk: I will turn Turk, &c., ("The Renegade," act v. scene 3.): Am I turn'd Turk? ("The Maid of Honour," act ii. scene 3.): to turn Turk was an expression generally used in a change of condition or opinion: in the second passage, however, there is an allusion, according to the story of Tamburlaine, who is said to have mounted his throne from the back of Bajazet, the Turkish Emperor.

U

Uncivil: Farewell, uncivil man! ("The Fatal Dowry," act iii. scene 1.): see *Civil*.

Unequal: Am unequal to myself, ("The Emperor of the East," act v. scene 2.), unjust.

Untapice: Now I'll untapice, ("A Very Woman," act iii. scene 5.), discover myself; a hunting term, meaning, to turn the game out of a bag, or drive it out of a cover.

V

Vail: Vail their ensigns, ("The Maid of Honour," act iv. scene 1.): Vail to a country gentleman, ("The Emperor of the East," act i. scene 2.), lower, bow.

Varlets: Ily a brace of varlets, ("The Fatal Dowry," act v. scene 1.), sheriff's officers.

Virbius: And be a second Virbius, ("The Roman Actor," act iii. scene 2.), the name given to Hippolytus, after Æsculapius had restored him to life.

Voicy, on the: What we speak on the voicy, ("The Picture," act iii. scene 6.), at random, (*Pr. d la volée*).

Votes: In my votes that way, ("The Guardian," act v. scene 1.), prayers.

W

Waistcoater, a cant term for a low strumpet: such persons generally wearing the waistcoat (a part of female attire) without the gown or upper dress.

Walk the round: Dreams and fantastic visions walk the round, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 1.), watch; I'll appear as if I walk'd the round, ("The Guardian," act iii. scene 6.), as as if I were one of the watch.

Water, to show me Shew.

Way of Youth: And, in my way of youth, pure and untainted, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 2.): In way of youth I did enjoy one friend, ("A Very Woman," act iv. scene 2.): way of youth is merely a periphrasis for youth.

Ware the Easter: see *Easter*.

Wear scarlet: see *scarlet*.
Well: How eilken is this well? ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.), probably, goodness, virtue.

Where, whorouse,—a sense in which it frequently is used by Massinger.

While: While we are unknown, ("The Roman Actor," act v. scene 1.): While your father's dead, ("The Old Law," act i. scene 1.), until.

Whiting-mop, (properly a young whiting), a cant term for a tender young thing.

Wide, fold wide: You are wide, the whole fold wide, ("The Maid of Honour," act ii. scene 2.): You are

wide, wide the whole region, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 2.); Latinisms.—*Tota via aberras, tota regione aberras* "

Why, When? an elliptical expression of impatience, very common in our old dramatists

Witness; And who the masculine witness? ("The Emperor of the East," act iii. scene 1.), the male sponsor

Wishes; My lord, as well as wishes. ("A Very Woman," act iv. scene 1.), as well as you could wish

Wolf; I have seen more than a wolf, a Gorgon, ("The Bashful Lover,"

act i. scene 1.); *was* *supposed* to be a person of speech, the *Wolf* of a Gorgon, to deprive him of speech and life.

Work of grace; As he was doing of the work of grace, ("The Renegade," act iv. scene 1.), the elevation of the host

Worm; And let the worm escape, ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 2.), snake; formerly the general term for all reptiles of the serpent kind

Wreak; To wreak wrong'd innocence, ("The Renegade," act i. scene 1.), revenge

Y

Yaws; O, the yaws that she will make! ("A Very Woman," act iii. scene 5); *yaw* is the unsteady motion of a ship in a great swell, when, in steering, she inclines to the right or left of her course

Yellow; I shall wear yellow breeches, ("The Duke of Milan," act ii. scene 2.), I shall be jealous; yellow was considered as the livery of jealousy

Yeoman follower; see *Butler*

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
JOHN FORD.

A LIST OF
FORD'S PLAYS.

1. THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY. T. C. Acted at the Blackfriars and the Globe, 24th November, 1628. Printed 1629.
2. 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE. T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Phoenix.
3. THE WITCH OF EDMONTON. T. By Rowley, Decker, Ford, &c. Printed 1658. Probably acted soon after 1622. Acted at the Cockpit, and at Court.
4. THE SUN'S DARLING. M. By Ford and Decker. Acted in March, 1623-24, at the Cockpit. Printed 1637.
5. THE BROKEN HEART. T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Blackfriars.
6. LOVE'S SACRIFICE. T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Phoenix.
7. PERKIN WARBECK. H. T. Printed 1634. Acted at the Phoenix.
8. THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE. C. Printed 1638. Acted at the Phoenix.
9. THE LAMB'S TRIAL. T. C. Acted at the Cockpit in May, 1638. Printed 1639.
10. BEAUTY IN A TRANCE. T. Entered on the Stationers' books, September 9th, 1653, but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
11. THE LONDON MERCHANT. C.
12. THE ROYAL COMBAT. C.
13. AN ILL BEGINNING HAS A GOOD END. C. Played at the Cockpit, 1613.
The above three comedies entered on the Stationers' books, June 29th, 1660, but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
14. THE FAIRY KNIGHT. Ford and Decker.
15. A LATE MURDER OF THE SONNE UPON THE MOTHER. Ford and Webster.
16. THE BRISTOWE MERCHANT. Ford and Decker.

COMMENDATORY VERSES ON FORD.

To my Honoured Friend, Master JOHN FORD, on his "Lover's Melancholy."

If that thou think'st these lines thy worth can raise,
Thou dost mistake: my liking is no praise;
Nor can I think thy judgment is so ill
To seek for bays from such a barren quill.
Let your true critic, that can judge and mend,
Allow thy scenes and style: I, as a friend
That knows thy worth, do only stick my name
To show my love, not to advance thy fame.

GEORGE DONNELLY.

To his worthy Friend, the Author of "The Lover's Melancholy," Master JOHN FORD.

I write not to thy play: I'll not begin
To throw a censure upon what hath been
By th' best approved: it can nor fear, nor want
The rage, or liking of the ignorant.
Nor seek I fame for thee, when thine own pen
Hath forced a praise long since, from knowing men.
I speak my thoughts, and wish unto the stage
A glory from thy studies; that the age
May be indebted to thee, for reprieve
Of purer language, and that spite may grieve
To see itself outdone. When thou art read,
The theatre may hope arts are not dead,
Though long concealed; that poet-apes may fear
To vent their weakness, mend, or quite forbear.
This I dare promise; and keep this in store,—
As thou hast done enough, thou canst do more.

WILLIAM SINGLETON.

To my Friend, the Author of "'Tis Pity she's a Whore."

With admiration I beheld this Whore,
Adorned with beauty, such as might restore
(If ever being, as thy muse hath famed)
Her Giovanni, in his love unblamed:
The ready Graces lent their willing aid;
Pallas herself now played the chambermaid
And helped to put her dressings on. Secure
Rest thou that thy name herein shall endure
To th' end of age: and Annabella be
Gloriously fair, even in her infamy.

THOMAS ELICE.

To the Author of the "Lover's Melancholy," Master JOHN FORD.

Black choler, reason's overflowing spring,
Where thirsty lovers drink, or anything,
Passion, the restless current of dull plaints
Affords their thoughts, who deem lost beauties
saints;
Here their best lectures read, collect, and see
Various conditions of humanity,
Highly enlighten'd by thy muse's rage;
Yet all so couch'd that they adorn'd the stage.
Shun Phocion's blushes thou; for sure to please
It is no sin, then what is thy disease?
Judgment's applause? effeminated smiles?
Study's delight? thy wit mistrust beguiles:
Establish'd fame will thy physician be,
(Write but again) to cure thy jealousy.

HUM. HOWORTH.

Of the "Lover's Melancholy."

'Tis not the language, nor the fore-placed rhymes
Of friends, that shall commend to after-times
The Lover's Melancholy: its own worth
Without a borrow'd phrase shall set it forth.

Ο ΦΙΛΟΣ.

To my Friend, Mr. JOHN FORD, on his "Love's Sacrifice."

Unto this altar, rich with thy own spice,
I bring one grain to thy LOVE'S SACRIFICE;
And boast to see thy flames ascending, while
Perfumes entice our air from thy sweet pile.
Look here, thou, that hast malice to the stage,
And impudence enough for the whole age;
Voluminously ignorant! be vex'd
To read this tragedy, and thy own be next.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

To my Friend and Kinsman, Master JOHN FORD, the Author of "Perkin Warbeck."

Dramatic poets, as the times go now,
Can hardly write what others will allow:
The cynic snarls, the critic howls and barks,
And ravens croak, to drown the voices of larks:
Scorn those stage-harpies! This I'll boldly say,
Many may imitate, few match thy play.

JOHN FORD, *Graecensis.*

To my own Friend, Master JOHN FORD, on his justifiable Poem of "Perkin Warbeck," this Ode.

They who do know me, know that I,
Unskilled to flatter,
Dare speak this piece, in words, in matter,
A work, without the danger of a lie.
Believe me, friend, the name of this and thee,
Will live, your story :
Books may want faith, or merit glory ;
This neither, without judgment's lethargy.
When the arts doat, then some sick poet may
Hope that his pen,
In new-stained paper, can fix men
To roar, " He is the Wit ; " his praise doth away :
But such an age cannot be known ; for all
Ere that time be,
Must prove such truth, mortality :
So, friend, thy honour stands too fix'd to fall.

GEORGE DONNE.

To Master JOHN FORD, of the Middle Temple, on his " Rower of Fancies, or Fancies Chaste and Noble."

I follow fair example, not report,
Like wits o' th' university or court.
To show how I can write,
At mine own charges, for the time's delight :
But to acquit a debt,
Due to right poets, not the counterfeit.
These Fancies Chaste and Noble are no strains
Dropt from the itch of over-heated brains :
They speak unblushing truth,
The guard of beauty, and the care of youth ;
Well relish'd might repair
An academy for the young and fair.
Such labours, friend, will live ; for though some new
Pretenders to the stage, in haste pursue
Those laurels, which of old
Enrich'd the actors : yet I can be bold,
To say, their hopes are starv'd ;
For they but beg what pens approv'd deserv'd.

EDW. GREENFIELD.

Upon " The Sun's Darling."

Is he then found ? Phœbus, make holiday,
Tie up thy steeds, and let the Cyclops play :
Mulciber, leave thy anvil, and be trim ;
Comb thy black muzzles, be no longer grim :
Mercury, be quick, with mirth furnish the heavens,
Jove, this day let all run at six and sevens ;
And Ganymede, be nimble, to the brim
Fill bowls of nectar, that the Gods may swim,
To solemnise their health that did discover
The obscure being of the sun's fond lover ;
That from the example of their liberal mirth
We may enjoy like freedom [here] on earth.

JOHN TATHAM.

To his worthy Friend, Master JOHN FORD, upon his " Perkin Warbeck."

Let men, who are writ poets, lay a claim
To the Phœbean hill, I have no name,
Nor art in verse ; true, I have heard some tell
Of Aganippe, but ne'er knew the well :
Therefore have no ambition with the times,
To be in print, for making of ill rhymes ;
But love of thee, and justice to thy pen,
Hath drawn me to this bar, with other men
To justify, though against double laws,
(Waving the subtle business of his cause.)
The GLORIOUS PERKIN, and thy poet's art,
Equal with his, in playing the king's part.
RA. EURE, *Baronis primogenitus.*

To the Author, his Friend, upon his Chronicle History of " Perkin Warbeck."

These are not to express thy wit,
But to pronounce thy judgment fit,
In full-filled phrase, those times to raise,
When Perkin ran his wily ways.
Still, let the method of thy brain
From Error's touch and Envy's stain
Preserve thee free ; that ever thy quill
Fair Truth may wet, and Fancy fill.
Thus Graces are with Muses met,
And practice critics on may fret :
For here thou hast produced a story
Which shall eclipse their future glory.

JOHN BROGRAVE, *Ar.*

To my faithful, no less deserving Friend, the Author of " Perkin Warbeck," this indebted oblation.

Perkin is rediiv'd by thy strong hand,
And crown'd a king of new ; the vengeful wand
Of greatness is forgot ; his execution
May rest unmention'd, and his birth's collusion
Lie buried in the story ; but his fame
Thou hast eternis'd ; made a crown his game
His lofty spirit soars yet : had he been
Base in his enterprise, as was his sin
Conceiv'd, his title, doubtless, prov'd unjust.
Had, but for thee, been silenc'd in the dust.

GEORGE CRYMES, *Miles.*

Upon FORD's two Tragedies, " Love's Sacrifice" and " The Broken Heart."

Thou cheat'st us, Ford ; mak'st one seem two by art :

What is Love's Sacrifice, but The Broken Heart ?

RICHARD CRASHAW.

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

TO MY WORTHILY RESPECTED FRIENDS,

NATHANIEL FINCH, JOHN FORD, ESQRS.,

MR. HENRY BLUNT, MR. ROBERT ELLICE,

AND ALL THE REST OF

THE NOBLE SOCIETY OF GRAY'S INN.

MY HONOURED FRIENDS,—The account of some leisurable hours is here summed up, and offered to examination. Importunity of others, or opinion of mine own, hath not urged on any confidence of running the hazard of a censure. As plurality hath reference to a multitude, so I care not to please many; but where there is a parity of condition, there the freedom of construction makes the best music. This concord hath equally held between you the patrons, and me the presenter. I am cleared of all scruple of disrespect on your parts; as I am of too slack a merit in myself. My presumption of coming in print in this kind, hath hitherto been unprovable: this piece being the first that ever courted reader; and it is very possible that the like compliment with me may soon grow out of fashion. A practice of which that I may avoid now, I commend to the continuance of your loves, the memory of his, who, without the protestation of a service, is readily your friend.

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PALADOR, *Prince of Cyprus.*
AMETHUS, *Cousin to the Prince.*
MELANDER, *an old Lord*
SOPHRONOS, *Brother to MELANDER.*
MENAPHON, *Son of SOPHRONOS.*
ARETUS, *Tutor to the Prince.*
CORAX, *a Physician.*
PELIAN, } *Two foolish Courtiers.*
CUCULUS, }
KNESTIAS, *(a reduced Courtier,) Servant to*
EROCLEA.

TROLLIO, *Servant to MELANDER.*
GRILLA, *a Page of CUCULUS, in Woman's dress.*

THAMANTA, *Sister of AMETHUS, and Cousin to the Prince.*

EROCLEA, *(as PANTHENOPHILL.)* } *Daughters of*
CLEOPHILA, } *MELANDER.*
KALA, *Waiting-Maid to THAMANTA.*

Officers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—FAMAGOSTA IN CYPRUS.

PROLOGUE.

To tell you, gentlemen, in what true sense,
The writer, actors, or the audience
Should mould their judgments for a play, might draw
Truth into rules; but we have no such law.
Our writer, for himself, would have you know,
That, in his following scenes, he doth not owe
To others' fancies, nor hath lain in wait
For any stol'n invention, from whose height
He might commend his own, more than the right
A scholar claims, may warrant for delight.

It is art's scorn, that some of late have made
The noble use of poetry a trade.
For your parts, gentlemen, to quit his pains,
You yet will please, that as you meet with strains
Of lighter mixture, but to cast your eyes
Rather upon the main, than on the bye,
His hopes stand firm, and, we shall find it true,
The LOVER'S MELANCHOLY cur'd by you.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.**Enter MENAPHON and PELIAS.*

Men. DANGERS! how mean you dangers? that so courtly

You gratulate my safe return from dangers?

Pel. From travels, noble sir.

Men. These are delights;

If my experience hath not truant-like,
Mispent the time, which I have strove to use
For bettering my mind with observation.

Pel. As I am modest, I protest 'tis strange!

But is it possible?

Men. What?

Pel. To bestride

The frothy foams of Neptune's surging waves,
When blustering Boras tosseth up the deep,
And thumps a thunder bounce!

Men. Sweet sir, 'tis nothing:

Straight comes a dolphin, playing near your ship,
Heaving his crooked back up, and presents
A feather-bed, to waft you to the shore,
As easily as if you slept i' th' court.

Pel. Indeed? is't true, I pray?

Men. I will not stretch

Your faith upon the tenters.—Prithce, Pelias,
Where did'st thou learn this language?

Pel. I this language?

Alas, sir, we that study words and forms
Of compliment, inust fashion all discourse
According to the nature of the subject.
But I am silent:—now appears a sun,
Whose shadow I adore.

Enter AMETHUS, SOPHONOS and Attendants.

Men. My honour'd father!

Soph. From mine eyes, son, son of my care, my love,

The joys that bid thee welcome, do too much
Speak me a child.

Men. O princely sir, your hand.

Amet. Perform your duties, where you owe them:
I dare not be so tugging in the pleasures [first];
Thy presence hath brought home.

Soph. Here thou still find'st

A friend as noble, Menaphon, as when
Thou left'st at thy departure.

Men. Yes, I know it.

To him I owe more service—

Amet. Pray give leave—

He shall attend your entertainments soon.
Next day, and next day;—for an hour or two
I would engross him only.

Soph. Noble lord!

Amet. You are both dismiss'd.

Pel. Your creature and your servant.

[Exeunt all but AMETHUS and MENAPHON.]

Amet. Give me thy hand. I will not say,
Thou'rt welcome;

That is the common road of common friends.
I'm glad I have thee here—Oh! I want words
To let thee know my heart.

Men. 'Tis pieced to mine.

Amet. Yes, 'tis; as firmly as that holy thing
Call'd friendship can unite it. Menaphon,
My Menaphon! now all the goodly
That can treat a heaven on earth

Twelve months we have been sundered, but hence
forth

We never more will part, till that sad hour,
In which death leaves the one of us behind,
To see the other's funerals performed.

Let's now a while be free.—How have thy travels
Disburthen'd thee abroad of discontents?

Men. Such cure as sick men find in changing
I found in change of airs; the fancy flatter'd [brds,
My hopes with ease, as their's do; but the grief
Is still the same.

Amet. Such is my case at home.

Cleophila, thy kinswoman, that maid
Of sweetness and humility, more pities
Her father's poor afflictions, than the tide
Of my complaints.

Men. Thianasta, my great mistress,
Your princely sister, hath, I hope, ere this
Confirm'd affection on some worthy choice.

Amet. Not any, Menaphon. Her bosom yet
Is intermured with ice; though by the truth
Of love, no day hath ever pass'd, wherein
I have not mentioned thy deserts, thy constancy.
Thy—Come! in troth, I dare not tell thee what,
Lest thou might'st think I fawn'd on [thee]—a sin
Friendship was never guilty of; for flattery
Is monstrous in a true friend.

Men. Does the court

Wear the old looks too?

Amet. If thou mean'st the prince,
It does. He's the same melancholy man,
He was at's father's death; sometimes speaks sense,
But seldom mirth; will smile, but seldom laugh;
Will lend an ear to business, deal in none:
Gaze upon revels, antick fopperies,
But is not mov'd; will sparingly discourse,
Hear music; but what most he takes delight in,
Are handsome pictures. One so young, and goodly.
So sweet in his own nature, any story
Hath seldom mention'd.

Men. Why should such as I am,
Groan under the light burthens of small sorrows,
Whenas a prince, so potent, cannot shun
Motions of passion? To be man, my lord,
Is to be but the exercise of cares
In several shapes; as miseries do grow,
They alter as men's forms; but how none know.

Amet. This little isle of Cyprus sure abounds
In greater wonders, both for change and fortune,
Than any you have seen abroad.

Men. Than any
I have observed abroad! all countries else
To a free eye and mind yield something rare;
And I, for my part, have brought home one jewel
Of admirable virtue.

Amet. Jewel, Menaphon?

Men. A jewel, my Amethus, a fair youth;
A youth, whom, if I were but superstitious,
I should repute an excellence more high,
Than mere creations are: to add delight,
I'll tell you how I found him.

Amet. Prithce do.

Men. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me,
Desire of visiting that paradise,
As Thamyris I came; and living private,

Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art [and] nature ever were at strife in.

Amet. I cannot yet conceive, what you infer
By art and nature.

Men. I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
Indeed, entranced my soul: As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent.
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.

Amet. And so do I; good! on—

Men. A nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her
He could not run division with more art [own];
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear again.

Amet. How did the rivals part?

Men. You term them rightly;
For they were rivals, and their mistress, harmony.—
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amet. Now for the bird.

Men. The bird, ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds: which, when her warbling
throat

Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,
And brake her heart! It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse,
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.

Amet. I believe thee.

Men. He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd and
"Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge [cried]:
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:" and in that sorrow,
As he was passing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.

Amet. Thou hast discours'd
A truth of mirth and pity.

Men. I repriev'd
The intended execution with intreaties,

And interruption.—But, my princely friend,
It was not strange the music of his hand
Did overmatch birds, when his voice and beauty,
Youth, carriage and discretion must, from men
Indued with reason, ravish admiration:
From me, they did.

Amet. But is this miracle
Not to be seen?

Men. I won him by degrees
To choose me his companion. Whence he is,
Or who, as I durst modestly inquire,
So gently he would woo, not to make known;
Only (for reasons to himself reserv'd)
He told me, that some remnant of his life
Was to be spent in travel: for his fortunes,
They were poor mean, nor riotous; his friends
Not publish'd to the world, though not obscure;
His country Athens, and his name Parthenophill.
Amet. Came he with you to Cyprus?

Men. Willingly.

The fame of our young melancholy prince,
Meleander's rare distractions, the obedience
Of young Cleophila, Thamasta's glory,
Your matchless friendship, and my desperate love
Prevail'd with him; and I have lodg'd him privately
In Famagosta.

Amet. Now thou art doubly welcome:
I will not lose the sight of such a rarity
For one part of my hopes. When do you intend
To visit my great-spirited sister?

Men. May I
Without offence?

Amet. Without offence!—Parthenophill
Shall find a worthy entertainment too.
Thou art not still a coward?

Men. She's too excellent,
And I too low in merit.

Amet. I'll prepare
A noble welcome; and, friend, ere we part,
Unload to thee an overcharged heart. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter RHETIAS, carelessly attired.

Rhe. I will not court the madness of the times;
Not fawn upon the riots that embalm
Our wanton gentry, to preserve the dust
Of their affected vanities in coffins
Of memorable shame. When commonwealths
Trotter and reel from that nobility,
And ancient virtue which renowns the great,
Who steer the helm of government, while mush-
rooms

Grow up, and make new laws to license folly;
Why should not I, a May-game, scorn the weight
Of my sunk fortunes? snarl at the vices
Which rot the land, and, without fear or wit,
Be mine own antick? 'Tis a sport to live
When life is irksome, if we will not hug
Prosperity in others, and contemn
Affliction in ourselves. This rule is certain:
"He that pursues his safety from the school
"Of state, must learn to be madman or fool."
Ambition, wealth, ease I renounce—the devil
That damns you here on earth.—Or I will be
Mine own mirth, or mine own tormentor.—So!

Enter PELIAS.

Here comes intelligence; a buzz o' the court.

Pel. Rhetias, I sought thee out to tell thee news, New, excellent new news. Cuculus, sirrah, That gull, that young old gull, is coming this way.

Rhe. And thou art his forerunner!

Pel. Prithce, hear me.

Instead of a fine guarded page, we have got him A boy trick'd up in neat and handsome fashion; Persuaded him, that 'tis indeed a wench, And he has entertain'd him; he does follow him, Carries his sword and buckler, waits on's trencher, Fills him his wine, tobacco; whets his knife, Lackeys his letters, does what service else He would employ his man in. Being ask'd Why he is so irregular in courtship, His answer is, that since great ladies use Gentlemen-ushers, to go bare before them, He knows no reason, but he may reduce The courtiers to have women wait on them; And he begins the fashion: he is laughed at Most complimentally.—Thou'lt burst to see him.

Rhe. Agelastus, so surnamed for his gravity, was a very wise fellow, kept his countenance all days of his life as demurely as a judge that pronounce sentence of death on a poor rogue, for stealing as much bacon as would serve at a meal with a calf's head. Yet he smiled once, and never but once;—thou art no scholar?

Pel. I have read pamphlets dedicated to me.—Dost call him Agelastus? Why did he laugh?

Rhe. To see an ass eat thistles, puppy:—go, study to be a singular coxcomb. Cuculus is an ordinary ape; but thou art an ape of an ape.

Pel. Thou hast a patent to abuse thy friends.

Enter CUCULUS followed by GRILLA, both fantastically dressed.

Look, look he comes! observe him seriously.

Cuc. Reach me my sword and buckler.

Gril. They are here, forsooth.

Cuc. How now, minx, how now! where is your duty, your distance? Let me have service methodically tendered; you are now one of us. Your curtsy. [*GRILLA curtsies.*] Good! remember that you are to practise courtship. Was thy father a piper, say'st thou?

Gril. A sounder of some such wind-instrument, forsooth.

Cuc. Was he so?—hold up thy head. Be thou musical to me, and I will marry thee to a dancer; one that shall ride on his footcloth, and maintain thee in thy muff and hood.

Gril. That will be fine indeed.

Cuc. Thou art yet but simple.

Gril. Do you think so?

Cuc. I have a brain; I have a head-piece: o' my conscience, if I take pains with thee, I should raise thy understanding, girl, to the height of a nurse, or a court midwife at least; I will make thee big in time, wench.

Gril. E'en do your pleasure with me, sir.

Pel. [*coming forward.*] Noble, accomplished Cuculus!

Rhe. Give me thy fist, innocent.

Cuc. 'Would 'twere in thy belly! there 'tis.

Pel. That's well; he's an honest blade, though he be blunt.

Cuc. Who cares! We can be as blunt as he, for his life.

Rhe. Cuculus, there is, within a mile or two, a sow-pig bath suck'd a brack, and she wants the

deer, the hare, nay, most unnaturally, the wild boar, as well as any hound in Cyprus.

Cuc. Monstrous sow-pig! is't true?

Pel. I'll be at charge of a banquet on thee for a sight of her.

Rhe. Every thing takes after the dam that gave it suck. Where hadst thou thy milk?

Cuc. I? Why, my nurse's husband was a most excellent maker of shittlecocks.

Pel. My nurse was a woman-surgeon.

Rhe. And who gave thee pap, mouse?

Gril. I never suck'd, that I remember.

Rhe. La now! a shittlecock maker; all thy brains are stuck with cork and feather, Cuculus. This learned courtier takes after the nurse too; a she-surgeon; which is, in effect, a mere matcher of colours. Go, learn to paint and daub compliments, 'tis the next step to run into a new suit. My lady Periwinkle here, never suck'd: suck thy master, and bring forth moon-calves, fop, do! This is good philosophy, sirs; make use on't.

Gril. Bless us, what a strange creature this is!

Cuc. A gull, an arrant gull by proclamation.

CORAX passes over the Stage.

Pel. Corax, the prince's chief physician!

What business speeds his haste?—Are all things

Cor. Yes, yes, yes. [well, sir?

Rhe. Phew! you may wheel about, man; we know you are proud of your slovenly and practice; 'tis your virtue. The prince's melancholy fit, I presume, holds still.

Cor. So do thy knavery and desperate beggary.

Cuc. Ah! here's one will tickle the ban-dog.

Rhe. You must not go yet.

Cor. I'll stay in spite of thy teeth. There lies my gravity. [*Throws off his gown.*] Do what thou dar'st; I stand thee.

Rhe. Mountebanks, empirics, quack-salvers, mineralists, wizards, alchemists, cast apothecaries, old wives and barbers, are all suppositors to the right worshipful doctor, as I take it. Some of you are the head of your art, and the horns too—but they come by nature. Thou livest single for no other end, but that thou fearest to be a cuckold.

Cor. Have at thee! Thou affectest railing only for thy health; thy miseries are so thick and lasting, that thou hast not one poor denier to bestow on opening a vein: wherefore, to avoid a pleurisy thou'lt be sure to prate thyself once a month into a whipping, and bleed in the breech instead of the arm.

Rhe. Have at thee again!

Cor. Come!

Cuc. There, there, there! O brave doctor!

Pel. Let them alone.

Rhe. Thou art in thy religion an atheist, in thy condition a cur, in thy diet an epicure, in thy lust a goat, in thy sleep a hog; thou tak'st upon thee the habit of a grave physician, but art indeed an impostorous empiric. Physicians are the cobblers, rather the botchers, of men's bodies; as the one patches our tattered clothes, so the other solders our diseased flesh.—Come on!

Cuc. To't, to't! hold him to't! hold him to't! to't, to't, to't!

Cor. The best worth in thee is the corruption of thy mind, for that only entitles thee to the dignity of a louse: a thing bred out of the filth and superfluity of ill humours. Thou bitest anywhere, and

any man who defends not himself with the clean linen of secure honesty,—him thou dar'st not come near. Thou art fortune's idiot, virtue's bankrupt, time's dunghill, manhood's scandal, and thine own scourge. Thou would'st hang thyself, so wretchedly miserable thou art, but that no man will trust thee with as much money as will buy a halter; and all thy stock to be sold is not worth half as much as may procure it.

Rhe. Ha, ha, ha! this is flattery, gross flattery.

Cor. I have employment for thee, and for ye all. Tut! these are but good morrows between us.

Rhe. Are thy bottles full?

Cor. Of rich wine; let's all suck together.

Rhe. Like so many swine in a trough.

Cor. I'll shape ye all for a device before the prince; we'll try how that can move him.

Rhe. He shall fret or laugh.

Cue. Must I make one?

Cor. Yes, and your feminine page too.

Gril. Thanks, most egregiously.

Pels. I will not slack my part.

Cue. Wench, take my buckler.

Cor. Come all unto my chamber; the project is cast; the time only we must attend.

Rhe. The melody must agree well and yield sport.

When such as these are, knaves and fools, consort.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—An Apartment in the House of THAMASTA.

Enter ANKITHUS, THAMASTA, and KALA.

Amet. Does this show well?

Tha. What would you have me do?

Amet. Not like a lady of the trim, new crept Out of the shell of sluttish sweat and labour Into the glitt'ring pomp of ease and wantonness, Embroideries, and all these antick fashions, That shape a woman monstrous: to transform Your education, and a noble birth Into contempt and laughter. Sister! sister! She who derives her blood from princes, ought To glorify her greatness by humility.

Tha. Then you conclude me proud?

Amet. Young Menaphon, My worthy friend, has loved you long and truly: To witness his obedience to your scorn, Twelve months, wrong'd gentleman, he undertook A voluntary exile. Wherefore, sister, In this time of his absence, have you not Dispos'd of your affections to some monarch? Or sent ambassadors to some neighb'ring king With fawning protestations of your graces, Your rare perfections, admirable beauty? This had been a new piece of modesty, Would have deserv'd a chronicle!

Tha. You are bitter;

And brother, by your leave, not kindly wise. My freedom is my birth; I am not bound To fancy your improvements, but my own. Indeed, you are a humble youth! I hear of Your visits, and your loving commendation To your heart's saint, Cleophris, a virgin Of a rare excellence: What though she want A portion to maintain a portly greatness! Yet 'tis your gracious sweetness to descend Salow; the meekness of your pity leads you!

She is your dear friend's sister! a good soul! An innocent!—

Amet. Thamasta!

Tha. I have given

Your Menaphon a welcome home, as fits me; For his sake entertain'd Parthenophill, The handsome stranger, more familiarly Than, I may fear, becomes me; yet, for his part, I not repent my courtesies: but you—

Amet. No more, no more! be affable to both; Time may reclaim your cruelty.

Tha. I pity

The youth; and, trust me, brother, love his sad— He talks the prettiest stories; he delivers [ness: His tales so gracefully, that I could sit And listen, nay, forget my meals and sleep, To hear his neat discourses. Menaphon Was well advis'd in choosing such a friend For pleading his true love.

Amet. Now I commend thee; Thou'lt change at last, I hope.

Enter MENAPHON and PARTHENOPHILL.

Tha. I fear I shall.

Amet. Have you survey'd the garden? [Aside

Men. 'Tis a curious, A pleasantly contriv'd delight.

Tha. Your eye, sir,

Hath in your travels often met contents Of more variety?

Par. Not any, lady.

Men. It were impossible, since your fair presence

Makes every place, where it vouchsafes to shine, More lovely than all other helps of art Can equal.

Tha. What you mean by "helps of art," You know yourself best; be they as they are; You need none, I am sure, to set me forth.

Men. 'Twould argue want of manners more Not to praise *praise itself*. [than skill,

Tha. For your reward, Henceforth I'll call you servant.

Amet. Excellent, sister!

Men. 'Tis my first step to honour. May I fall Lower than shame, when I neglect all service That may confirm this favour!

Tha. Are you well, sir?

Par. Great princess, I am well. To see a league

Between an humble love, such as my friend's is, And a commanding virtue, such as your's is, Are sure restoratives.

Tha. You speak ingeniously. Brother, be pleas'd to shew the gallery To this young stranger. Use the time a while, And we will all together to the court: I will present you, sir, unto the prince.

Par. You are all compos'd of fairness and true bounty.

Amet. Come, come: we'll wait you, sister. This Doth relish happy process. [beginning

Men. You have bless'd me.

[*Exeunt MEN. AMET. and SHA.*]

Tha. Kala! O, Kala!

Kala. Lady.

Tha. We are private;

Thou art my closet.

Kala. Lock your secrets close then: I am not to be forced.

Tha. Never till now,
Could I be sensible of being traitor
To honour and to shame.

Kala. You are in love.

Tha. I am grown base. *Parthenophill—*

Kala. He's handsome,
Richly endow'd; he hath a lovely face,
A winning tongue.

Tha. If ever I must fall,
In him my greatness sinks: Love is a tyrant,
Resisted. Whisper in his ear, how gladly
I would steal time to talk with him one hour;
But do it honourably. *Prithce, Kala,*
Do not betray me.

Kala. Madam, I will make it
Mine own case; he shall think I am in love with
him.

Tha. I hope thou art not, *Kala.*

Kala. 'Tis for your sake:
I'll tell him so; but, 'faith, I am not, lady.

Tha. Pray, use me kindly; let me not too
soon

Be lost in my new follies. 'Tis a fate
That overrules our wisdoms; whilst we strive
To live most free, we're caught in our own toils.
Diamonds cut diamonds; they who will prove
To thrive in cunning, must cure love with love.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter SOPHRONON and ARETUS.

Soph. Our commonwealth is sick: 'tis more
than time

That we should wake the head thereof, who sleeps
In the dull lethargy of lost security.

The common murmur, and the nobles grieve;

The court is now turn'd antick, and grown wild;

Whilst all the neighbouring nations stand at gaze,
And watch fit opportunity to wreak

Their just conceived fury on such injuries

As the late prince, our living master's father,

Committed against laws of truth or honour.

Intelligence comes flying in on all sides;

Whilst the unsteady multitude presume

How that you, Aretus, and I engross,

Out of particular ambition,

The affairs of government; which I, for my part,
Groan under, and am weary of.

Are. Sophronon,

I am as zealous too of shaking off

My gay state-fetters, that I have bethought

Of speedy remedy; and to that end,

As I have told you, have concluded with

Corax, the prince's chief physician.—

Soph. You should have done this sooner, Aretus;

You were his tutor, and could best discern

His dispositions, to inform them rightly.

Are. Passions of violent nature, by degrees

Are easiliest reclaim'd. There's something hid

Of his distemper, which we'll now find out.

Enter CORAX, RHETIAS, PEIUS, CUCULUS, and GRILLA.

You come on just appointment. Welcome, gen-
Have you won Rhetias, Corax? [*to men*]

Cor. Most sincerely.

Cuc. Save ye, nobilities! Do your lordships
take notice of my page? 'Tis a fashion of the

newest edition, spick and span-new, without
example. Do your honour, housewife!

Gril. There's a courtesy for you, and a courtesy
for you.

Soph. 'Tis excellent: we must all follow fashion,
And entertain she-walters.

Are. 'Twill be courtly.

Cuc. I think so; I hope the chronicles will reas-
ure one day for a headpiece—

Rhe. Of woodcock, without brains in it! Bar-
bers shall wear these on their chignons, and huck-
sters set thee out in gingerbread.

Cuc. Devil take thee! I say nothing to thee
now; canst let me be quiet?

Gril. You are too perstrepereous, sauce-box.

Cuc. Good girl! if we begin to puff once—

Pel. Prithce, hold thy tongue; the lords are in
the presence.

Rhe. Mum, butterfly!

Pel. The prince! stand and keep silence.

Cuc. O the prince! wench, thou shalt see the
prince now. [*Soft music.*]

Enter PALADOR, with a Book.

Soph. Arc. Sir, gracious sir!

Pal. Why all this company?

Cor. A book! is this the early exercise
I did prescribe? instead of following health,
Which all men covet, you pursue disease.

Where's your great horse, your hounds, your set
at tennis,

Your balloon ball, the practice of your dancing,

Your casting of the sledge, or learning how

To toss a pike? all chang'd into a sonnet!

Pray, sir, grant me free liberty to leave

The court; it does infect me with the sloth

Of sleep and surfeit: in the university

I have employments, which to my profession

Add profit and report; here I am lost,

And, in your wilful dulness, held a man

Of neither art nor honesty. You may

Command my head:—pray, take it, do! 'twere

For me to lose it, than to lose my wits, [*better*]

And live in Bedlam; you will force me to't;

I am almost mad already.

Pal. I believe it.

Soph. Letters are come from Crete, which do
A speedy restitution of such ships, [*require*]

As by your father were long since detain'd;

If not, defiance threaten'd.

Are. These near parts

Of Syria that adjoin, muster their friends;

And by intelligence we learn for certain,

The Syrian will pretend an ancient interest

Of tribute intermitted.

Soph. Through your land

Your subjects mutter strangely, and imagine

More than they dare speak publicly.

Cor. And yet

They talk but oddly of you.

Cuc. Hang 'em, mongrels!

Pal. Of me? my subjects talk of me!

Cor. Yes, scurvily,
And think worse, prince.

Pal. I'll borrow patience
A little time to listen to these wrongs;
And from the few of you, which are here present,
Conceive the general voice.

Cor. So! now he's nettled. *[Aside.]*

Pal. By all your loves I charge you, without
Or flattery, to let me know your thoughts, *[fear]*
And how I am interpreted: Speak boldly.

Soph. For my part, sir, I will be plain and brief.
I think you are of nature mild and easy,
Not willingly provok'd, but withal headstrong
In any passion that misleads your judgment:
I think you too indulgent to such motions
As spring out of your own affections;
Too old to be reform'd, and yet too young
To take fit counsel from yourself, of what
Is most amiss.

Pal. So!—Tutor, your conceit? *[it]*

Are. I think you doat (with pardon let me speak
Too much upon your pleasures; and these pleas-
Are so wrapt up in self-love, that you covet *[sures]*
No other change of fortune: would be still
What your birth makes you; but are loth to toil
In such affairs of state as break your sleeps.

Cor. I think you would be by the world reputed
A man, in every point complete; but are
In manners and effect indeed a child,
A boy, a very boy.

Pal. May it please your grace,
I think you do contain within yourself
The great elixir, soul and quintessence
Of all divine perfections; are the glory
Of mankind, and the only strict example
For earthly monarchs to square out their lives by:
Time's miracle! Fame's pride! in knowledge, wit,
Sweetness, discourse, arms, arts,—

Pal. You are a courtier.

Cuc. But not of the ancient fashion, an it like
your highness. 'Tis I; I that am the credit of
the court; noble prince; and if thou would'st, by
proclamation or patent, create me overseer of all
the tailors in thy dominions, then, then the golden
days should appear again! bread should be
cheaper; fools should have more wit; knaves
more honesty, and beggars more money.

Gri. I think now—

Cuc. Peace, you squall!

Pal. You have not spoken yet. *[To RHETIA.]*

Cuc. Hang him! he'll nothing but rail.

Gri. Most abominable;—out upon him!

Cor. Away, Cuculus; follow the lords.

Cuc. Close, page, close.

[They all silently withdraw but RHE. and PAL.]

Pal. You are somewhat long a thinking.

Rhe. I do not think at all.

Pal. Am I not worthy of your thought?

Rhe. My pity, you are;—but not my repre-
hension.

Pal. Pity!

Rhe. Yes, for I pity such to whom I owe ser-
vice, who exchange their happiness for a misery.

Pal. Is it a misery to be a prince?

Rhe. Princes who forget their sovereignty, and
yield to affected passion, are weary of command.—
You had a father, sir.

Pal. Your sovereign, whilst he lived;—but what

Rhe. Nothing. *[Of him.]*

I only dared to name him,—that is all.

Pal. I charge thee, by the duty that thou ow'st
us,

Be plain in what thou mean'st to speak; there's
something

That we must know: be free; our ears are open.

Rhe. O, sir, I had rather hold a wolf by the
ears than stroke a lion; the greatest danger is the
last.

Pal. This is mere trifling.—Ha! are all stol'n
hence?

We are alone—thou hast an honest look—
Thou hast a tongue, I hope, that is not oil'd
With flattery: be open. Though 'tis true,
That in my younger days I oft have heard
Agenor's name, my father, more traduced,
Than I could then observe; yet I protest,
I never had a friend, a certain friend,
That would inform me thoroughly of such errors,
As oftentimes are incident to princes.

Rhe. All this may be. I have seen a man so
curious in feeling of the edge of a keen knife, that
he has cut his fingers. My flesh is not proof against
the metal I am to handle; the one is tenderer than
the other.

Pal. I see then I must court thee. Take the
word

Of a just prince; for any thing thou speakest
I have more than a pardon, thanks and love.

Rhe. I will remember you of an old tale, that
something concerns you. Meleander, the great but
unfortunate statesman, was by your father treated
with for a match between you and his eldest
daughter, the lady Eroclea: you were both near of
an age.—I presume you remember a contract,—
and cannot forget her.

Pal. She was a lovely beauty—prithes forward!

Rhe. To court was Eroclea brought; was
courted by your father, not for prince Palador, as
it followed, but to be made a prey to some less
noble design.—With your favour, I have forgot
the rest.

Pal. Good, call it back again into thy memory;
Else, losing the remainder, I am lost too.

Rhe. You charm me. In brief, a rape by some
bad agents was attempted; by the lord Meleander
her father rescued; she conveyed away; Meleander
accused of treason, his land seized, he himself dis-
tracted and confined to the castle, where he yet
lives. What had ensued, was doubtful; but your
father shortly after died.

Pal. But what became of fair Eroclea?

Rhe. She never since was heard of.

Pal. No hope lives then

Of ever, ever seeing her again?

Rhe. Sir, I feared I should anger you. This
was, as I said, an old tale.—I have now a new
one, which may perhaps season the first with a
more delightful relish.

Pal. I am prepared to hear; say what you
please.

Rhe. My lord Meleander falling, (on whose
favour my fortunes relied,) I furnished myself for
travel, and bent my course to Athens; where a
pretty accident, after a while, calls to my know-
ledge.

Pal. My ear is open to thee.

Rhe. A young lady contracted to a noble gentle-
man, as the lady last mentioned and your highness
were, being hindered by their jarring parents, stole
from her home, and was conveyed like a ship-boy

in a merchant, from the country where she lived, into Corinth first, and afterwards to Athens; where in much solitariness she lived, like a youth, almost two years, courted by all her acquaintance, but friend to none by familiarity.—

Pal. In habit of a man?

Rhe. A handsome young man—'till within these three months or less, (her sweet-heart's father dying some year before, or more,) she had notice of it, and with much joy returned home, and, as report voiced it at Athens, enjoyed her happiness she was long an exile for. Now, noble sir, if you did love the lady Eroclea, why may not such safety and fate direct her, as directed the other? 'tis not impossible.

Pal. If I did love her, Rhetias! Yet I did. Give me thy hand: As thou did'st serve Meleander, And art still true to these, henceforth serve me.

Rhe. My duty and my obedience are my surety; but I have been too bold.

Pal. Forget the sadder story of my father, And only, Rhetias, learn to read me well; For I must ever thank thee: thou hast unlock'd A tongue was vow'd to silence; for requital,—Open my bosom, Rhetias.

Rhe. What's your meaning?

Pal. To tie thee to an oath of secrecy—Unloose the buttons, man! thou dost it faintly: What find'st thou there?

Rhe. A picture in a tablet.

Pal. Look well upon't.

Rhe. I do—yes—let me observe it—

'Tis her's, the lady's.

Pal. Whose?

Rhe. Eroclea's.

Pal. Her's that was once Eroclea. For her sake Have I advanced Sophronos to the helm Of government; for her sake, will restore Meleander's honour to him; will, for her sake, Beg friendship from thee, Rhetias. O! be faithful, And let no politic lord work from thy bosom My griefs: I know thou wert put on to sift me; But be not too secure.

Rhe. I am your creature.

Pal. Continue still thy discontented fashion, Humour the lords, as they would humour me; I'll not live in thy debt.—We are discovered.

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, THANASTA, KALA, and PARTHENOPHILL.

Amet. Honour and health still wait upon the Sir, I am bold with favour to present [prince! Unto your highness Menaphon my friend, Return'd from travel.

Men. Humbly on my knees I kiss your gracious hand.

Pal. It is our duty To love the virtuous.

Men. If my prayers or service Hold any value, they are vow'd your's ever.

Rhe. I have a fist for thee too, stripling; thou art started up prettily since I saw thee. Hast learned any wit abroad? Canst tell news and swear lies with grace, like a true traveller?—What new ome's this?

Tha. Your highness shall do right to your own judgment, In taking more than common notice of This stranger, an Athenian, named Parthenophill; One, who, if mine opinion do not deceive me,

Too grossly, for the fashion of his mind Deserves a dear respect.

Pal. Your commendations, Sweet cousin, speak him nobly.

Par. All the powers That sentinel just thrones, double their guards About your sacred excellence!

Pal. What fortune

Led him to Cyprus?

Men. My persuasions won him.

Amet. And if your highness please to hear the entrance

Into their first acquaintance, you will say—

Tha. It was the newest, sweetest, prettiest That e'er delighted your attention: [accident, I can discourse it, sir.

Pal. Some other time.

How is he call'd?

Tha. Parthenophill.

Pal. Parthenophill?

We shall sort time to take more notice of him.

[Exit.

Men. His wonted melancholy still pursues him.

Amet. I told you so.

Tha. You must not wonder at it.

Par. I do not, lady.

Amet. Shall we to the castle?

Men. We will attend you both.

Rhe. All three—I'll go too. Hark in thine ear, gallant; I'll keep the old man in chat, whilst thou gabblest to the girl: my thumb's upon my lips; not a word.

Amet. I need not fear thee, Rhetias.—Sister, Expect us; this day we will range the city. [soon

Tha. Well, soon I shall expect you.—Kala! [Aside.

Kal. Trust me.

Rhe. Troop on!—Love, love, what a wonder thou art! [Exit all but PARTHENOPHILL and KALA.

Kal. May I not be offensive, sir?

Par. Your pleasure?

Yet, pray, be brief.

Kal. Then, briefly; good, resolve me;

Have you a mistress or a wife?

Par. I have neither.

Kal. Nor did you ever love in earnest any Fair lady, whom you wish'd to make your own?

Par. Not any truly.

Kal. What your friends or meads are I will not be inquisitive to know, Nor do I care to hope for. But admit A dowry were thrown down before your choice, Of beauty, noble birth, sincere affection, How gladly would you entertain it? Young man, I do not tempt you idly.

Par. I shall thank you, When my unsettled thoughts can make me sensible Of what 'tis to be happy; for the present I am your debtor; and, fair gentlewoman, Pray give me leave as yet to study ignorance, For my weak brains conceive not what concerns me. Another time—[Going.]

Enter THANASTA.

Tha. Do I break off your parley, That you are parting? Sure my woman loves you; Can she speak well, Parthenophill?

Par. Yes, madam,

Discreetly chaste she can; she hath much won On my belief, and in few words, but pithy,

Much mov'd my thankfulness. You are her lady, Your goodness aims, I know, at her preferment; Therefore, I may be bold to make confession Of truth: if ever I desire to thrive In woman's favour, Kala is the first Whom my ambition shall bend to.

Tha. Indeed!

But say, a nobler love should interpose.

Par. Where real worth and constancy first settle A hearty truth, there greatness cannot shake it; Nor shall it mine: yet I am but an infant In that construction, which must give clear light To Kala's merit; riper hours hereafter Must learn me how to grow rich in deserts. Madam, my duty waits on you. *[Exit.]*

Tha. Come hither!—

"If ever henceforth I desire to thrive In woman's favour, Kala is the first Whom my ambition shall bend to."—'Twas so!

Kal. These very words he spake.

Tha. These very words

Curse thee, unfaithful creature, to thy grave. Thou woo'd'st him for thyself?

Kal. You said I should.

Tha. My name was never mention'd?

Kal. Madam, no; We were not come to that.

Tha. Not come to that!

Art thou a rival fit to cross my fate! Now poverty and a dishonest fame, The waiting-woman's wages, be thy payment, False, faithless, wanton beast! I'll spoil your carriage;

There's not a page, a groom, nay, not a citizen That shall be cast [away] upon thee, Kala: I'll keep thee in my service all thy lifetime, Without hope of a husband or a suitor.

Kal. I have not verily deserv'd this cruelty.

Tha. Parthenophill shall know, if he respect My birth, the danger of a fond neglect. *[Exit.]*

Kal. Are you so quick? Well, I may chance to cross

Your peevishness. Now, though I never meant The young man for myself, yet, if he love me, I'll have him, or I'll run away with him; And let her do her worst then! What! we're all But flesh and blood: the same thing that will do My lady good, will please her woman too. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—An Apartment at the Castle.

Enter CLEOPHILA and TROLLIO.

Cleo. Tread softly, Trollio, my father sleeps still.

Trol. Ay, forsooth; but he sleeps like a hare, with his eyes open, and that's no good sign.

Cleo. Sure thou art weary of this sullen living; But I am not; for I take more content In my obedience here, than all delights The time presents elsewhere.

Mel. Oh!

Cleo. Dost hear that groan?

Trol. Hear it? I shudder; it was a strong blast, young mistress, able to root up heart, liver, lungs, and all.

Cleo. My much-wrong'd father! let me view his face.

[Draws the Arras, MELANDER discovered in a chair, sleeping.]

Trol. Lady mistress, shall I fetch a barber to steal away his rough-beard whilst he sleeps? In his naps he never looks in a glass—and 'tis high time, o' my conscience, for him to be trimmed; he has not been under the shaver's hand almost these four years.

Cleo. Peace, fool!

Trol. I could clip the old ruffian; there's hair enough to stuff all the great ood-pieces in Switzerland. He begins to stir; he stirs. Bless us, how his eyes roll! A good year keep your lordship in your right wits, I beseech ye! *[Aside.]*

Mel. Cleophila!

Cleo. Sir, I am here; how do you, sir?

Trol. Sir, is your stomach up yet? got some warm porridge in your belly; 'tis a very good settle-brain.

Mel. The raven croak'd, and hollow shrieks of Sung dirges at her funeral; I laugh'd [crows] The while, for 'twas no boot to weep. The girl Was fresh and full of youth; but, oh! the cunning Of tyrants, that look big! their very frowns Doom poor souls guilty ere their cause be heard.— Good! what art thou? and thou?

Cleo. I am Cleophila, Your woeful daughter.

Trol. I am Trollio, Your honest implement.

Mel. I know you both. 'Las, why d'ye use me Thy sister, my Eroclea, was so gentle, [thins] That turtles in their down, do feed more gall, Than her spleen mix'd with:—yet, when winds and storm

Drive dirt and dust on banks of spotless snow, The purest whiteness is no such defence Against the sullyng foulness of that fury. So raved Agenor, that great man, mischief Against the girl—'twas a politic trick! We were too old in honour.—I am lean, And fall'n away extremely; most assuredly I have not dined these three days.

Cleo. Will you now, sir?

Trol. I beseech you heartily, sir: I feel a horrible puking myself.

Mel. Am I stark mad?

Trol. No, no, you are but a little staring:—there's difference between staring and stark mad. You are but whimsied yet; crotcheted, coun-drumped, or so. *[Aside.]*

Mel. Here's all my care; and I do often sigh For thee, Cleophila; we are secluded From all good people. But take heed; Amethus Was son to Doryla, Agenor's sister; There's some ill blood about him, if the surgeon Have not been very skillful to let all out.

Cleo. I am, alas! too griev'd to think of love; That must concern me least.

Mel. Sirrah, be wise! be wise!

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, PARTHENOPHILL, and RHETIAS.

Trol. Who, I? I will be monstrous and wise immediately.—Welcome, gentlemen; the more the merrier. I'll lay the cloth, and set the stools in a readiness, for I see here is some hope of dinner now. *[Exit.]*

Amel. My lord Melander, Menaphon, your kinsman, Newly return'd from travel, comes to tender His duty to you; to you his love, fair mistress.

Men. I would I could as easily remove
Sadness from your remembrance, sir, as study
To do you faithful service.—My dear cousin,
All best of comforts bless your sweet obedience!

Cleo. One chief of them, [my] worthy cousin,
In you, and your well-doing. [lives]

Men. This young stranger
Will well deserve your knowledge.

Amet. For my friend's sake,
Lady, pray give him welcome.

Cleo. He has met it,
If sorrows can look kindly.

Par. You much honour me.

Rhe. How he eyes the company! sure my passion
will betray my weakness.—O my master, my
noble master, do not forget me; I am still the
humblest, and the most faithful in heart of those
that serve you. [Aside.]

Mel. Ha, ha, ha!

Rhe. There's wormwood in that laughter; 'tis
the usher to a violent extremity. [Aside.]

Mel. I am a weak old man. All these are come,
To jeer my ripe calamities.

Men. Good uncle!

Mel. But I'll outstare ye all: fools, desperate
fools!

You are cheated, grossly cheated; range, range on,
And roll about the world to gather moss,
The moss of honour, gay reports, gay clothes,
Gay wives, huge empty buildings, whose proud
roofs

Shall with their pinnacles even reach the stars!
Ye work and work like blind moles, in the paths
That are bored thro' the crannies of the earth,
To charge your hungry souls with such full surfeits;
As, being gorg'd once, make you lean with plenty;
And when you have skimm'd the vomit of your
riots,

You are fat in no felicity but folly:
Then your last sleeps seize on you; then the troops
Of worms crawl round, and feast, good cheer, rich
Dainty, delicious!—Here's Cleophila; [fare,
All the poor stock of my remaining thrift:
You, you, the prince's cousin, how d'ye like her?
Amethus, how d'ye like her?

Amet. My intents
Are just and honourable.

Men. Sir, believe him.

Mel. Take her!—We two must part; go to him,

Par. This sight is full of horror. [do.]

Rhe. There is sense yet,
In this distraction.

Mel. In this jewel I have given away
All what I can call mine. When I am dead,
Save charge; let me be buried in a nook:
No guns, no pompous whining; these are fooleries.
If, whilst we live, we stalk about the streets
Jostled by carmen, foot-posts, and fine apes
In silken coats, unminded and scarce thought on:
It is not comely to be haled to the earth,
Like high-fed jades upon a tilting-day,
In antick trappings. Scorn to useless tears!
Eroclea was not coffin'd so; she perish'd,
And no eye dropp'd save mine—and I am childish
I talk like one that doats; laugh at me, Rhetias,
Or rail at me.—They will not give me meat,
They have starv'd me; but I'll henceforth be mine
own cook.

Good morrow! 'tis too early for my cares
To revel; I will break my heart a little,
And tell ye more hereafter. Pray be merry. [Exit.]

Rhe. I'll follow him. My lord Amethus, use
your time respectively; few words to purpose
soonest prevail: study no long orations; be plain
and short. I'll follow him. [Exit.]

Amet. Cleophila, although these blacker clouds
Of sadness, thicken and make dark the sky
Of thy fair eyes, yet give me leave to follow
The stream of my affections; they are pure,
Without all mixture of unnooble thoughts:
Can you be ever mine?

● *Cleo.* I am so low
In mine own fortunes, and my father's woes,
That I want words to tell you, you deserve
A worthier choice.

Amet. But give me leave to hope.

Men. My friend is serious.

● *Cleo.* Sir, this for answer. If I ever thrive
In any earthly happiness, the next
To my good father's wish'd recovery,
Must be my thankfulness to your great merit,
Which I dare promise:—for the present time,
You cannot urge more from me.

Mel. [within.] Ho, Cleophila!

● *Cleo.* This gentleman is mov'd.

Amet. Your eyes, Parthenophil,
Are guilty of some passion.

Men. Friend, what ails thee?

Par. All is not well within me, sir.

Mel. [within.] Cleophila!

Amet. Sweet maid, forget me not; we ~~will~~ must
part.

● *Cleo.* Still you shall have my prayer.

Amet. Still you my truth. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter OTTOLUUS and GRILLA, the former in a black Velvet
Cap, and a white Feather, with a Paper in his hand.

Cuo. Do not I look freshly, and like a youth of
the trim?

Gril. As rare an old youth as ever walked cross-
gartered.

Cuo. Here are my mistresses, mustered in white
and black. [Reads.] "Kala, the waiting-woman."
I will first begin at the foot: stand thou for
Kala.

Gril. I stand for Kala; do your best and your
worst.

Cuo. I must look big, and care little or nothing
for her, because she is a creature that stands at
livery. Thus I talk wisely, and to no purpose.
"Wench, as it is not fit that thou should'st be
either fair or honest, so, considering thy service,
thou art as thou art, and so are thy betters, let
them be what they can be. Thus, in despite and
defiance of all thy good parts, if I cannot endure
thy baseness, 'tis more out of thy courtesy than my
deserving; and so I expect thy answer."

Gril. I must confess—

Cuc. Well said.

Gril. You are—

Cuc. That's true too.

Gril. To speak you right, a very scurvy fellow.

Cuc. Away, away!—dost think so?

Gril. A very foul-mouth'd and misshapen cox-

Cuc. I'll never believe it, by this hand. [comb.

Gril. A maggot, most unworthy to creep in
To the least wrinkle of a gentlewoman's
(What d'ye call) good conceit, or so, or what
You will else—were you not refin'd by courtship,
And education, which, in my blear eyes,
Makes you appear as sweet as any nosegay,
Or savoury cod of musk, new fall'n from the cat.

Cuc. This shall serve well enough for the wait-
ing-woman. My next mistress is Cleopatra, the
old madman's daughter. I must come to her in
whining tune; sigh, wipe mine eyes, fold my arms,
and blubber out my speech as thus: "Even as a
kennel of hounds, sweet lady, cannot catch a hare,
when they are full paunched on the carrion of a
dead horse; so, even so the gorge of my affections,
being full crammed with the garbols of your con-
dolements, doth tickle me with the prick (as it were)
about me, and fellow-feeling of howling outright."—

Gril. This will do't, if we will hear.

Cuc. Thou seest I am crying ripe, I am such
another tender-hearted fool.

Gril. "Even as the snuff of a candle that has
burnt in the socket goes out, and leaves a strong
perfume behind it; or as a piece of toasted cheese
next the heart in a morning, is a restorative for a
sweet breath: so, even so the odoriferous savour
of your love doth perfume my heart (heigh ho!)
with the pure scent of an intolerable content, and
not to be endured."

Cuc. By this hand 'tis excellent! Have at
thee, last of all, for the Princess Thamasta, she
that is my mistress indeed. She is abominably
proud, a lady of a damnable high, turbulent, and
generous spirit; but I have a loud-mouth'd cannon
of mine own to batter her, and a penned speech of
purpose: observe it.

Gril. Thus I walk by, hear and mind you not.

Cuc. [reads.] "*Thou haughty as the devil or
his dam,*

Thou dost appear, great mistress; yet I am

Like some ugly fire-work, and can mount

Above the region of thy sweet no-count.

Wert thou the moon herself, yet having seen thee,

Behold the man ordain'd to move within thee."—

Look to yourself, housewife! answer me in strong
lines, you were best.

Gril. Keep off, poor fool, my beams will strike
thee blind;

Else, if thou touch me, touch me but behind.

In palaces, such as pass in before,

Must be great princes; for, at the back door,

Tatterdemallions wait, who know not how

To gain admittance; such a one—art thou.

Cuc. 'Sfoot, this is downright roaring.

Gril. I know how to present a big lady in her
own cue.—But pray, in earnest, are you in love
with all these?

Cuc. Pish! I have not a rag of love about me;
'tis only a foolish humour I am possessed with, to
be surnamed the Conqueror. I will court any
thing; be in love with nothing, nor no—thing.

Gril. A rare man you are, I protest.

Cuc. Yes, I know I am a rare man, and I ever
held myself so.

Enter PELIAS and CORAX.

Pel. In amorous contemplation, on my life;
Courting his page, by Helicon!

Cuc. 'Tis false.

Gril. A gross untruth; I'll justify it, sir.
At any time, place, weapon.

Cuc. Marry, shall she.

Cor. No quarrels, goody Whiske! lay by your
trumperies, and fall to your practice: instructions
are ready for you all. Pelias is your leader, follow
him; get credit now or never. Vanish, doodles,
vanish!

Cuc. For the device?

Cor. The same; get ye gone, and make no bawling.
[Exeunt all but CORAX.]

To waste my time thus, drone-like, in the court,
And lose so many hours, as my studies
Have hoarded up, is to be like a man,
That creeps both on his hands and knees, to climb
A mountain's top; where, when he is ascended,
One careless slip down-tumbles him again
Into the bottom, whence he first began.
I need no prince's favour; princes need
My art: then, Corax, be no more a gull,
The best of 'em cannot fool thee; say, they shall
not.

Enter SOPHONOR and ARCTUS.

Soph. We find him timely now; let's learn the
cause.

Are. 'Tis fit we should.—Sir, we approve you
learn'd,

And, since your skill can best discern the humours
That are predominant, in bodies subject
To alteration; tell us, pray, what devil
This melancholy is, which can transform
Men into monsters.

Cor. You are yourself a scholar,
And quick of apprehension: Melancholy
Is not, as you conceive, indisposition
Of body, but the mind's disease. So Extasy,
Fantastic Dotage, Madness, Frenzy, Rapture
Of mere imagination, differ partly
From melancholy; which is briefly this,
A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharged
With fear and sorrow: first begot i' th' brain,
The seat of reason, and from thence deriv'd
As suddenly into the heart, the seat
Of our affection.

Are. There are sundry kinds
Of this disturbance?

Cor. Infinite; it were
More easy to conjecture every hour
We have to live, than reckon up the kinds,
Or causes of this anguish of the mind.

Soph. Thus you conclude, that, as the cause is
The cure must be impossible; and then [doubtful,
Our prince, poor gentleman, is lost for ever,
As well unto himself, as to his subjects.

Cor. My lord, you are too quick; thus much I
Promise and do; ere many minutes past, [dare
I will discover whence his sadness is,
Or undergo the censure of my ignorance.

Are. You are a noble scholar.

Soph. For reward

You shall make your own demand.

Cor. May I be sure?

Age. We both will pledge our truth.
Cor. 'Tis soon perform'd.
 That I may be discharged from my attendance
 At court, and never more be sent for after:
 Or—if I be, may rats gnaw all my books,
 If I get home once, and come here again!
 Though my neck stretch a halter for't, I care not.
Soph. Come, come, you shall not fear it.
Cor. I'll acquaint you
 With what is to be done; and you shall fashion it.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in THAMASTA'S House.

Enter KALA and PARTHENOPHILL.

Kala. My lady does expect you, thinks all time
 Too slow till you come to her: wherefore, young
 If you intend to love me, and me only, [man,
 Before we part, without more circumstance,
 Let us betroth ourselves.
Par. I dare not wrong you;—
 You are too violent.
Kala. Wrong me no more
 Than I wrong you; be mine, and I am yours;
 I cannot stand on points.
Par. Then, to resolve
 All further hopes, you never can be mine,
 Must not, and, pardon though I say, you shall
 not.
Kala. The thing is sure a gelding. [*Aside.*—
Shall not! Well,
 You were best to prate unto my lady now,
 What proffer I have made.
Par. Never, I vow.
Kala. Do, do! 'tis but a kind heart of my own,
 And ill luck can undo me.—Be refused!
 O scurvy!—Pray walk on, I'll overtake you.
[Exit PAR.]
 What a green-sickness liver'd boy is this!
 My maidenhead will shortly grow so stale,
 That 'twill be mouldy;—but I'll mar her market.

Enter MENAPHON.

Men. Parthenophill passed this way; prithee,
 Direct me to him. [*Kala,*
Kala. Yes, I can direct you;
 But you, sir, must forbear.
Men. Forbear?
Kala. I said so.
 Your bounty has engaged my truth, receive
 A secret, that will, as you are a man,
 Startle your reason; 'tis but mere respect
 Of what I owe to thankfulness. Dear sir,
 The stranger, whom your courtesy received
 For friend, is made your rival.
Men. Rival, Kala?
 Take heed; thou art too credulous.
Kala. My lady,
 Doats on him: I will place you in a room,
 Where, though you cannot hear, yet you shall see
 Such passages as will confirm the truth
 Of my intelligence.
Men. 'Twill make me mad.
Kala. Yes, you.
 It makes me mad too, that a gentleman
 So excellently sweet, so liberal,
 So kind, so proper, should be so betray'd,
 By a young smooth-chinn'd straggler; but, for
 love's sake,

Bear all with manly courage.—Not a word;
 I am undone then.

Men. That were too much pity:
 Honest, most honest Kala! 'tis thy care,
 Thy serviceable care.

Kala. You have ev'n spoken
 All can be said or thought.

Men. I will reward thee:
 But as for him, ungente boy, I'll whip
 His falsehood with a vengeance.—

Kala. O speak little.
 Walk up these stairs; and take this key, it opens
 A chamber door, where, at that window yonder,
 You may see all their courtship.

Men. I am silent.
Kala. As little noise as may be, I beseech you;
 There is a back stair to convey you forth
 Unseen or unsuspected.— [*Exit MENAPHON.*
 He that cheats

A waiting-woman of a free good turn
 She longs for, must expect a shrewd revenge.
 Sheep-spirited boy! altho' he had not married me,
 He might have proffer'd kindness in a corner,
 And ne'er have been the worse for't. They are
 On goes my set of faces most demurely. come:

Enter THAMASTA and PARTHENOPHILL.

Tha. Forbear the room.
Kala. Yes, madam.
** Tha.* Whosoever
 Requires access to me, deny him entrance
 Till I call thee; and wait without.
Kala. I shall.
 Sweet Venus, turn his courage to a snow-ball,
 I heartily beseech it! [*Aside, and exit.*
Tha. I expose
 The honour of my birth, my fame, my youth,
 To hazard of much hard construction,
 In seeking an adventure of a parley,
 So private, with a stranger: if your thoughts
 Censure me not with mercy, you may soon
 Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,
 Which should preserve a virtuous name unstain'd.
Par. Lady—to shorten long excuses—time
 And safe experience have so thoroughly arm'd
 My apprehension, with a real taste
 Of your most noble nature, that to question
 The least part of your bounties, or that freedom,
 Which Heav'n bath with plenty made you rich
 Would argue me uncivil; which is more, [*fin,*
 Base-bred; and, which is most of all, unthankful.

Tha. The constant loadstone and the steel are
 found

In several mines; yet is there such a league
 Between these minerals, as if one vein
 Of earth had nourish'd both. The gentle myrtle
 Is not engraft upon an olive's stock;
 Yet nature hath between them lock'd a secret
 Of sympathy, that, being planted near,
 They will, both in their branches and their roots,
 Embrace each other: twines of ivy round
 The well-grown oak; the vine doth court the elm;
 Yet these are different plants. Parthenophill,
 Consider this aright; then these slight creatures
 Will fortify the reasons I should frame
 For that unguarded (as thou think'st) affection,
 Which is submitted to a stranger's pity
 True love may blush, when shame repents too
 But in all actions, nature yields to fate. [*late;*
** Par.* Great lady, 'twere a dulness must exceed

The grossest and most sottish kind of ignorance,
Not to be sensible of your intents ;
I clearly understand them. Yet so much
The difference between that height and lowness,
Which doth distinguish our unequal fortunes,
Dissuades me from ambition ; that I am
Humbler in my desires, than love's own power
Can any way raise up.

Tha. I am a princess,
And know no law of slavery ; to sue,
Yet be denied !

Par. I am so much a subject
To every law of noble honesty,
That to transgress the vows of perfect friendship,
I hold a sacrilege as foul, and curs'd,
As if some holy temple had been robb'd,
And I the thief.

Tha. Thou art unwise, young man,
To enrage a lioness.

Par. It were unjust
To falsify a faith ; and ever after,
Disrobed of that fair ornament, live naked,
A scorn to time and truth.

Tha. Remember well,
Who I am, and what thou art.

Par. That remembrance
Prompts me to worthy duty. O great lady,
If some few days have tempted your free heart,
To cast away affection on a stranger ;
If that affection have so overway'd
Your judgment, that it, in a manner, hath
Declined your sovereignty of birth and spirit ;
How can you turn your eyes off from that glass,
Wherein you may new trim, and settle right
A memorable name ?

Tha. The youth is idle.

Par. Days, months, and years are past, since
Menaphon

Hath loved and serv'd you truly ; Menaphon,
A man of no large distance in his blood
From your's ; in qualities desertful, graced
With youth, experience, every happy gift
That can by nature, or by education
Improve a gentleman : for him, great lady,
Let me prevail, that you will yet at last
Unlock the bounty, which your love and care
Have wisely treasur'd up, to enrich his life.

Tha. Thou hast a moving eloquence, Partheno-
phill !—

Parthenophill, in vain we strive to cross
The destiny that guides us : my great heart
Is stoop'd so much beneath that wonted pride,
That first disguis'd it, that I now prefer
A miserable life with thee, before
All other earthly comforts.

Par. Menaphon,
By me, repeats the self-same words to you :
You are too cruel, if you can distrust
His truth, or my report.

Tha. Go where thou wilt,
I'll be an exile with thee ; I will learn
To bear all change of fortune

Par. For my friend,
I plead with grounds of reason.

Tha. For thy love,
Hard-hearted youth, I here renounce all thoughts
Of other hopes, of other entertainments—

Par. Stay, as you honour virtue.

Tha. When the profress
Of other greatness,—

Par. Lady !

Tha. When entreats
Of friends,—

Par. I'll ease your grief.

Tha. Respect of kindred,—

Par. Pray, give me hearing.

Tha. Lost of fame,—

Par. I crave

But some few minutes.

Tha. Shall infringe my vows,
Let Heaven,—

Par. My love speaks t'ye : hear, then go on.

Tha. Thy love ? why, 'tis a charm to stop a
vow

In its most violent course.

Par. Cupid has broke

His arrows here ; and, like a child unarm'd,
Comes to make sport between us with no weapon,
But feathers stolen from his mother's doves.

Tha. This is mere trifling.

Par. Lady, take a secret.

I am as you are ;—in a lower rank,
Else of the self-same sex, a maid, a virgin.
And now, to use your own words, " if your thoughts
Censure me not with mercy, you may soon
Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,
Which should preserve a virtuous name unstain'd."

Tha. Are you not mankind then ?

Par. When you shall read
The story of my sorrows, with the change
Of my misfortunes, in a letter printed
From my unforged relation, I believe
You will not think the shedding of one tear,
A prodigality that misbecomes
Your pity and my fortune.

Tha. Pray conceal

The errors of my passions.

Par. Would I had

Much more of honour (as for life, I value't not)
To venture on your secrecy !

Tha. It will be

A hard task for my reason, to relinquish
The affection, which was once devoted thine ;
I shall awhile repute thee still the youth
I loved so dearly.

Par. You shall find me ever,
Your ready faithful servant.

Tha. O, the powers
Who do direct our hearts, laugh at our follies !
We must not part yet.

Par. Let not my unworthiness
Alter your good opinion.

Tha. I shall henceforth
Be jealous of thy company with any ;
My fears are strong and many.

Re-enter KALA.

Kala. Did your ladyship
Call me ?

Tha. For what ?

Kala. Your servant Menaphon
Desires admittance.

Enter MENAPHON.

Men. With your leave, great mistress,
I come,—So private ! is this well, Parthenophill ?

Par. Sir, noble sir !

Men. You are unkind and treacherous ;
This 'tis to trust a straggler !

Tha. Prithee, servant—

Men. I dare not question you, you are my mistress;

My Prince's nearest kinswoman; but he—

Tha. Come, you are angry.

Mae. Henceforth, I will bury

Unmanly passion in perpetual silence: *

I'll quit mine own distraction, dost thou folly.

Creep to the mirth and madness of the age,

Rather than be so slav'd again to woman,

Which, in her best of constancy, is steadiest
In change and scorn.

Tha. How dare you talk to me thus?

Men. Dare? Were you not own sister to my friend,

Sister to my Amethus, I would hurl you

As far off from mine eyes, as from my heart;

For I would never more look on you. Take

Your jewel t'ye!—and, youth, keep under wing,

Or—boy!—boy!

**Tha.* If commands be of no force,

Let me entreat thee, Menaphon.

Men. 'Tis naught.

Fie, fie, Parthenophill! have I deserv'd

To be thus used?

Par. I do protest—

Men. You shall not;

Henceforth I will be free, and hate my bondage.

Enter AMETHUS

Amet. Away, away to court! The prince is
pleas'd

To see a Masque to-night; we must attend him:

'Tis near upon the time.—How thrives your suit?

Men. The judge, your sister, will decide it
shortly.

Tha. Parthenophill, I will not trust you from
me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, and CORAX; Servants
with Torches.*

Cor. Lights and attendance! I will shew your
highness

A trifle of mine own brain. If you can,

Imagine you were now in the university.

You'll take it well enough; a scholar's fancy,

A quab; 'tis nothing else, a very quab.

Pal. We will observe it.

Soph. Yes, and grace it too, sir,

For Corax else is humorous and testy.

Are. By any means; men singular in art,

Have always some odd whimsey more than usual.

Pal. The name of this conceit.

Cor. Sir, it is called

The Masque of Melancholy.

Are. We must look for

Nothing but sadness here, then.

Cor. Madness rather

In several changes. Melancholy is

The root, as well of every apish frenzy,

Laughter and mirth, as dulness. Pray, my lord,

Hold, and observe the plot; *(Gives PAL. a paper)*

'tis there express'd

In kind, what shall be now express'd in action.—

*Enter ARETUS, MENAPHON, THAMASTA, and PARTHE-
NOPHILL.*

No interruption;—take your places quickly;

Nay, nay, leave ceremony. Sound to th' entrance!

[Flourish.]

*Enter RHETIAS, his Face whitened, black shag Hair, long
Nails; with a piece of raw Meat.*

Rhe. Bow, bow! wow, wow! the moon's
eclipsed; I'll to the church-yard and sup. Since
I turn'd wolf, I bark, and howl, and dig up
graves? I will never have the sun shine again:
'tis midnight, deep, dark midnight,—get a prey,
and fall to!—Have catch'd thee now.—Arre!—

Cor. This kind is called Lycanthropia, sir; when
men conceive themselves wolves.

Pal. Here I find it.

[Looking at the paper.]

Enter PELIAS, with a Crown of Feathers, antickly rich.

Pel. I will hang 'em all, and burn my wife.
Was I not an emperor? my hand was kiss'd, and
ladies lay down before me. In triumph did I ride
with my nobles about me, till the mad dog bit me;
I fell, and I fell, and I fell. It shall be treason
by statute for any man to name water, or wash his
hands, throughout all my dominions: break all
the looking-glasses, I will not see my horns; my
wife cuckolds me; she is a whore, a whore, a
whore, a whore!

Pal. Hydrophobia term you this?

Cor. And men possess'd so, shun all sight of
water;

Sometimes, if mix'd with jealousy, it renders them
Incurable, and oftentimes brings death.

*Enter a Philosopher in black Rags, with a Copper Chain,
an old Gown half off, and a Hook.*

Phi. Philosophers dwell in the moon. Specu-
lation and theory girdle the world about, like a
wall. Ignorance, like an atheist, must be damn'd
in the pit. I am very, very poor, and poverty is
the physic for the soul; my opinions are pur-
e and perfect. Envy is a monster, and I defy the
beast.

Cor. Delirium this is call'd, which is mere
dotage.

Sprung from ambition first, and singularity,
Self-love, and blind opinion of true merit.

Pal. I not dislike the course.

*Enter GRILLA, in a rich Gown, great Fardingale, great
Ruff, a Muff, Fan, and Coxcomb on her Head.*

Gril. Yes forsooth, and no forsooth: is not this
fine! I pray your blessing, gaffer. Here, here,
here—did he give me enough, and cut off's tail!
Buss, buss, nuncle, and there's a pum for daddy.

Cor. You find this noted there, phrenitis.

Pal. True.

Cor. Pride is the ground on't; it reigns most in
women.

Enter CUCULUS like a Bedlam, singing.

Cuc. They that will learn to drink a health in hell,
Must learn on earth to take tobacco well,
To take tobacco well, to take tobacco well;
For in hell they drink nor wine, nor ale, nor beer,
But fire, and smoke, and stench, as we do here.

Rhe. I'll swoop thee up.

Pel. Thou'st straight to execution.

Gril. Fool, fool, fool! catch me an thou canst.

Phi. Expel him the house; 'tis a dunce.

Cuc. [Sings.] Hark, did you not hear a rumbling!

The goblins are now a tumbling:

I'll tear 'em, I'll tear 'em,

I'll roar 'em, I'll gore 'em!

Now, now, now! my brains are a tumbling.—

[Bonnet off the gun's off.]

Pal. You name this here, hypochondriacal?

Cor. Which is a windy flatuous humour, stuffing
The head, thence deriv'd to the animal parts.
To be too over-curious, loss of goods
Or friends, excess of fear, or sorrows cause it.

Enter a SEA-NYMPH, big-bellied, singing and dancing

Nymph. Good your honours,
Pray your worships,
Dear your beauties,—

Cuc. Hang thee!
To lash your sides,
To tame your hides,
To scourge your prides;
And bang thee.

Nymph. We're pretty and dainty, and I will begin;
See! how they do jeer me, deride me, and grin.
Come, sport me, come, court me, your topsail
advance,
And let us conclude our delights in a dance.

All. A dance, a dance, a dance!

Cor. This is the wanton melancholy. Women
With child, possess'd, with this strange fury, often
Have danced three days together without ceasing.

Pal. 'Tis very strange: but Heaven is full of
miracles.

THE DANCE.

[Exeunt the Masquers in couples.]

We are thy debtor, Corax, for the gift

Of this invention; but the plot deceives us:
What means this empty space?

[Pointing to the paper.]

Cor. One kind of Melancholy
Is only left untouch'd; 'twas not in art
To personate the shadow of that fancy;
'Tis nam'd *Deve-Melancholy*. As, for instance,
Admit this stranger here,—young man, stand
forth— *[To PANTH]*

Entangled by the beauty of this lady,
The great Thamasta, cherish'd in his heart
The weight of hopes and fears; it were impossible
To linn his passions in such lively colours,
As his own proper sufferance could express.

Par. You are not modest, sir.

Tha. Am I your mirth?

Cor. Love is the tyrant of the heart; it darkens
Reason, confounds discretion; deaf to counsel,
It runs a headlong course to desperate madness.
O were your highness but touch'd home, and the
With this (what shall I call it?) devil— *[roughly,*
Pal. Hold!

Let no man henceforth name the word again.—

Wait you my pleasure, youth.—'Tis late; to rest!— *[Exit.]*

Cor. My lords—

Soph. Enough; thou art a perfect arts-man.

Cor. Panthers may hide their heads, not change
the skin;

And love, pent ne'er so close, yet will be seen.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in THAMASTA'S House.

Enter AMETIUS and MENAPHON.

Amet. Doat on a stranger?

Men. Court him; plead, and sue to him.

Amet. Affectionately?

Men. Servilely; and, pardon me,

If I say, basely.

Amet. Women, in their passions,
Like false fires, first, to fright our trembling senses,
Yet, in themselves, contain nor light nor heat.
My sister do this! she, whose pride did scorn

All thoughts that were not busied on a crown,
To fall so far beneath her fortunes now!—

You are my friend.

Men. What I confirm, is truth.

Amet. Truth, Menaphon?

Men. If I conceived you were
Jealous of my sincerity and plainness,
Then, sir —

Amet. What then, sir?

Men. I would then resolve

You were as changeable in vows of friendship,
As is Thamasta in her choice of love
That sin is double, running in @ blood,
Which justifies another being worse.

Amet. My Menaphon, excuse me; I grow wild,
And would not, willingly, believe the truth
Of my dishonour: she shall know how much
I am a debtor to thy noble goodness,
By checking the contempt her poor desires
Have suak her fame in. Prithes tell me, friend,
How did the youth receive her?

Men. With a coldness
As modest and as hopeless, as the trust
I did repose in him could wish, or merit.

Enter THAMASTA and KALA.

Amet. I will esteem him dearly.

Men. Sir, your sister.

Tha. Servant, I have employment for you.

Amet. Hark ye!

The mask of your ambition is fallen off;
Your pride hath stoop'd to such an abject lowness,
That you have now discover'd to report
Your nakedness in virtue, honours, shame,—

Tha. You are turn'd Satire.

Amet. All the flatteries
Of greatness have exposed you to contempt.

Tha. This is mere railing.

Amet. You have sold your birth
For lust.

Tha. Lust?

Amet. Yes; and, at a dear expense,
Purchased the only glories of a wanton.

Tha. A wanton!

Amet. Let repentance stop your mouth;
Learn to redeem your fault.

Kala. I hope your tongue
Has not betray'd my honesty. *[Aside to Men.]*

Men. Fear nothing.

Tha. If, Menaphon, I hitherto have strove
To keep a wary guard about my fame;
If I have us'd a woman's skill to sift
The constancy of your protested love;
You cannot, in the justice of your judgment,

Impute that to a coyance or neglect,
Which my discretion and your service aim'd
For noble purposes.

Men. Great mistress, no:
I rather quarrel with mine own ambition,
That durst to soar so high, as to feed hope
Of any least desert, that might entitle
My duty to a pension from your favours.

Amet. And therefore, lady, (pray observe him
He henceforth covets plain equality; [well,]
Endeavouring to rank his fortunes low,
With some fit partner, whom, without presumption,
Without offence or danger, he may cherish,
Yes, and command too, as a wife; a wife;
A wife, my most great lady!

Kala. All will out. [Aside.]

Tha. Now I perceive the league of amity,
Which you have long between you vow'd and kept,
Is sacred and inviolable; secrets
Of every nature are in common to you.
I have trespassed, and I have been faulty;
Let not too rude a censure doom me guilty,
Or judge my error wilful without pardon.

Men. Gracious and virtuous mistress!

Amet. 'Tis a trick;
There is no trust in female cunning, friend.
Let her first purge her follies past, and clear
The wrong done to her honour, by some sure
Apparent testimony of her constancy;
Or we will not believe these childish plots:
As you respect my friendship, lend no ear
To a reply.—Think on't!

Men. Pray, love your fame.

[Exit MEN. and AMET.]

Tha. Gone! I am sure awak'd. Kala, I find
You have not been so trusty as the duty
You owed, required.

Kala. Not I? I do protest
I have been, madam.

Tha. Be—no matter what!
I am pay'd in mine own coin; something I must,
And speedily.—So!—seek out Cuculus,
Bid him attend me instantly.

Kala. That antic!
The trim old youth shall wait you.

Tha. Wounds may be mortal, which are wounds
indeed;
But no wound's deadly, till our honours bleed.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

[Enter RHETIAS and CORAX.]

Rhe. Thou art an excellent fellow. Diabolo!
O these lousy close-stool empirics, that will under-
take all cures, yet know not the causes of any
disease! Dog-leeches! By the four elements I
honour thee; could find in my heart to turn knave,
and be thy flatterer.

Cor. Sirrah, 'tis pity thou'dst not been a scholar;
Thou'rt honest, blunt, and rude enough, o' con-
science!

But for thy lordship, — I have put him to't.

Rhe. He chafes like a stew-pot;
is he not monstrously angry and franty?

Cor. Rhetias, 'tis not his madness, but his sor-
rows

(Close gripping grief, and anguish of the soul)
That tortures him; he carries hell on earth
Within his bosom: 'twas a prince's tyranny

Caus'd his distraction; and a prince's sweetness
Must qualify that tempest of his mind.

Rhe. Corax, to praise thy art, were to assure
The unbelieving world, that the sun shines.
When in i' th' full meridian of his beauty:
No cloud of black detraction can eclipse
The light of thy pure knowledge. Henceforth,
casting

All poor disguises off, that play in rudeness,
Call me your servant; only, for the present,
I wish a happy blessing to your labours.—
Heaven crown your undertakings! and believe me,
Ere many hours can pass, at our next meeting,
The bonds my duty owes shall be full cancell'd.

[Exit.]

Cor. Farewell!—A shrewd-brain'd whoreson,
there is pith
In his untoward plainness.—Now, the news?

[Enter TROLLIO, with a Morion on.]

Trol. Worshipful master doctor, I have a great
deal of I cannot tell what, to say to you. My lord
thunders, every word that comes out of his mouth
roars like a cannon; the house shook once;—my
young lady dares not be seen,

Cor. We will roar with him, Trollio, if he roar.

Trol. He has got a great pole-axe in his hand,
and fences it up and down the house, as if he were
to make room for the pageants. I have provided
me a morion for fear of a clap on the coxcomb.

Cor. No matter for the morion, here's my cap:
Thus I will pull it down, and thus outstare him.

[He produces a frightful Mask and Head-piece.]

Trol. The physician is got as mad as my lord.
—O brave! a man of worship!

Cor. Let him come, Trollio. I will firk his
trangdido, and bounce, and bounce in metal, honest
Trollio.

Trol. He vapours like a tinker, and struts like
a juggler. [Aside.]

Mel. (within.) So ho, so ho!

Trol. There, there, there! look to your right
worshipful, look to yourself.

[Enter MELANDER with a Pole-axe.]

Mel. Shew me the dog, whose triple-throated
noise
Hath rous'd a lion from his uncouth den,
To tear the cur in pieces.

Cor. [Putting on his Mask, and turning to
MEL.] Stay thy paws,
Courageous beast; else, lo! the Gorgon's skull,
That shall transform thee to that restless stone,
Which Sisyphus rolls up against the hill;
Whence, tumbling down again, it, with its weight,
Shall crush thy bones, and puff thee into air.

Mel. Hold, hold thy conquering breath; 'tis
stronger far
Than gunpowder and garlic. If the fates
Have spun my thread, and my spent clue of life
Be not untwisted, let us part like friends:
Lay up my weapon, Trollio, and be gone.

Trol. Yes, sir, with all my heart.

[Exit, with the Pole-axe.]

Mel. This friend and I will walk, and gabble
wisely.

Cor. I allow thy motion; off!

[Takes off his Mask.]

Mel. So politicians thrive,
That with their crabbed faces, and sly tricks,

Legends, ducks, cringes, and heads,
Crisp'd hairs, and punctual cheats, do wriggle in
Their heads first, like a fox, to roams at sea;
Then the whole body follows.

Cor. Then they fill
Lordships; steal women's hearts; with them and
theirs

The world runs round; yet these are square men
still.

Mel. There are none poor, but such as engross
offices.

Cor. None wise, but unthrifths, bankrupts, beg-
gars, rascals.

Mel. The hangman is a rare physician.

Cor. That's not so good: (*Aside.*) it shall be

Mel. All [granted.

The buzz of drugs, and minerals and simples,
Blood-lettings, vomits, purges, or what else
Is conjur'd up by men of art, to gull
Liege-people, and rear golden piles, are traph
To a strong well-wrought halter; there the gout,
The stone, yea, and the melancholy devil,
Are cured in less time than a pair of minutes:
Build me a gallows in this very plot,
And I'll dispatch your business.

Cor. Fix the knot

Right under the left ear.

Mel. Sirrah, make ready.

Cor. Yet do not be so sudden; grant me leave,
To give a farewell to a creature long
Absented from me: 'tis a daughter, sir,
Snatch'd from me in her youth, a handsome girl;
She comes to ask a blessing.

Mel. Pray, where is she?

I cannot see her yet.

Cor. She makes more haste
In her quick prayers than her trembling steps,
Which many griefs have weaken'd.

Mel. Cruel man!

How canst thou rip a heart that's cleft already
With injuries of time?—Whilst I am frantic,
Whilst throngs of new divisions huddle on,
And do disrank my brains from peace and sleep,
So long—I am insensible of cares.
As balls of wildfire may be safely touch'd,
Not violently sundered, and thrown up;
So my distemper'd thoughts rest in their rage,
Not hurried in the air of repetition,
Or memory of my misfortunes past:
Then are my griefs struck home, when they're
reclaim'd

To their own pity of themselves.—Proceed;
What of your daughter now?

Cor. I cannot tell you,

'Tis now out of my head again; my brains
Are crazy; I have scarce slept one sound sleep
These twelve months.

Mel. 'Las, poor man! canst thou imagine
To prosper in the task thou tak'st in hand,
By practising a cure upon my weakness,
And yet be no physician for thyself?
Go, go! turn over all thy books once more,
And learn to thrive in modesty; for impudence
Does least become a scholar. Thou'rt a fool,
A kind of learned fool.

Cor. I do confess it.

Mel. If thou canst wake with me, forget to eat,
Renounce the thought of greatness, tread on fate,
Sigh out a lamentable tale of things,
Done long ago, and ill done; and, when sighs

Are wearied, piece up what sadness hinders
With weeping eyes, and heart that's full of pain;
Thou shalt be a companion fit for me.
And we will sit together, like true friends,
And never be divided. With what greediness
Do I hug my afflictions! there's no mirth
Which is not truly season'd with some sadness:
As, for example— [Exit hastily.

Cor. What new crotchet next?

There is so much sense in this wild distraction,
That I am almost out of my wits too,
To see and hear him: some few hours more
Spent here, would turn me apish, if not frantic.

Re-enter MELANCHOLY with OLDSWELL.

Mel. In all the volumes thou hast turn'd, thou
hast

Of knowledge, hast thou met with any rarity,
Worthy thy contemplation, like to this?
The model of the heavens, the earth, the waters;
The harmony and sweet consent of times,
Are not of such an excellence, in form
Of their creation, as the infinite wonder
That dwells within the compass of this face:
And yet, I tell thee, scholar, under this
Well-ordered sign, is lodg'd such an obedience
As will hereafter, in another age,
Strike all comparison into a silence.
She had a sister too;—but as for her,
If I were given to talk, I could describe
A pretty piece of goodness—let that pass.
We must be wise sometimes. What would you
with her?

Cor. I with her? nothing by your leave, sir, I;
It is not my profession.

Mel. You are saucy,
And, as I take it, scurvy in your sauciness,
To use no more respect—good soul! be patient;
We are a pair of things the world doth laugh at.
Yet be content, Cleopatra; those clouds,
Which bar the sun from shining on our miseries,
Will never be chased off till I am dead;
And then some charitable soul will take thee
Into protection: I am hasting on;
The time cannot be long.

Cleo. I do beseech you,
Sir, as you love your health, as you respect
My safety, let not passion overrule you.

Mel. It shall not; I am friends with all the
world.

Get me some wine; to witness that I will be
An absolute good fellow, I will drink with thee.

Cor. Have you prepared his cup?

[*Aside to Cleo.*

Cleo. It is in readiness.

Enter CUCULON and GRILL.

Cuc. By your leave, gallants, I come to speak
with a young lady, as they say, the old Tutor's
daughter of the house.

Mel. Your business with my lady-daughter,
Gril. Toss-pot? O ha! toss-pot? [toss-pot?

Cuc. Peace! dost not see in what case he is?—
I would do my own business with him; that's
all.

Mel. Do. [Cuculon and Grill go]
Till we grow wise. [wine.

Cor. True nothing is saying.

Cuc. So! I am gone, but I shall come back again, with

aside.—Sweet beauty, I am sent ambassador from the mistress of my thoughts, to you, the mistress of my desires.

Cleo. So, sir! I pray be brief.

Cuc. That you may know I am not as they say, an animal, which is, as they say, a kind of Cokes, which is, as the learned term it, an ass, a puppy, a widgeon, a dott, a noddy, a—

Cleo. As you please.

Cuc. Pardon me for that, it shall be as you please: indeed: forsooth, I love to be courtly and in fashion.

Cleo. Well, to your embassy. What, and from whom?

Cuc. Marry, what is more than I know, for to know what's what, is to know what's what, and for what's what:—but these are foolish figures, and to little purpose.

Cleo. From whom, then, are you sent?

Cuc. There you come to me again. O, to be in the favour of great ladies, is as much to say, as to be great in ladies' favours.

Cleo. Good time o' day to you! I can stay no longer.

Cuc. By this light, but you must; for now I come to't. The most excellent, most wise, most dainty, precious, loving, kind, sweet, intolerably fair lady Thamasta commends to your little hands this letter of importance. By your leave, let me first kiss, and then deliver it in fashion, to your own proper beauty. *[Delivers a letter.]*

Cleo. To me, from her? 'tis strange! I dare peruse it. *[Reads.]*

Cuc. Good. O, that I had not resolved to live a single life! Here's temptation, able to conjure up a spirit with a witness. So, so! she has read it.

Cleo. Is't possible? Heaven, thou art great and bountiful.

Sir, I much thank your pains; and to the princess, Let my love, duty, service be remember'd.

Cuc. They shall, mad-dam.

Cleo. When we of hopes, or helps are quite be-reaven,

Our humble prayers have entrance into heaven.

Cuc. That's my opinion clearly and without doubt. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter ARISTUS and SOPHOCLES.

Ars. The prince is thoroughly mov'd.

Soph. I never saw him

So much distemper'd.

Ars. What should this young man be? Or whither can he be convey'd?

Soph. 'Tis to me

A mystery; I understand it not.

Ars. Nor I.

Enter PALADOR, ANTHIAS, and PHILAS.

Pal. You have consented all to work upon The softness of my nature; but take heed: Though I can sleep to sleep, and lose The mockery you make of my full patience, Yet you shall know, that I am of ye, that in me There is a nation of my spirit.

Which (once possess'd) shall be a bearded comrade. Set ye at gaze, and

Pal. Good sir.

Pal. Good sir, 'tis not your active wit or

Nor your grave politic wisdoms, lords, shall move To check-mate, and controul my just demands.

Enter MURATON.

Where is the youth, your friend? Is he found? *[Yet?]*

Men. Not to be heard of.

Pal. Fly then to the desert, Where thou didst first encounter this fantastic, This airy apparition; come no more In sight! Get ye all from me; he that stays, Is not my friend.

Amet. 'Tis strange.

Ars. *Soph.* We must obey.

[Exeunt all but PALADOR.]

Pal. Some angry power cheats, with rare delusions,

My credulous sense; the very soul of reason Is troubled in me:—the physician Presented a strange masque, the view of it Puzzled my understanding; but the boy—

Enter RHETIAS.

Rhetias, thou art acquainted with my griefs, Parthenophill is lost, and I would see him; For he is like to something I remember A great while since, a long, long time ago.

Rhe. I have been diligent, sir, to pry into every corner for discovery, but cannot meet with him. There is some trick, I am confident.

Pal. There is; there is some practice, sleight, or plot.

Rhe. I have apprehended a fair wench, in an odd private lodging in the city, as like the youth in face as can by possibility be discerned.

Pal. How, Rhetias?

Rhe. If it be not Parthenophill in long coats, 'tis a spirit in his likeness; answer I can get none from her: you shall see her.

Pal. The young man in disguise, upon my life, To steal out of the land.

Rhe. I'll send him to you.

Pal. Do, do, my Rhetias. *[Exit Rhe.]*

As there is by nature,

In every thing created, contrariety, So likewise is there unity and league Between them in their kind; but man, the abstract Of all perfection, which the workmanship Of heaven hath model'd, in himself contains Passions of several qualities.—

Enter behind, ENOCHIA (Parthenophill) in female attire.

The music

Of man's fair composition best accords When 'tis in consort, not in single strains: My heart has been untuned these many months, Wanting her presence, in whose equal love This harmony consisted. Living here, We are heaven's bounty all, but fortune's exercise. Minutes are number'd by the fall of seeds,

By an hourglass; the span of time

Waste us to our graves, and we look on it:

Of pleasures, revell'd out, comes home

And ends in sorrow; but the life

Of riot, numbers every sand,

In sighs, with the last drop down;

Which is the only way to rest.

What voice to my complaint? *[Plaints.]*

Ero. (comes forward, and kneels.) Let the sub-
As suddenly be hurried from your eyes, [stance
As the vain sound can pass [sir, from] your ear,
If no impression of a truth you'd yours,
Retain a constant memory.

Pal. Stand up!

'Tis not the figure stamped upon my cheeks,
The cosenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue,
Can draw from me a secret, that hath been
The only jewel of my speechless thoughts.

Ero. I am so worn away with fears and sorrows,
So winter'd with the tempests of affliction,
That the bright sun of your life-quickenening pre-
sence

Hath scarce one beam of force to warm again
That spring of cheerful comfort, which youth once
Apparell'd in fresh looks.

Pal. Cunning impostor!

Untruth hath made thee subtle in thy trade.
If any neighbouring greatness hath seduced
A free-born resolution, to attempt
Some bolder act of treachery, by cutting
My weary days off, wherefore, cruel-mercy!
Hast thou assumed a shape that would make
A piety, guilt pardonable, bloodshed [treason
As holy as the sacrifice of peace?

Ero. The incense of my love-desires is flam'd
Upon an altar of more constant proof.
Sir, O sir! turn me back into the world,
Command me to forget my name, my birth,
My father's sadness, and my death alive,
If all remembrance of my faith hath found
A burial, without pity, in your scorn.

Pal. My scorn, disdainful boy, shall soon un-
weave

The web thy art hath twisted. Cast thy shape off;
Disrobe the mantle of a feigned sex,
And so I may be gentle; as thou art,
There's witchcraft in thy language, in thy face,
In thy demeanour; turn, turn from me, prithee!
For my belief is arm'd else.—Yet, fair subtilty,
Before we part, (for part we must,) be true;
Tell me thy country.

Ero. Cyprus.

Pal. Ha! thy father?

Ero. Meleander.

Pal. Hast a name?

Ero. A name of misery;

The unfortunate Eroclea.

Pal. There is danger

In this seducing counterfeit. Great Goodness,
Hath honesty and virtue left the time!
Are we become so impious, that, to tread
The path of impudence, is law and justice?
Thou vizard of a beauty ever sacred,
Give me thy name.

Ero. Whilst I was left to misery,
Parthenophil did shroud my shame in change
Of sundry rare misfortunes; but, since now
I am, before I die, return'd to mine
A haven to my grave, I must not blush
To let Prince Palador, if I offend,
Know, what he dooms me, that he dooms Eroclea:
I am that woeful maid.

Pal. Join not too fast

Thy penance with the story of my sufferings:—
So dwell simplicity with virgin truth;
So martyrdom and holiness are twins.
As innocence and sweetness on thy tongue:—
But, let me by degrees collect my senses;
I may abuse my trust. Tell me, what air
Hast thou perfum'd, since tyranny first ravish'd
The contract of our hearts?

Ero. Dear sir, in Athens
Have I been buried.

Pal. Buried? Right; as I
In Cyprus.—Come, to trial; if thou beest
Eroclea, in my bosom I can find thee.

Ero. As I, Prince Palador in mine: this gift
[Shows him a Tablet.

His bounty bless'd me with, the only physic
My solitary cares have hourly took,
To keep me from despair.

Pal. We are but fools

To trifle in disputes, or vainly struggle
With that eternal mercy which protects us.
Come home, home to my heart, thou banish'd
peace!

My extasy of joys would speak in passion,
But that I would not lose that part of man,
Which is reserv'd to entertain content.
Eroclea, I am thine; O, let me seize thee
As my inheritance. Hymen shall now
Set all his torches burning, to give light
Throughout this land, new-settled in thy welcome.

Ero. You are still gracious, sir. How I have
liv'd,

By what means been convey'd, by what preserv'd,
By what return'd, Rhetas, my trusty servant,
Directed by the wisdom of my uncle,
The good Sophronos, can inform at large.

Pal. Enough. Instead of music, every night,
To make our sleeps delightful, thou shalt close
Our weary eyes with some part of thy story.

Ero. O, but my father!

Pal. Fear not: to behold

Eroclea safe, will make him young again;
It shall be our first task. Blush, sensual follies,
Which are not guarded with thoughts chastely pure!
There is no faith in lust, but baits of arts;
'Tis virtuous love keeps clear contracted hearts.

[Exeunt.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter CORAX and PARthenophil.

Cor. 'Tis well, 'tis well; the hour is at hand
Which must conclude the business, that we
Could all this while make ripe for wish'd
O lady! In the turnouts of our lives,
Men are like politic states, or troubled seas;

Toss'd up and down with several storms and
tempests,

Change and variety of chances and fortunes;

Still, labouring to the bottom of our homes,

We struggle for the crown that crowns our ends.

Cleo. A happy end! Bless us with!

Cor. 'Tis well said.

The old man sleeps and dreams.

will have revenge. This unfashionable mongrel, this linsay-welsay of mortality—by this hand, mistress, this she-regue is drunk, and clapper-clawed me, without any reverence to my person, or good garments. Why do you not speak, gentlemen?

Pal. Some certain blows have past, an't like your highness.

Trol. Some few knocks of friendship; some love toys, some cuffs in kindness, or so.

Gril. I'll turn him away, he shall be my master no longer.

Men. Is this your she-page, Cuculus? 'tis a boy,

Cuc. A boy, an arrant boy in long coats. [sure]

Trol. He has mumbled his nose, that 'tis as big as a great cod-piece.

Cuc. Oh, thou cock-vermin of iniquity!

Ths. Peltas, take hence the wag, and school him for't.

For your part, servant, I'll entreat the prince To grant you some fit place about his wardrobe.

Cuc. Ever after a bloody nose do I dream of good luck. I horribly thank your ladyship.

Whilst I'm in office, the old garb shall agen Grow in request, and tailors shall be men.

Come, Trollio, help to wash my face, prithee.

Trol. Yes, and to scour it too.

[Exit Cuc. Trol. PRL. and GRIL.]

Enter RHETIAS and COMAX.

Rhe. The prince and princess are at hand; give over

Your amorous dialogues. Most honour'd lady, Henceforth forbear your sadness; are you ready To practise your instructions?

Cleo. I have studied

My part with care, and will perform it, Rhetias, With all the skill I can.

Cor. I'll pass my word for her.

A Flourish.—Enter PALADOR, SOPHOBONOS, ARETUS, and EROCLEA.

Pal. Thus princes should be circled, with a guard

Of truly noble friends, and watchful subjects.

O Rhetias, thou art just; the youth thou told'st That liv'd at Athens, is return'd at last [me, With all his fortunes, and contracted love.

Rhe. My knowledge made me sure of my report, sir.

Pal. Eroclea, clear thy fears; when the sun shines,

Clouds must not dare to muster in the sky, Nor shall they here.—[CLEO. and ARET. kneel.]

Why do they kneel? Stand up; The day and place is privileged.

Soph. Your presence,

Great sir, makes every room a sanctuary.

Pal. Wherefore does this young virgin use such In duty to us? Rise! [circumstance]

Ero. 'Tis I must raise her.

Forgive me, sister, I have been too private, In hiding from your knowledge any secret, That should have been in common 'twixt our souls; But I was ruled by counsel.

Cleo. That I show

Myself a girl, sister, and bewray.

For in too soft a passion 'fore all these,

I hope you cannot blame me.

[Warps, and falls into the arms of ERO.]

Pal. We must part
The sudden meeting of these two fair youths.
With th' island of our arms.—[Embraces ERO.]

Cleophrila,

The custom of thy piety hath built,
Even to thy younger years, a monument
Of memorable fame; some great reward
Must wait on thy desert.

Soph. The prince speaks t'you, niece.

Cor. Chat low, I pray; let us about our business.

The good old man awakes. My lord, withdraw;
Rhetias, let's settle here the couch.

Pal. Away then! [Exit.

Soft Music.—Re-enter COMAX and RHETIAS, with MELANDER, asleep, on a Couch, his Hair and Beard trimmed, Habit and Crown changed.—While they are placing the Couch, a Boy sings, without.

SONG.

Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charm'd in sleep:
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts, chain'd up in busy snarcs
Of continual woes and cares:
Love and griefs are so express,
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charm'd in sleep.

Mel. (awakes) Where am I? ha! What sounds
are these? 'Tis day, sure.

Oh, I have slept belike; 'tis but the foolery
Of some beguiling dream. So, so! I will not
Trouble the play of my delighted fancy,
But dream my dream-out.

Cor. Morrow to your lordship!

You took a jolly nap, and slept it soundly.

Mel. Away, beast! let me alone.

[The Music ceases.]

Cor. O, by your leave, sir,
I must be bold to raise you; else your physis
Will turn to further sickness.

[He assists MEL. to sit up.]

Mel. Physis, bear-leech?

Cor. Yes; physis; you are mad.

Mel. Trollio! Cleophrila!

Rhe. Sir, I am here.

Mel. I know thee, Rhetias; prithee rid the room

Of this tormenting noise. He tells me, sirrah,
I have took physis, Rhetias; physis, physis!

Rhe. Sir, true, you have; and this most learned
Scholar

Apply'd t'ys. Oh, you were in dangerous plight,
Before he took you [in] hand.

Mel. These things are drunk.

Directly drunk. Where did you get your liquor?

Cor. I never saw a body in the wane
Of age, so overgrown with several sorts
Of such diseases, as the strength of youth
Would groan under and sink.

Rhe. The more rare story

In the miraculous cure.

Cor. Bring me the scholar

Prepared for him to take after his sleep.

'Twill do him good at last.

Rhe. I hope it will, sir.

Mel. What dost [thou] think I am, that thou
should'st seduce

So much upon my patience? Fool, the weight
Of my disease sits on my heart so heavy,
That all the hands of art cannot remove
One grain, to ease my grief. If thou could'st poison
My memory, or wrap my senses up
Into a dulness, hard and cold as flints;
If thou could'st make me walk, speak, eat and
laugh

Without a sense or knowledge of my faculties,
Why then perhaps, at marts, thou might'st make
benefit

Of such an antic motion, and get credit
From credulous gazers; but not profit me.
Study to gull the wise; I am too simple
To be wrought on.

Cor. I'll burn my books, old man,
But I will do thee good, and quickly too.

Enter ARETUS, with a Patent.

Aro. Most honour'd lord Meleander! our great
Prince Palador of Cyprus, hath by me [master,
Sent you this patent, in which is contain'd
Not only confirmation of the honours
You formerly enjoy'd, but the addition
Of the Marashalship of Cyprus; and ere long
He means to visit you. Excuse my haste;
I must attend the prince. [Exit.

Cor. There's one pill works.

Mel. Dost know that spirit? 'tis a grave familiar,
And talk'd I know not what.

Cor. He's like, methinks,
The prince's tutor Aretus.

Mel. Yes, yes;

It may be I have seen such a formality;
No matter where, or when.

Enter AMERUS, with a Staff.

Ame. The prince hath sent you,
My lord, this staff of office, and withal
Salutes you Grand Commander of the ports
Throughout his principalities. He shortly
Will visit you himself; I must attend him. [Exit.

Cor. D'ye feel your physic stirring yet?

Mel. A devil

Is a rare juggler, and can cheat the eye,
But not corrupt the reason, in the throne
Of a pure soul,—

Enter SOPHRONOUS, with a Tablet.

Another! I will stand thee;

Be what thou canst, I care not.

Soph. From the prince,

Dear brother, I present you this rich relic,
A jewel he hath long worn in his bosom;
Henceforth, he bid me say, he does beseech you
To call him son, brother, and call you father;
It is his pleasure, that a subject
Should be so with his princely grace;
His joy, he will in person
Come to see you, and attend your service. [Exit.

Mel. Now I am a prince, and
Roll in a sea of glory, and
Prince of the world, the seat of my arrows
Revels in music, and the dance;
Be they as many as heads in the grave,
I'll look upon them. Patient, stay, and relic
To the last day. [Taking up the Minister's
Sword, he ye guarding ministers,

And ever keep me waking, till the cliffs
That hang my sight, fall off, and leave
These hollow spaces to be cramm'd with dust!
Cor. 'Tis time I go, to fetch the cordial.

Prithas.
Sit down; I'll instantly be here again. [Exit.

Mel. Good, give me leave; I will sit down:
Indeed,

Here's company enough for me to prate to.—

[Looks at the Picture.

Eroclea.!—'tis the same; the cunning arts-man
Faulter'd not in a line. Could he have fashion'd
A little hollow space here, and blown breath
To have made it move and whisper, 't had been
excellent:—

But 'faith, 'tis well, 'tis very well as 'tis;
Passing, most passing well.

*Enter CLEOPHILA leading EROCLEA, and followed by
RHETIAS.*

Cleo. The sovereign greatness,
Who, by commission from the powers of heaven,
Sways both this land and us, our gracious prince,
By me presents you, sir, with this large bounty,
A gift more precious to him than his birthright.
Here let your cares take end; now set at liberty
Your long imprison'd heart, and welcome home
The solace of your soul, too long kept from you.

Ero. [kneeling] Dear sir, you know me?

Mel. Yes, thou art my daughter;
My eldest blessing. Know thee? why, Eroclea,
I never did forget thee in thy absence;
Poor soul, how dost?

Ero. The best of my well-being
Consists in yours.

Mel. Stand up; the gods, who hitherto
Have kept us both alive, preserve thee ever!
Cleopbila, I thank thee and the prince;
I thank thee too, Eroclea, that thou would'st.
In pity of my age, take so much pains
To live, till I might once more look upon thee
Before I broke my heart: O, 'twas a piece
Of piety and duty unexampled.

Rhe. The good man relieth his comforts
strangely;

The sight doth turn me child. [Aside.

Ero. I have not words

That can express my joys.

Cleo. Nor I.

Mel. Nor I;

Yet let us gaze on one another freely,
And surfeit with our eyes; let me be plain:
If I should speak as much as I should speak,
I should talk of a thousand things at once,
And all of thee; of thee, my child, of thee!
My heart, like ruffling winds lock'd up in caves,
Demands for a vent;—on th' other side,
The world's misdeeds were not so comely.

Ero. Let me kiss thee!—[To Ero.]—with
thy hand.

Steady, and fresh blood, which now thy
Heart's the seat of.

Here, where I kneel before their altars,
Whom I have kept guard about thy safety:
Ask, my sister, prithas, she will tell thee
How I have been much mad.

Mel. Much discontented,
meaning all means that might procure him com-
fort. Heaven has at last been gracious. [fort.
Ero. So say I;

But wherewith drop thy words in such a sloth,
As if thou wert afraid to mingle truth
With thy misfortunes? Understand me roughly;
I would not have thee to sport at large
From point to point, a fellow of thy choice,
'Twill take up too much time, and would surely
Engross the little remnant of my life,
That thou might'st at every day be telling somewhat,
Which might convey me to my rest with comfort.
Let me bethink me; how we parted first,
Puzzles my faint remembrance—but soft—
Cleophila, thou told'st me that the prince
Sent me this present.

Cleo. From his own fair hands
I did receive my sister.

Mel. To requite him,
We will not dig his father's grave anew,
Although the mention of him much concerns
The business we inquire of:—as I said,
We parted in a hurry at the court;
I to this castle, after made my jail;
But whither thou, dear heart?

Rhe. Now they fall to't;
I look'd for this.

Ero. I, by my uncle's care,
Sophronos, my good uncle, suddenly
Was like a sailor's boy convey'd a-shipboard,
That very night.

Mel. A policy quick and strange.

Ero. The ship was bound for Corinth, whither
first,

Attended only with your servant Rhetias,
And all fit necessities, we arrived;
From thence, in habit of a youth, we journey'd
To Athens, where, till our return of late,
Have we liv'd safe.

Mel. Oh, what a thing is man,
To bandy factions of distemper'd passions,
Against the sacred Providence above him!
Here, in the legend of thy two years' exile,
Rare pity and delight are sweetly mix'd.—
And still thou wert a boy?

Ero. So I obey'd

My uncle's wise command.

Mel. 'Twas safely carried;
I humbly thank thy fate.

Ero. If earthly treasures
Are pour'd in plenty down from heaven on mortals,
They reign amongst those oracles that flow
In schools of sacred knowledge, such is Athens;
Yet Athens was to me but a fair prison:
The thoughts of you, my sister, country, fortunes,
And something of the prince, barr'd all contents,
Which else might ravish sense: for had not
Rhetias

Been always comfortable to me, certainly
Things had gone worse.

Mel. Speak low, Erocles,
That "something of the prince" has been in
it:

Yet thou hast travell'd, wench, for my sake
ments,

As might create a prince a wife fit to be
Had he the world to guide; but would he have
How can'st thou home?

Rhe. Sir, with your noble favour
Kissing your hand first, that point I can answer.

Mel. Honest, right honest Rhetias!

Rhe. Your grave brother
Perceiv'd with what a hopeless love his son,

Lord Menaphon, too eagerly pursued
Themasta, cousin to our present prince;
And, to remove the violence of affection,
Sent him to Athens, where, for twelve months'
space,

Your daughter, my young lady, and her cousin,
Enjoy'd each other's griefs; till by his father,
The lord Sophronos, we were all call'd home.

Mel. Enough, enough! the world shall hence-
forth witness

My thankfulness to heaven, and those people
Who have been pitiful to me and mine.
Lend me a looking-glass.—How now! how came I
So courtly, in fresh raiments?

Rhe. Here's the glass, sir.

Mel. I'm in the trim too.—O Cleophila,
This was the goodness of thy care, and cunning—
[*Loud Music.*

Whence comes this noise?

Rhe. The prince, my lord, in person.
[*They kneel.*

*Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, AMETHUS,
MENAPHON, CORAX, THEMASTA, and KALA.*

Pal. You shall not kneel to us; rise all, I charge
you.

Father, you wrong your age; henceforth my arms
[*Embracing MEL.*

And heart shall be your guard: we have o'erheard
All passages of your united loves.
Be young again, Meleander, live to number
A happy generation, and die old
In comforts, as in years! The offices
And honours, which I late on thee conferr'd,
Are not fantastic bounties, but thy merit;
Enjoy them liberally.

Mel. My tears must thank you,
For my tongue cannot.

Cor. I have kept my promise,
And given you a sure cordial.

Mel. Oh, a rare one.

Pal. Good man! we both have shar'd enough
of sadness,

Though thine has tasted deeper of the extreme,
Let us forget it henceforth. Where's the picture
I sent you? Keep it; 'tis a counterfeit;
And, in exchange of that, I seize on this,

[*Takes Ero. by the hand.*

The real substance: with this other hand
I give away, before her father's face,
His younger joy, Cleophila, to thee,
Cousin Amethus; take her, and be to her
More than a father, a deserving husband.
Thus, robb'd of both thy children in a minute,
Thy cares are taken off.

Mel. My brains are full'd;
I am entranced and know not what you say.
Great, gracious sir, alas! what shall I do?
I am a weak old man, and poor;
That my untoward lot has cast
Unto the grave, where I must rest.

Pal. Erocles, my son, know
Cleophila my daughter, by consent
Of both their fathers, we bestow her on you;
It only rests in you to give a blessing
For confirmation.

Rhe. Sir, 'tis done and justice.

Mel. The gods, that lent you to me, keep your
vows!

Oh, children, children, pay your prayers to heaven!

For they have shew'd much. But Sople-
 Thou art my brother—I can say no more— [Exit]
 A good, good brother!
Pal. Leave the rest to time.
 Cousin Thamastis, I must give you too;
 She's thy wife, Menaphon. Rhetus, for thee,
 And Corax, I have more than common thanks,

On to the temple! there all solemn rites
 Perform'd, a general feast shall be proclaim'd.
 The LIVER'S MELANCHOLY hath found cure;
 Sorrows are chang'd to bride-songs. So they
 thrive,
 Whom fate in spite of storms hath kept alive.

[Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

To be too confident, is as unjust
 In any work, as too much to distrust;
 Who from the laws of study have not swerv'd,
 Know begg'd applauses never were deserv'd;
 We must submit to censure: so doth he,
 Whose hours begot this issue; yet, being free,
 For his part, if he have not pleas'd you, then
 In this kind he'll not trouble you again.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE

JOHN,

OF PETERBOROUGH, LORD MORDAUNT, BARON OF TURVEY.

My Lord — Where truth of merit hath a general warrant, there love is but a debt acknowledgment a justice Greatness cannot often claim virtue by inheritance yet, in this, your's appears most eminent for that you are not more rightly heir to your fortunes than glory shall be to your memory Sweetness of disposition ennobles a freedom of birth In both your lawful interest adds honour to your own name and mercy to my presumption Your noble allowance of these first fruits of my leisure in the action emboldens my confidence of your as noble construction in this placement especially since my service must ever owe particular duty to your favours, by a particular engagement. The gravity of the subject may easily excuse the lightness of the title otherwise I had been a severe judge against mine own guilt Princes have vouchsafed grace to trifles offered from a purity of devotion your Lordship may likewise please to admit into your good opinion, with these weak endeavours, the constancy of affection from the sincere lover of your deserts in honour

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

BONAVENTURA a Friar
A Cardinal Nuncio to the Pope
SORANZO a Nobleman
FLORIO } (citizens of Parma
DONADO }
GRIMAYDI a Roman Gentleman
GIOVANNI Son to FLORIO
BERGOTTO Neighbour to DONADO
RICHARDETTO a supposed Physician
VANQUEE Servant to SORANZO

PUGGIO Servant to BERGOTTO
Handitti

ANNABELLA Daughter to FLORIO
HIPOLITA Wife to RICHARDETTO
PHILOTE his Niece
PITANA Tutoress to ANNABELLA

Officers Attendants Servants, &c

SCENE,—PARMA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Friar BONAVENTURA's Cell

Father Friar and GIOVANNI

Friar Dispute no more in this, for know,
young man,

These are no school points; nice philosophy
May tolerate unlikely arguments,
But Heaven admits no jest wits that presumed
On wit too much, by striving how to prove
There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
Discover'd first the nearest way to hell,
And fill'd the world with devilish atheism.
Such questions, youth, are fond far better 'tis
To bless the sun, than reason why it shines;
Yet He thou talk'st of, is above the sun —
No more I may not hear it.

Gio. Gentle father,
To you I have unclasp'd my burden'd soul,
Emptied the storehouse of my thoughts and
heart,
Made myself poor of secrets; have not left

Another word untold, which hath not spoke
All what I ever durst, or think, or know;
And yet is here the comfort I shall have?

Must I not do what all men else may,—love?

Friar Yes, you may love, fair son.

Gio Must I not
That beauty, which I fram'd anew, the gods
Would make a god, if they had it there;
And kneel to it, as I kneel to them?

Friar. Why, foolish youth, I—

Gio Shall a person
A customary form, for such a man,
Of brother and of sister
"Twixt my perpetual love and me?
Say that we had one womb
(Curse to my joys!) gave us life and birth;
Are we not, therefore, of the other bound
So much the more by nature? by the links
Of blood, of reason, say, if you will have it,
Of religion, to be ever one,
One soul, one flesh, one love, one heart, one all?

Friar. Have done, unhappy youth! for thou art lost.

Geo. Shall, then, for that I am her brother born,
My joys be ever banished from her bed?
No, father; in your eyes I see the change
Of pity and compassion, from your age,
As from a sacred oracle, distils
The life of counsel. tell me, holy man,
What cure shall give me ease in these extremes?

Friar. Repentance, son, and sorrow for this sin:
For thou hast mov'd a Majesty above,
With thy unranked (almost) blasphemy.

Geo. O do not speak of that, dear confessor.

Friar. Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit,
Who once, within these three months, wert esteem'd
A wonder of thine age, throughout Bologna?

How did the University applaud
Thy government, behaviour, learning, speech,
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man!
I was proud of my tutelage, and chose
Rather to leave my books, than part with thee;
I did so:—but the fruits of all my hopes
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.

O Giovanni! hast thou left the schools
Of knowledge, to converse with lust and death?
For death waits on thy lust. Look through the
And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine [world,
More glorious than this idol thou ador'st.
Leave her, and take thy choice, 'tis much less sin;
Though in such games as those, they lose that win.

Geo. It were more ease to stop the ocean
From floods and ebbs, than to dissuade my vows.

Friar. Then I have done, and in thy wilful
Already see thy ruin; Heaven is just.— [flames
Yet hear my counsel.

Geo. As a voice of life.

Friar. Hie to thy father's house, there lock
thce fast

Alone within thy chamber; then fall down
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground;
Cry to thy heart; wash every word thou utter'st
In tears (and if't be possible) of blood:
Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust
That rots thy soul; acknowledge what thou art,
A wretch, a worm, a nothing; weep, sigh, pray
Three times a-day, and three times every night:
For seven days space do this; then, if thou find'st
No change in thy desires, return to me;
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself
At home, whilst I pray for thee here.—Away!
My blessing with thee! we have need to pray.

Geo. All this I'll do, to free me from the rod
Of vengeance; else I'll swear my fate's my god.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—The Street, before Florio's House.

Enter GRIMALDI and VASQUES, with their Swords drawn.

Vas. Come, sir, stand to your tackling; if you
prove braver, I'll make you run quickly.

Grimaldi. Thou art no equal match for me.

Vas. Indeed I never went to the wars to
home news; nor I cannot play the mountebank
for a meal's meat, and swear I got my wounds in
the field. See you these grey hairs? they'll not
blush for a bloody nose. Wilt thou to this
gear?

Grimaldi. Why, slave, think'st thou I'll balance

my reputation with a cast-suit? Call thy master,
he shall know that I dare—

Vas. Scold like a cat-queen;—that's your pro-
fession. Thou poor shadow of a soldier, I will
make thee know my master keeps servants, thy
betters in quality and performance. Com'st thou
to fight or prate?

Grimaldi. Neither, with thee. I am a Roman and
a gentleman, one that have got mine honour with
expense of blood.

Vas. You are a lying coward, and a fool. Fight,
or by these hilts I'll kill thee:—brave my lord!
You'll fight?

Grimaldi. Provokes me not, for if thou dost—

Vas. Have at you.

[*They fight, GRIMALDI is wounded.*]

Enter FLORIO, DONADO, and BORANZO, from opposite Sides.

Flo. What mean these sudden broils so near
my doors?

Have you not other places, but my house,
To vent the spleen of your disorder'd bloods?

Must I be haunted still with such unrest,
As not to eat, or sleep in peace at home?
Is this your love, Grimaldi? He! 'tis naught.

Don. And, Vasques, I may tell thee, 'tis not
well

To broach these quarrels; you are ever forward
In seconding contentions.

Enter above ANNABELLA and PUTANA

Flo. What's the ground?

Sor. That, with your patience, signiors, I'll
resolve

This gentleman, whom fame reports a soldier,
(For else I know not) rivals me in love
To Signor Florio's daughter; to whose ears
He still prefers his suit, to my disgrace;
Thinking the way to recommend himself,
Is to disparage me in his report.—
But know, Grimaldi, though may be, thou art
My equal in thy blood, yet this bewrays
A lowness in thy mind; which, wert thou noble,
Thou would'st as much disdain, as I do thee
For this unworthiness; and on this ground
I will'd my servant to correct his tongue,
Holding a man so base no match for me.

Vas. And had not your sudden coming pre-
vented us, I had let my gentleman blood under the
gills; I should have worm'd you, sir, for running
mad

Grimaldi. I'll be reveng'd, Soranzo.

Vas. On a dish of warm broth to stay your
stomach—do, beset innocence, do! spoon-meat
is a wholesomer diet than a Spanish blade.

Grimaldi. Remember this!

[*Exit.*]

Sor. I fear thou art, Grimaldi.

Flo. My lord Soranzo, this is strange to me;
Why you should storm, having my word engaged:
Owing her heart, what need you doubt her ear?
She may talk, by law of any game.

Vas. Yet the villainy of words, Signior Florio,
—be such, as would make any unpleasant dove
—blame not my lord in this.

Fls. Be you more silent;

I would not for my wealth, my daughter's love
Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.
Vasques, put up; let's end this fray in wine.

[*Exeunt.*]

Grimaldi. Like you this, child? here's threat—

ceasing, challenging, quarrelling, and fighting, on every side, and all is for your sake; you had need look to yourself, charge, you'll be stolen away sleeping else shortly.

Ann. But, tutored, such a life gives no content To me, my thoughts are fix'd on other ends.

Would you would leave me!

Put. Leave you! no marvel else; leave me no leaving, charge; this is love outright. Indeed, I blame you not; you have choice fit for the best lady in Italy.

Ann. Pray do not talk so much.

Put. Take the worst with the best, there's Grimaldi the soldier, a very well-timber'd fellow. They say he's a Roman, nephew to the Duke Montferrato; they say he did good service in the wars against the Milanese; but, 'faith, charge, I do not like him, an't be for nothing but for being a soldier: not one amongst twenty of your skirmishing captains but have some privy maim or other, that mars their standing upright. I like him the worse, he crinkles so much in the hams: though he might serve if there were no more men, yet he's not the man I would choose.

Ann. Fie, how thou prat'st!

Put. As I am a very woman, I like Signior Soranzo well; he is wise, and what is more, rich; and what is more than that, kind; and what is more than all this, a nobleman: such a one, were I the fair Annabella myself, I would wish and pray for. Then he is bountiful; besides, he is handsome, and by my troth, I think, wholesome, and that's news in a gallant of three-and-twenty: liberal, that I know; loving, that you know; and a man sure, else he could never have purchased such a good name with Hippolita, the lusty widow, in her husband's lifetime. An' 'twere but for that report, sweetheart, would he were thine! Commend a man for his qualities, but take a husband as he is a plain, sufficient, naked man; such a one is for your bed, and such a one is Signior Soranzo, my life for't.

Ann. Sure the woman took her morning's draught too soon.

Enter BRASSETTO and POGGIO.

Put. But look, sweetheart, look what thing comes now! Here's another of your ciphers to fill up the number: Oh, brave old ape in a silken coat! Observe.

Berg. Didst thou think, Poggio, that I would spoil my new clothes, and leave my dinner, to fight!

Pog. No, sir, I did not take you for so arrant a baby.

Berg. I am wiser than so: for I hope, Poggio, thou never heardest of an elder brother that was a coxcomb; didst, Poggio?

Pog. Never indeed, sir, as long as they had either land or money left them to inherit.

Berg. Is it possible, Poggio? Oh, nonsense! Why, I'll undertake, with a handful of silver, to buy a headful of wit at any time: but, alas, I have another purchase in hand; I shall have the wench, mine uncle says. I will but wash my face, and shift socks; and then have at her, 'faith.—Mark my pace, Poggio! *[Passes over the stage.]*

Pog. Sir,—I have seen an ass and a mule trot the Spanish pavin with a better grace, I know not how often. *[Aside, and following Ann.]*

Ann. This idiot haunts me too.

Put. Ay, ay, he needs no description. The rich magnifico that is below with your father, charge, Signior Donado, his uncle, for that he means to make this, his cousin, a golden calf, thinks that you will be a right Israelite, and fall down to him presently: but I hope I have tutored you better. They say a fool's haubie is a lady's play-fellow; yet you, having wealth enough, you need not cast upon the dearth of flesh, at any rate. Hang him, innocent!

GIOVANNI passes over the stage.

Ann. But see, Putana, see! what blessed shape Of some celestial creature now appears!—What man is he, that with such sad aspect Walks careless of himself?

Put. Where?

Ann. Look below.

Put. Oh, 'tis your brother, sweet.

Ann. Ha!

Put. 'Tis your brother.

Ann. Sure 'tis not he; this is some woeeful thing

Wrapp'd up in grief, some shadow of a man. Alas! he beats his breast, and wipes his eyes, Drown'd all in tears: methinks I hear him sigh; Let's down, Putana, and partake the cause. I know my brother, in the love he bears me, Will not deny me partage in his sadness: My soul is full of heaviness and fear.

[Aside, and calls with Put.]

SCENE III.—A Hall in FLORIO'S House.

Gio. Lost! I am lost! my fates have doom'd my death:

The more I strive, I love; the more I love, The less, I hope: I see my ruin certain. What judgment or endeavours could apply To my incurable and restless wounds, I thoroughly have examined, but in vain. O, that it were not in religion sin To make our love a god, and worship it! I have even wearied heaven with prayers, dried up The spring of my continual tears, even starv'd My veins with daily fasts: what wit or art Could counsel, I have practised; but, alas! I find all these but dreams, and old men's tales, To fright unsteady youth; I am still the same: Or I must speak, or burst. 'Tis now, I know, My lust, but 'tis my fate, that leads me on. Keep fear and low faint-hearted shame with slaves! I'll tell her that I love her, though my heart Were rated at the price of that attempt. Oh me! she comes.

Enter ANNABELLA and PUTANA.

Ann. Brother!

Gio. If such a thing

As courage dwell in men, ye heavenly powers, New double all that virtue in my tongue!

Ann. Why, brother,

Will you not speak to me?

Gio. Yes; how do you, sister?

Ann. How'er I am, methinks you are well.

Put. Bless us! why are you so sad, sir?

Gio. Let me entreat you, leave us a while, Sister, I would be private with you. *[Putana.]*

Ann. Withdraw, Patana.

Put. I will.—If this were any other company for her, I should think my absence an office of some credit; but I will leave them together.

[Aside, and exit.]

Giov. Come, sister, lend your hand; let's walk together;

I hope you need not blush to walk with me; Here's none but you and I.

Ann. How's this?

Giov. Faith, I mean no harm.

Ann. Harm?

Giov. No, good faith.

How is it with thee?

Ann. I trust he be not frantic— *[Aside.]*

I am very well, brother.

Giov. Trust me, but I am sick; I fear so sick, 'Twill cost my life.

Ann. Mercy forbid it! 'tis not so, I hope.

Giov. I think you love me, sister.

Ann. Yes, you know I do.

Giov. I know it, indeed—you are very fair.

Ann. Nay, then I see you have a merry sickness.

Giov. That's as it proves. The poets feign, I read,

That Juno for her forehead did exceed All other goddesses; but I durst swear Your forehead exceeds her's, as her's did theirs.

Ann. 'Tis true, this is pretty.

Giov. Such a pair of stars

As are thine eyes, would, like Promethean fire, If gently glanced, give life to senseless stones.

Ann. Bless upon you!

Giov. The lily and the rose, most sweetly strange,

Upon your dimple cheeks do strive for change: Such lips would tempt a saint: such hands as Would make an anchorite lascivious. *[those]*

Ann. Do you mock me, or flatter me?

Giov. If you would see a beauty more exact Than art can counterfeit, or nature frame,

Look in your glass, and there behold your own.

Ann. O, you are a trim youth!

Giov. Here! *[Offers his dagger to her.]*

Ann. What to do?

Giov. And here's my breast; strike home!

Rip up my bosom, there thou shalt behold A heart, in which is writ the truth I speak— Why stand you?

Ann. Are you earnest?

Giov. Yes, most earnest.

You cannot love?

Ann. Whom?

Giov. Me. My tortured soul Hath felt affliction in the heat of death. O, Annabella, I am quite undone! The love of thee, my sister, and the view Of thy immortal beauty, have untuned All harmony both of my rest and life. Why do you not strike?

Ann. Forbid it, my just fears!

If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

Giov. True! Annabella, 'tis no time to jest. I have too long suppress'd my hidden flames, That almost have consum'd me; I have spent Many a silent night in sighs and groans; Run over all my thoughts, despatch my fate, Reason'd against the seasons of my love, Done all that smooth-cheek'd virtue could advise,

But found all bootless: 'tis my destiny

That you must either love, or I must die.

Ann. Comes this in sadness from you?

Giov. Let some mischief

Befall me soon, if I dissemble aught.

Ann. You are my brother Giovanni.

Giov. You

My sister Annabella; I know this.

And could afford you instance why to love So much the more for this; to which intent Wise nature first in your creation meant To make you mine; else't had been sin and foul To share one beauty to a double soul. Nearness in birth and blood, doth but persuade A nearer nearness in affection.

I have ask'd counsel of the holy church, Who tells me I may love you; and, 'tis just, That, since I may, I should; and will, yes will: Must I now live, or die?

Ann. Live; thou hast won

The field, and never fought: what thou hast urged, My captive heart had long ago resolv'd.

I blush to tell thee,—but I'll tell thee now—

For every sigh that thou hast spent for me,

I have sigh'd ten; for every tear, shed twenty:

And not so much for that I loved, as that

I durst not say I loved, nor scarcely think it.

Giov. Let not this music be a dream, ye gods, For pity's sake, I beg you!

Ann. On my knees, *[She kneels.]*

Brother, even by our mother's dust, I charge you, Do not betray me to your mirth or hate; Love me, or kill me, brother.

Giov. On my knees, *[He kneels.]*

Sister, even by my mother's dust I charge you,

Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;

Love me, or kill me, sister.

Ann. You mean good sooth, then?

Giov. In good truth, I do;

And so do you, I hope: say, I'm in earnest.

Ann. I'll swear it, I.

Giov. And I; and by this kiss, *[Kisses her.]*

(Once more, yet once more; now let's rise) [they rise] by this.

I would not change this minute for Elysium.

What must we now do?

Ann. What you will.

Giov. Come then;

After so many tears as we have wept,

Let's learn to court in smiles, to kiss, and sleep.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter FLORIO and DONADO.

Flor. Signior Donado, you have said enough, I understand you; but would have you know, I will not force my daughter 'gainst her will. You see I have but two, a son and her; And he's so devoted to his book, As I must tell you true, I doubt his health: Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely Upon my girl. As for worldly fortune, I am, I thank my stars, bless'd with enough. My care is, how to match her to her liking; I would not have her marry wealth, but love, And if she like your nephew, let him have her: Here's all that I can say.

Don. Sir, you say well,

Like a true father; and, for my part, I,
If the young folks can like, ('twixt you and me)
Will promise to assure my nephew presently
Three thousand florins yearly, during life.
And, after I am dead, my whole estate.

Flo. 'Tis a fair proffer, sir; meantime your nephew

Shall have free passage to commence his suit:
If he can thrive, he shall have my consent;
So for this time I'll leave you, signior. [Exit.

Don. Well,
Here's hope yet, if my nephew would have wit;
But he is such another dunce, I fear
He'll never win the wench. When I was young,
I could have don't, I'faith, and so shall he,
If he will learn of me; and, in good time,
He comes himself.

Enter BERGETTO and POGGIO

How now, Bergetto, whither away so fast?

Berg. O uncle! I have heard the strangest
news that ever came out of the mint; have I not,
Poggio?

Pog. Yes, indeed, sir.

Don. What news, Bergetto?

Berg. Why, look ye, uncle, my barber told me
just now, that there is a fellow come to town,
who undertakes to make a mill go without the
mortal help of any water or wind, only with sand-
bags; and this fellow hath a strange horse, a most
excellent beast, I'll assure you, uncle, my barber
says, whose head, to the wonder of all Christian
people, stands just behind where his tail is. Is't
not true, Poggio?

Pog. So the barber swore, forsooth

Don. And you are running thither?

Berg. Ay, forsooth, uncle.

Don. Wilt thou be a fool still? Come, sir, you
shall not go, you have more mind of a puppet-
play than on the business I told you why, thou
great baby, wilt never have wit! wilt make thyself
a May-game to all the world?

Pog. Answer for yourself, master.

Berg. Why, uncle, should I sit at home still,
and not go abroad to see fashions like other gal-
lants?

Don. To see hobby-horses! what wise talk, I
pray, had you with Annabella, when you were at
Signior Florio's house?

Berg. Oh, the wench!—Uds sa'ma, uncle, I
tickled her with a rare speech, that I made her
almost burst her belly with laughing.

Don. Nay, I think so; and what speech was't?

Berg. What did I say, Poggio?

Pog. Forsooth, my master said, that he loved
her almost as well as he loved parmesant; and
swore (I'll be sworn for him) that she wanted but
such a nose as his was, to be as pretty a young
woman as any was in Parma.

Don. Oh groas!

Berg. Nay, uncle;—then she ask'd me, whether
my father had more children than myself? and I
said no; 'twere better he should have had his
brains knock'd out first.

Don. This is intolerable.

Berg. Then said she, will Signior Donado, your
uncle, leave you all his wealth?

Don. Ha! that was good; did she harp upon
that string?

Berg. Did she harp upon that string? ay, that
she did. I answered, "Leave me all his wealth"
why, woman, he hath no other wit; if he had, he
should hear on't to his everlasting glory and
confusion. I know, quoth I, I am his white boy,
and will not be gull'd," and with that she fell
into a great smile, and went away. Nay, I did hit
her.

Don. Ah, sirrah, then I see there's no changing
of nature. Well, Bergetto, I fear thou wilt be a
very ass still.

Berg. I should be sorry for that, uncle.

Don. Come, come you home with me, since
you are no better a speaker, I'll have you write to
her after some courtly manner, and enclose some
rich jewel in the letter.

Berg. Ay marry, that will be excellent

Don. Peace, innocent!

Once in my time I'll set my wits to school,
If all fail, 'tis but the fortune of a fool.

Berg. Poggio, 'twill do, Poggio!

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in FLORIO'S House.

Enter GIOVANNI and ANNABELLA.

Giov. Come, Annabella, no more Sister now,
But Love, a name more gracious, do not blush,
Beauty's sweet wonder, but be proud to know
That yielding thou hast conquer'd, and thine
A heart, whose tribute is thy brother's life.

Ann. And mine is his. Oh, how these stolen
contests

Would print a modest crimson on my cheeks,
Had any but my heart's delight prevail'd!

Giov. I marvel why the chaster of your eye
Should think this pretty toy call'd maidenhead,
So strange a loss; when, being lost, 'tis nothing,
And you are still the same.

Ann. 'Tis well for you,
Now you can talk.

Giov. Music as well consists
In th' ear, as in the playing.

Ann. Oh, you are wanton!—
Tell on't, you were best, do.

Giov. Thou wilt chide me then.

Kiss me—so! thus hung Jove on Leda's neck,
And suck'd divine ambrosia from her lips.
I envy not the mightiest man alive;
But hold myself, in being king of thee,
More great than were I king of all the world:
But I shall lose you, sweetheart.

Ann. But you shall not.

Giov. You must be married, mistress.

Ann. Yes! to whom?

Giov. Some one must have you.

Ann. You must.

Glov. Nay, some other.

Ann. Now prithee do not speak so; without
You'll make me weep in earnest. [jesting]

Glov. What, you will not?

But tell me, sweet, canst thou be dared to swear
That thou wilt live to me, and to no other?

Ann. By both our loves I dare; for didst thou
My Giovanni, how all suitors seem [know,
To my eyes hateful, thou would'st trust me then.

Glov. Enough, I take thy word: sweet, we must
part;

Remember what thou vow'st; keep well my heart.

Ann. Will you be gone?

Glov. I must.

Ann. When to return?

Glov. Soon.

Ann. Look you do.

Glov. Farewell. [Exit.]

Ann. Go where thou wilt, in mind I'll keep
thee here,

And where thou art, I know I shall be there
Guardian!

Enter PUTANA

Put. Child, how is't, child? well, thank heav'n,
ha?

Ann. O guardian, what a paradise of joy
Have I past over!

Put. Nay, what a paradise of joy have you past
under! why, now I commend thee, charge. Fear
nothing, sweet-heart, what though he be your
brother? your brother's a man, I hope, and I say
still, if a young wench feel the fit upon her, let her
take any body, father or brother, all is one

Ann. I would not have it known for all the
world

Put. No! I indeed; for the speech of the
people, else 'twere nothing.

Flo. [within] Daughter Annabella!

Ann. O me! my father,—Here, sir.—reach
my work.

Flo. [within] What are you doing?

Ann. So; let him come now.

*Enter F. ORIO, followed by RICHARDETTO as a Doctor of
Physic, and PHILLOTIS, with a Lute.*

Flo. So hard at work! that's well; you lose no
time.

Look, I have brought you company; here's one,
A learned doctor, lately come from Padua,
Much skill'd in physic, and, for that I see
You have of late been sickly, I entreated
This reverend man to visit you some time.

Ann. You are very welcome, sir

Rich. I thank you, mistress.
Loud fame in large report hath spoke your praise,
As well for virtue as perfection,
For which I have been bold to bring with me
A kinswoman of mine, a maid, for song
And music, one perhaps will give content,
Please you to know her.

Ann. They are parts I love,
And she for them most welcome.

Phs. Thank you, lady.

Flo. Sir, nor you know my house, pray make
not strange;

And if you find my daughter need your art,
I'll be your pay-master.

Rich. Sir, what I am
She shall command.

Flo. You shall bind me to you.

Daughter, I must have conference with you
About some matters that concern us both.
Good master doctor, please you but walk in,
We'll crave a little of your cousin's cunning;
I think my girl hath not quite forgot
To touch an instrument; she could have don't;
We'll hear them both.

Rich. I'll wait upon you, sir. [Exit]

SCENE II.—A Room in SORANZO's House

Enter SORANZO, with a Book

Love's measure is extrem'd, the comfort pain;
The life unrest, and the reward disdain

What's here? look't o'er again.—'Tis so, so
writes

This smooth licentious poet in his rhymes
But, Sannazar, thou ly'st, for, had thy bosom
Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,
Thou would'st have kiss'd the rod that made
the[e] smart.

To work then, happy muse, and contradict
What Sannazar hath in his envy writ [Exit]

Love's measure is the mean, sweet his annoys,
His pleasures life, and his reward all joys

Had Annabella liv'd when Sannazar
Did, in his brief Encomium, celebrate
Venice, that queen of cities, he had left
That verse which gam'd him such a sum of gold,
And for one only look from Annabel,
Had writ of her, and her diviner cheeks.
O, how my thoughts are—

Vas. [within] Pray forbear, in rules of civility,
let me give notice on't. I shall be tax'd of my
neglect of duty and service.

Sor. What rude intrusion interrupts my peace?
Can I be no where private?

Vas. [within] Troth, you wrong your modesty.

Sor. What's the matter, Vasques? who is't?

Enter HIPPOLITA and VASQUES

Hip. 'Tis I;

Do you know me now? Look, perjur'd man, on her
Whom thou and thy distracted lust have wrong'd.
Thy sensual rage of blood hath made my youth
A scorn to men and angels; and shall I
Be now a foil to thy unsated change?
Thou know'st, false wanton, when my modest fame
Stood free from stain or scandal, all the charms
Of hell or sorcery could not prevail
Against the honour of my chaster bosom.
Thine eyes did bleed in tears, thy tongue in oaths,
Such, and so many, that a heart of steel
Would have been wrought to pity, as was mine;
And shall the conquest of my lawful bed,
My husband's death, urg'd on by his disgrace,
My loss of womanhood, be ill-rewarded
With hatred and contempt? No; know, Soranzo,
I have a spirit doth as much distaste
The slavery of fearing thee, as thou
Dost leath the memory of what hath past.

Sor. Nay, dear Hippolita—

Hip. Call me not dear,
Nor think with supple words to smooth the
grossness
Of my abuses; 'tis not your new mistress,

Your goodly madam-merchant, shall triumph
On my dejection; tell her thus from me,
My birth was nobler, and by much more free.

Sor. You are too violent.

Hip. You are too double.

In your dissimulation. Seest thou this,
This habit, these black mourning weeds of care?
'Tis thou art cause of this; and hast divorced
My husband from his life, and me from him,
And made me widow in my widowhood.

Sor. Will you yet hear?

Hip. More of thy perjuries?

Thy soul is drown'd too deeply in those sins;
Thou need'st not add to th' number.

Sor. Then I'll leave you;

You are past all rules of sense.

Hip. And thou of grace.

Vas. Fie, mistress, you are not near the limits
of reason; if my lord had a resolution as noble as
virtue itself, you take the course to unedge it all.
Sir, I beseech you do not perplex her; griefs, alas,
will have a vent. I dare undertake madam Hip-
polita will now freely hear you.

Sor. Talk to a woman frantic!—Are these the
fruits of your love?

Hip. They are the fruits of thy untruth, false
man!

Did'st thou not swear, whilst yet my husband
liv'd,

That thou would'st wish no happiness on earth
More than to call me wife? did'st thou not vow,
When he should die, to marry me? for which
The devil in my blood, and thy protests,
Caus'd me to counsel him to undertake
A voyage to Lagorne, for that we heard
His brother there was dead, and left a daughter
Young and unfriended, whom, with much ado,
I wish'd him to bring hither. He did so,
And went; and, as thou know'st, died on the way.
Unhappy man, to buy his death so dear.

With my advice! yet thou, for whom I did it,
Forget'st thy vows, and leav'st me to my shame.

Sor. Who could help this?

Hip. Who? perjur'd man! thou could'st,
If thou had'st faith or love.

Sor. You are deceived

The vows I made, if you remember well,
Were wicked and unlawful; 'twere more sin
To keep them than to break them. As for me,
I cannot mask my penitence. Think thou
How much thou hast digress'd from honest shame,
In bringing of a gentleman to death,
Who was thy husband, such a one as he,
So noble in his quality, condition,
Learning, behaviour, entertainment, love,
As Parma could not show a braver man.

Vas. You do not well; this was not your
promise.

Sor. I care not; let her know her monstrous life.

Ere I'll be servile to so black a sin,
I'll be a curse.—Woman, come here no more;
Learn to repent, and die; for, by my honour,
I hate thee and thy lust: you have been too foul.

[Exit.

Vas. This part has been scurvily play'd. [Aside.

Hip. How foolishly this beast contemns his fate,
And shuns the use of that, which I more scorn
Than I once lov'd, his love! but let him go,
My vengeance shall give comfort to his woe.

[Going.

Vas. Mistress, mistress, madam Hippolita!
pray, a word or two.

Hip. With me, sir?

Vas. With you, if you please.

Hip. What is't?

Vas. I know you are infinitely moved now, and
you think you have cause; some I confess you
have, but sure not so much as you imagine.

Hip. Indeed!

Vas. O you were miserably bitter, which you
followed even to the last syllable; 'faith, you were
somewhat too shrewd: by my life, you could not
have took my lord in a worse time since I first
knew him, to-morrow, you shall find him a new
man.

Hip. Well, I shall wait his leisure.

Vas. Fie! this is not a hearty patience; it comes
sourly from you; 'troth, let me persuade you for
once.

Hip. I have it, and it shall be so; thanks oppor-
tunity—[Aside]—Persuade me! to what?

Vas. Visit him in some milder temper. If
you could but master a little your female spleen,
how might you win him!

Hip. He will never love me. Vasques, thou hast
been a too trusty servant to such a master, and
I believe thy reward in the end will fall out like
mine.

Vas. So perhaps too.

Hip. Resolve thyself it will. Had I one so
true, so truly honest, so secret to my counsels, as
thou hast been to him and his, I should think it a
slight acquaintance, not only to make him master
of all I have, but even of myself.

Vas. O you are a noble gentlewoman!

Hip. Wilt thou feed always upon hopes? well,
I know thou art wise, and seest the reward of an
old servant daily, what it is.

Vas. Beggary and neglect.

Hip. True; but, Vasques, wert thou mine, and
would'st be private to me and my designs, I here
protest, myself, and all what I can else call mine,
should be at thy dispose.

Vas. Work you that way, old mole? then I have
the wind of you—[Aside]—I were not worthy of
it by any desert that could lie—within my compass;
if I could—

Hip. What then?

Vas. I should then hope to live in these my old
years with rest and security.

Hip. Give me thy hand now promise but thy
silence,

And help to bring to pass a plot I have;
And here, in sight of Heaven, that being done,
I make thee lord of me and mine estate.

Vas. Come, you are merry, this is such a hap-
piness that I can neither think or believe.

Hip. Promise thy secrecy, and 'tis confirm'd.

Vas. Then here I call our good genii for wit-
nesses, whatsoever your designs are, or against
whomsoever, I will not only be a special actor
therein, but never disclose it till it be effected.

Hip. I take thy word, and, with that, thee for
mine;

Come then, let's more consider of this anon.—

On this delicious bane my thought shall banquet,
Revenge shall sweeten what my griefs have tasted.

[Aside, and exits with Vas.

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter RICHARDETTO and PHOTIA.

Rich. Thou seest, my lovely niece, these strange mishaps,
How all my fortunes turn to my disgrace;
Wherein I am but as a looker-on,
Whilst others act my shame, and I am silent.
Phi. But, uncle, wherein can this borrow'd shape
Give you content?

Rich. I'll tell thee, gentle niece:
Thy wanton aunt in her lascivious riots
Lives now secure, thinks I am surely dead,
In my late journey to Lâgora for you;
As I have caus'd it to be rumour'd out.
Now would I see with what an impudence
She gives scope to her loose adultery,
And how the common voice allows hereof;
Thus far I have prevail'd.

Phi. Alas, I fear
You mean some strange revenge.
Rich. O be not troubled,
Your ignorance shall plead for you in all—
But to our business.—What! you learn'd for
certain,

How Signior Florio means to give his daughter
In marriage to Soranzo?

Phi. Yes, for certain.

Rich. But how find you young Annabella's love
Inclined to him?

Phi. For aught I could perceive,
She neither fancies him nor any else.

Rich. There's mystery in that, which time must
show.

She us'd you kindly?

Phi. Yes.

Rich. And crav'd your company?

Phi. Often.

Rich. 'Tis well; it goes as I could wish.
I am the doctor now, and as for you,
None knows you; if all fail not, we shall thrive.
But who comes here?—I know him; 'tis Grimaldi,
A Roman and a soldier, near allied
Unto the Duke of Montferrato, one
Attending on the nuncio of the pope
That now resides in Parma; by which means
He hopes to get the love of Annabella.

Enter GRIMALDI.

Grim. Save you, sir.

Rich. And you, sir.

Grim. I have heard
Of your approved skill, which through the city
Is freely talk'd of, and would crave your aid.

Rich. For what, sir?

Grim. Marry, sir, for this—
But I would speak in private.

Rich. Leave us, cousin.

[*Phi. retires.*]

Grim. I love fair Annabella, and would know
Whether in arts there may not be receipts
To move affection.

Rich. Sir, perhaps there may;
But these will nothing profit you.

Grim. Not me?

Rich. Unless I be mistook, you are a man
Greatly in favour with the cardinal.

Grim. What of that?

Rich. In duty to his grace,
I will be bold to tell you, if you seek

To marry Florio's daughter, you must first
Remove a bar 'twixt you and her.

Grim. Who's that?

Rich. Soranzo is the man that hath her heart,
And while he lives, be sure you cannot speed.

Grim. Soranzo! what, mine enemy? is it he?

Rich. Mine your enemy?

Grim. The man I hate.

With some confusion; I will tell him straight—

Rich. Nay, then take my advice,
Even for his grace's sake the cardinal;
I'll find a time when he and she do meet,
Of which I'll give you notice; and, to be sure
He shall not escape you, I'll provide a poison
To dip your rapier's point in; if he had
As many heads as Hydra had, he dies.

Grim. But shall I trust thee, doctor?

Rich. As yourself;

Doubt not in aught.—[*Exit GRIM.*]
The fates decree,

By me Soranzo falls, that ruin'd me. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Street.*

Enter DONADO, with a Letter, BRIGGETTO, and POGGIO.

Don. Well, sir, I must be content to be both
your secretary and your messenger myself. I
cannot tell what this letter may work; but, as
sure as I am alive, if thou come once to talk with
her, I fear thou wilt mar whatsoever I make.

Br. You make, uncle! why am not I big enough
to carry mine own letter, I pray?

Don. Ay, ay, carry a fool's head of thy own!
why, thou dunce, would'st thou write a letter, and
carry it thyself?

Br. Yes, that I would, and read it to her with
mine own mouth; for you must think, if she will
not believe me myself when she hears me speak,
she will not believe another's hand-writing. Oh,
you think I am a blockhead, uncle. No, sir,
Poggio knows I have indited a letter myself; so
I have.

Pog. Yes truly, sir, I have it in my pocket.

Don. A sweet one, no doubt; pray let's see it.

Br. I cannot read my own hand very well,
Poggio; read it, Poggio.

Don. Begin.

Pog. [reads] Most dainty and honey-sweet mistress, I
could call you fair, and lie as fast as any that loves you;
but my uncle being the elder man, I leave it to him, as
more fit for his age, and the colour of his beard. I am
wise enough to tell you I can beard where I see occasion;
or if you like my uncle's wit better than mine, you shall
marry me; if you like mine better than his, I will marry
you, in spite of your teeth. So, attending my best parts
to you, I rest.

Yours, upwards and downwards, or you may suppose.
[*Briggetto reads.*]

Br. Ah, ha! here's stuff, uncle!

Don. Here's stuff indeed—to shame us
whose advice did you take in this learned

Pog. None, upon my word, but mine own.

Br. And mine, uncle, believe it, nobody
'twas mine own brain, I thank a good wit

Don. Get you home, sir, and look you
within doors till I return.

Br. How? that were a jest indeed! I scorn it,
I'll faith.

Don. What! you do not?

Br. Judge me, but I do now.

Pog. Indeed, sir, 'tis very unhealthy.

Don. Well, sir, if I hear any of your apish running to motions and fopperies, till I come back, you were as good not; look to't. [*Exit.*]

Ber. Poggio, shall's steal to see this horse with the head in's tail?

Pog. Ay, but you must take heed of whipping.

Ber. Dost take me for a child, Poggio? Come, honest Poggio. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Friar BONAVENTURA's Cell.

Enter Friar and GIOVANNI.

Friar. Peace! thou hast told a tale, whose every Threatens eternal slaughter to the soul; [word] I'm sorry I have heard it: would mine ears Had been one minute deaf, before the hour That thou cam'st to me! O young man, castaway, By the religious number of mine order, I day and night have wak'd my aged eyes Above my strength, to weep on thy behalf: But Heaven is angry, and be thou resolv'd, Thou art a man remark'd to taste a mischief. Look for't; though it come late, it will come sure.

Gio. Father, in this you are uncharitable; What I have done, I'll prove both fit and good. It is a principle which you have taught, When I was yet your scholar, that the frame And composition of the mind doth follow The frame and composition of [the] body So, where the body's furniture is beauty, The mind's must needs be virtue; which allow'd, Virtue itself is reason but refined, And love the quintessence of that: this proves My sister's beauty, being rarely fair, Is rarely virtuous; chiefly in her love, And chiefly, in that love, her love to me: If her's to me, then so is mine to her; Since in like causes are effects alike.

Friar. O ignorance in knowledge! long ago, How often have I warn'd thee this before? Indeed, if we were sure there were no Deity, Nor heaven nor hell; then to be led alone By nature's light (as were philosophers Of elder times) might instance some defence. But 'tis not so: then, madman, thou wilt find, That nature is in Heaven's positions blind.

Gio. Your age o'errules you; had you youth like mine,

You'd make her love your heaven, and her divine.

Friar. Nay, then I see thou'rt too far sold to It lies not in the compass of my prayers [hell:] To call thee back, yet let me counsel thee; Persuade thy sister to some marriage.

Gio. Marriage? why that's to damn her; that's Her greedy of variety of lust. [*To prove*]

Friar. O fearful! if thou wilt not, give me leave To shrieve her, lest she should die unabsolved.

Gio. At your best leisure, father: then she'll tell you,

How dearly she doth prize my matchless love; How you will know what pity 'twere we two Should have been sunder'd from each other's arms. How well her face, and in that little round You may observe a world's variety; For colour, lips: for sweet perfumes, her breath; For jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold, Hair; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks! Wonder in every portion of that throne.—

Hear her but speak, and you will swear the spheres Make music to the citizens in heaven.—

But, father, what is else for pleasure fram'd, Lest I offend your ears, shall go unnam'd.

Friar. The more I hear, I pity thee the more; That one so excellent should give those parts All to a second death. What I can do, Is but to pray; and yet—I could advise thee, Wouldst thou be ruled.

Gio. In what?

Friar. Why leave her yet: The throne of mercy is above your trespass; Yet time is left you both—

Gio. To embrace each other, Else let all time be struck quite out of number; She is like me, and I like her, resolv'd.

Friar. No more! I'll visit her;—this grieves me most, Things being thus, a pair of souls are lost. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—A Room in FLORIO's House.

Enter FLORIO, DONADO, ANNABELLA, and PUTANA.

Flo. Where is Giovanni?

Ann. Newly walk'd abroad, And, as I heard him say, gone to the friar, His reverend tutor.

Flo. That's a blessed man, A man made up of holiness; I hope He'll teach him how to gain another world.

Don. Fair gentlewoman, here's a letter, sent To you from my young cousin; I dare swear He loves you in his soul: would you could hear Sometimes, what I see daily, sighs and tears, As if his breast were prison to his heart.

Flo. Receive it, Annabella.

Ann. Alas, good man! [*Takes the Letter.*]

Don. What's that she said?

Put. An't please you, sir, she said, "Alas, good man!" Truly I do commend him to her every night before her first sleep, because I would have her dream of him; and she hearkens to that most religiously.

Don. Say'st so? God a' mercy, Putana! there is something for thee—[*Gives her money*];—and prithee do what thou canst on his behalf; it shall not be lost labour, take my word for it.

Put. Thank you most heartily, sir; now I have a feeling of your mind, let me alone to work.

Ann. Guardian.

Put. Did you call?

Ann. Keep this letter.

Don. Signior Florio, in any case bid her read it instantly.

Flo. Keep it! for what? pray read it me here-right.

Ann. I shall, sir. [*She reads the Letter.*]

Don. How do you find her inclined, signior?

Flo. Troth, sir, I know not how; not all so well As I could wish.

Ann. Sir, I am bound to rest your cousin's The jewel I'll return; for if he love, [debtor.] I'll count that love a jewel.

Don. Mark you that?

Nay, keep them both, sweet maid.

Ann. You must excuse me,

Indeed I will not keep it.

Flo. Where's the ring, That which your mother, in her will, bequeath'd,

And charged you on her blessing not to give it
To any but your husband? send back that.

Ann. I have it not.

Flo. Ha! have it not; where is it?

Ann. My brother in the morning took it from
Said he would wear it to-day. [me,

Flo. Well, what do you say

To young Bergetto's love! are you content to
Match with him? speak.

Don. There is the point, indeed.

Ann. What shall I do? I must say something
now. [Aside.

Flo. What say? why do you not speak?

Ann. Sir, with your leave—

Please you to give me freedom?

Flo. Yes, you have [it.]

Ann. Signior Donado, if your nephew mean

To raise his better fortunes in his match,

The hope of me will hinder such a hope:

Sir, if you love him, as I know you do,

Find one more worthy of his choice than me;

In short, I'm sure I shall not be his wife.

Don. Why here's plain dealing; I commend thee
for't;

And all the worst I wish thee, is, heaven bless
Your father yet and I will still be friends; [thee!]
Shall we not, Signior Florio?

Flo. Yes; why not?

Look, here your cousin comes.

Enter BERGETTO and POGGIO.

Don. Oh coxcomb! what doth he make here?

Ber. Where is my uncle, sirs?

Don. What is the news now?

Ber. Save you, uncle, save you! You must not
think I come for nothing, masters; and how, and
how is it? what, you have read my letter? ah,
there I—tickled you, I faith.

Pog. But 'twere better you had tickled her in
another place.

Ber. Sirrah sweetheart, I'll tell thee a good jest;
and riddle what it is.

Ann. You say you'll tell me.

Ber. As I was walking just now in the street,
I met a swaggering fellow would needs take the
wall of me; and because he did thrust me, I very
valiantly call'd him rogue; he hereupon bade me
draw, I told him I had more wit than so: but
when he saw that I would not, he did so maul me
with the hilts of his rapier, that my head sung
whilst my feet caper'd in the kennel.

Don. Was ever the like ass seen:

Ann. And what did you all this while?

Ber. Laugh at him for a gull, till I saw the blood
run about mine ears, and then I could not choose
but find in my heart to cry; till a fellow with a
broad beard (they say he is a new-come doctor)
call'd me into his house, and gave me a plaster,
look you, here 'tis;—and, sir, there was a young
wench wash'd my face and hands most excellently;
I faith I shall love her as long as I live for it—did
she not, Poggio?

Pog. Yes, and kiss'd him too.

Ber. Why is now, you think I tell a lie, uncle,
I warrant.

Don. Would he that beat thy blood out of thy
head, had beaten some wit into it! for I fear thou
never wilt have any.

Ber. Oh uncle, but there was a wench would
have done a man's heart good to have look'd on
her. By this light, she had a face methinks worth
twenty of you, Mistress Annabella.

Don. Was ever such a fool born?

Ann. I am glad she liked you, sir,

Ber. Are you so? by my troth I thank you,
forsooth.

Flo. Sure it was the doctor's niece, that was
last day with us here.

Ber. 'Twas she, 'twas she.

Don. How do you know that, Simplicity?

Ber. Why does he not say so? if I should have
said no, I should have given him the lie, uncle,
and so have deserv'd a dry beating again; I'll
none of that.

Flo. A very modest well-behav'd young maid,
as I have seen.

Don. Is she indeed?

Flo. Indeed she is, if I have any judgment.

Don. Well, sir, now you are free: you need not
care for sending letters now; you are dismiss'd,
your mistress here will none of you.

Ber. No! why what care I for that? I can
have wenches enough in Parma for half a crown
a-piece; cannot I, Poggio?

Pog. I'll warrant you, sir.

Don. Signior Florio, I thank you for your free
recourse you gave for my admittance; and to you,
fair maid, that jewel I will give you against your
marriage. Come, will you go, sir?

Ber. Ay, marry will I. Mistress, farewell,
mistress; I'll come again to-morrow—farewell,
mistress.

[Exit DONADO, BERGETTO, and POGGIO.]

Enter GIOVANNI.

Flo. Son, where have you been? what alone,
alone still?

I would not have it so; you must forsake

This over-bookish humour. Well, your sister
Hath shook the fool off.

Gio. 'Twas no match for her.

Flo. 'Twas not indeed; I meant it nothing
less;

Soranzo is the man I only like;

Look on him, Annabella. Come, 'tis supper-time,
And it grows late. [Exit.

Gio. Whose jewel's that?

Ann. Some sweetheart's.

Gio. So I think.

Ann. A lusty youth,

Signior Donado, gave it me to wear
Against my marriage.

Gio. But you shall not wear it;
Send it him back again.

Ann. What, you are jealous?

Gio. That you shall know anon, at better
leisure.

Welcome sweet night! the evening crowns the day.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Poggio's House

Enter Poggio and Poggio

Ber Does my uncle think to make me a baby still? No, Poggio; he shall know I have a scone now.

Pog Ay, let him not bob you off like an ape with an apple.

Ber 'Foot, I will have the wench, if he were ten uncles, in despite of his nose, Poggio

Pog Hold him to the grindstone, and give not a jot of ground, she hath in a manner promised you already

Ber. True, Poggio, and her uncle, the doctor, swore I should marry her

Pog He swore, I remember

Ber And I will have her, that's more didst see the codpiece-pout she gave me, and the box of marmalade?

Pog Very well, and kiss'd you that my chops water'd at the sight of; there is no way but to clap up a marriage in hugger mugger

Ber I will do it, for I tell thee, Poggio I begin to grow valiant methinks, and my courage begins to rise.

Pog Should you be afraid of your uncle?

Ber Hang him old doating rascal! no I say I will have her

Pog Lose no time then

Ber I will beget a race of wise men and constables that shall cart whores at their own charges, and break the duke's peace ere I have done, myself—Come away

[Exit]

SCENE II.—A Room in Florio's House

Enter FLORIO, GIOVANNI (SORANO), ANNARELLA PITANA a d' VARGUES

Fla. My lord Soranzo, though I must confess The profane that are made me have been great In marriage of my daughter, yet the hope Of your still rising honours has prevail'd Above all other jointures here she is, She knows my mind, speak for yourself to her, And hear you, daughter, see you use him nobly For any private speech, I'll give you time Come, son, and you the rest, let them alone. Agree [they] as they may

Sor I thank you, sir

Gio Sister, be not all woman, think on me.

[Aside to Ann]

Sor Vasques

Vas. My lord.

Sor Attend me without—

[Exit all but Soranzo and Annarella]

Ann Sir, what's your will with me?

Sor Do you not know

What I should tell you?

Ann. Yes, you'll say you love me

Sor And I will swear it too; will you believe it?

Ann 'Tis no point of faith.

Enter GIOVANNI, in the Gallery above.

Sor. Have you not will to love?

Ann. Not you

Sor Whom then?

D S

Ann. That's as the fates infer.

Gio. Of those I'm regent now

Sor. What mean you, sweet?

Ann. To live and die a maid

Sor. Oh, that's unfit.

Gio. Here's one can say that's but a woman's note

Sor Did you but see my heart, then would you

Ann That you were dead. *[swear—]*

Gio That's true, or somewhat near it.

Sor Set you these true love's tears?

Ann No

Gio Noy she winks

Sor They plead to you for grace

Ann Yet nothing speak

Sor Oh, grant my suit

Ann What is't?

Sor To let me live—

Ann Take it

Sor Still yours

Ann That is not mint to give

Gio One such another word would kill his hopes

Sor Mistress, to leave those fruitless strives of wit,

Know I have lov'd you long, and lov'd you truly.

Not hope of what you have, but what you are,

Hath drawn me on, then let me not in vain

Still feel the rigour of your haste disdain

I'm sick, and sick to the heart

Ann Help, aqua vite!

Sor What mean you?

Ann Why, I thought you had been sick

Sor Do you mock my love?

Gio There, sir, she was too humble

Sor 'Tis plain, she laughs at me—*(Aside)*

These scornful taunts

Neither become your modesty or years

Ann You are no looking glass, or if you were, I would dress my language by you.

Gio I am confirm'd

Ann To put you out of doubt, my lord, methinks

Your common sense should make you understand,

That if I lov'd you, or desired your love,

Some way I should have given you better taste:

But since you are a nobleman, and one

I would not wish should spend his youth in hopes,

Let me advise you to forswear your suit,

And think I wish you well, I tell you this.

Sor Is't you speak this?

Ann. Yes, I myself, yet know, *(Thus far I give you comfort,)* if mine eyes

Could have pick'd out a man, amongst all these

That sued to me to make a husband of,

You should have been that man, let this suffice,

Be noble in your secrecy, and wise

Gio Why, now I see she lov'd me

Ann One word more.

As ever virtue liv'd within your breast,

As ever noble courses were your quest,

As ever you would have me know you lov'd me,

Let not my father know hereof, for you

If I hereafter find that I must part,

It shall be you or none.

Sor I take that promise.

Ann. Oh, oh my head!

Sor. What's the matter, not well?

Ann. Oh, I begin to sicken.

Gio. Heaven forbid! [Exit from above.

Sor. Help, help, within there, ho!

Enter FLORIO, GIOVANNI, and PUTANA.

Look to your daughter, Signior Florio.

Flo. Hold her up, she swoons.

Gio. Sister, how do you?

Ann. Sick,—brother, are you there?

Flo. Convey her to bed instantly, whilst I send for a physician; quickly, I say.

Put. Alas, poor child! [Exit all but *Sor.*

Re-enter VASQUES.

Vas. My lord.

Sor. Oh, Vasques! now I doubly am undone, Both in my present and my future hopes: She plainly told me that she could not love, And thereupon soon sicken'd; and I fear Her life's in danger.

Vas. By'r lady, sir, and so is yours, if you knew all. [Aside.]—'Las, sir, I am sorry for that; may be, 'tis but the maids-sickness, an over-flux of youth; and then, sir, there is no such present remedy as present marriage. But hath she given you an absolute denial?

Sor. She hath, and she hath not; I'm full of But what she said, I'll tell thee as we go. [Grief; Exit.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter GIOVANNI and PUTANA.

Put. Oh, sir, we are all undone, quite undone, utterly undone, and shamed for ever: your sister, oh your sister!

Gio. What of her? for heaven's sake, speak; how does she?

Put. Oh that ever I was born to see this day!

Gio. She is not dead, ha? is she?

Put. Dead! no, she is quick;—'tis worse, she is with child. You know what you have done; heaven forgive you! 'tis too late to repent now, heaven help us!

Gio. With child? how dost thou know't?

Put. How do I know't? am I at these years ignorant what the meanings of qualms and water-pangs be? of changing of colours, queasiness of stomachs, pukings, and another thing that I could name? Do not, for her and your credit's sake, spend the time in asking how, and which way, 'tis so: she is quick, upon my word; if you let a physician see her water, you are undone.

Gio. But in what case is she?

Put. Prettily amended: 'twas but a fit, which I soon espied, and she must look for often henceforward.

Gio. Commend me to her, bid her take no care; Let not the doctor visit her, I charge you; Make some excuse, till I return.—Oh me! I have a world of business in my head.

Do not discomfort her—

How do these news perplex me! If my father Come to her, tell him she's recover'd well; Say 'twas but some ill diet—d'ye hear, woman? Look you to't.

Put. I will, sir.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Another Room in the same.

Enter FLORIO and RICHARDETTO.

Flo. And how do you find her, sir?

Rich. Indifferent well;

I see no danger, scarce perceive she's sick, But that she told me, she had lately eaten Melons, and, as she thought, those disagree'd With her young stomach.

Flo. Did you give her aught?

Rich. An easy surfeit-water, nothing else; Yo need not doubt her health; I rather think Her sickness is a fullness of her blood— You understand me?

Flo. I do; you counsel well; And once, within these few days, will so order it, She shall be married ere she know the time.

Rich. Yet let not haste, sir, make unworthy That were dishonour. [choice;

Flo. Master doctor, no;

I will not do so neither: in plain words, My lord Soranzo is the man I mean.

Rich. A noble and a virtuous gentleman.

Flo. As any is in Parma: not far hence, Dwells Father Bonaventure, a grave friar, Once tutor to my son; now at his cell I'll have them married.

Rich. You have plotted wisely.

Flo. I'll send one straight to speak with him to-night

Rich. Soranzo's wise; he will delay no time.

Flo. It shall be so.

Enter Friar and GIOVANNI.

Friar. Good peace be here, and love!

Flo. Welcome, religious friar; you are one That still bring blessing to the place you come to.

Gio. Sir, with what speed I could, I did my best To draw this holy man from forth his cell, To visit my sick sister; that with words Of ghostly comfort, in this time of need, He might absolve her, whether she live or die.

Flo. 'Twas well done, Giovanni; thou herein Hast shew'd a Christian's care, a brother's love: Come, father, I'll conduct you to her chamber, And one thing would entreat you.

Friar. Say on, sir.

Flo. I have a father's dear impression, And wish, before I fall into my grave, That I might see her married, as 'tis fit; A word from you, grave man, will win her more Than all our best persuasions.

Friar. Gentle sir,

All this I'll say, that Heaven may prosper her. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A Room in RICHARDETTO's House.

Enter GRIMALDI.

Grim. Now if the doctor keep his word, Soranzo, Twenty to one you miss your bride. I know 'Tis an unnoable act, and not becomes A soldier's valour; but in terms of love, Where merit cannot sway, policy must: I am resolv'd, if this physician Play not on both hands, then Soranzo falls.

Enter RICHARDETTO.

Rich. You are come as I could wish; this very Soranzo, 'tis ordain'd must be affianced [night

To Annabella, and, for aught I know,
Married.

Grim. How!

Rich. Yet your patience;
The place, 'tis friar Bonaventure's cell.
Now I would wish you to bestow this night
In watching thereabouts; 'tis but a night:—
If you miss now, to-morrow I'll know all.

Grim. Have you the poison?

Rich. Here 'tis, in this box;
Doubt nothing, this will do't; in any case.
As you respect your life, be quick and sure.

Grim. I'll speed him.

Rich. Do.—Away; for 'tis not safe
You should be seen much here,—ever my love!

Grim. And mine to you. [*Exit.*]

Rich. So! if this hit, I'll laugh and hug revenge;
And they that now dream of a wedding-feast,
May chance to mourn the lusty bridegroom's ruin:
But to my other business—niece Philotis!

Enter PHILOTIS.

Phi. Uncle.

Rich. My lovely niece,
You have bethought you?

Phi. Yes,—and, as you counsel'd,
Fashion'd my heart to love him; but he swears
He will to-night be married; for he fears
His uncle else, if he should know the drift,
Will hinder all, and call his coz to shrift.

Rich. To-night? why best of all; but let me see.
I—ha!—yes,—so it shall be; in disguise
We'll early to the friar's—I have thought on't.

Phi. Uncle, he comes.

Enter BERNARDO and POGGIO.

Rich. Welcome, my worthy coz.

Ber. Lass, pretty lass, come buss, lass! A-ha,
Poggio! [*Kisses her.*]

Rich. There's hope of this yet. [*Aside.*]
You shall have time enough; withdraw a little,
We must confer at large.

Ber. Have you not sweetmeats, or dainty de-
vices for me?

Phi. You shall [have] enough, sweetheart.

Ber. Sweetheart! mark that, Poggio. By my
troth I cannot choose but kiss thee once more for
that word, *sweetheart*. Poggio, I have a mon-
strous swelling about my stomach, whatsoever the
matter be.

Pog. You shall have physic for't, sir.

Rich. Time runs apace.

Ber. Time's a blockhead.

Rich. Be ruled; when we have done what's fit
to do,

Then you may kiss your fill, and bed her too.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—FLORIO'S House.

ANNABELLA'S Chamber. A Table with Wax Lights:
ANNABELLA at Confession before the Friar; she weeps
and wrings her hands.

Friar. I am glad to see this penance; for, be-
lieve me,

You have unripp'd a soul so foul and guilty,
As I must tell you true, I marvel how
The earth hath borne you up; but weep, weep on,
These tears may do you good; weep faster yet,
Whilst I do read a lecture.

Ann. Wretched creature!

Friar. Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,
Almost condemn'd alive. There is a place,
List, daughter! in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires,
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness: in this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths: these damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.—

Ann. Mercy! oh mercy!

Friar. There stand these wretched things,
Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless
And secret incests, cursing one another: [sheets
Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave,
Had been a dagger's point; then you shall hear
How he will cry, "Oh, would my wicked sister
Had first been damn'd, when she did yield to
lust!"—

But soft, methinks I see repentance work
New motions in your heart; say, how is't with you?

Ann. Is there no way left to redeem my mi-
series?

Friar. There is, despair not; Heaven is merci-
ful,

And offers grace even now. 'Tis thus agreed:
First, for your honour's safety, that you marry
My lord Soranzo; next, to save your soul,
Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

Ann. Ah me!

Friar. Sigh not; I know the baits of sin
Are hard to leave; oh, 'tis a death to do't.

Remember what must come: are you content?

Ann. I am.

Friar. I like it well; we'll take the time.
Who's near us there?

Enter FLORIO and GIOVANNI.

Flo. Did you call, father?

Friar. Is lord Soranzo come?

Flo. He stays below.

Friar. Have you acquainted him at full?

Flo. I have,
And he is overjoy'd.

Friar. And so are we:

Bid him come near.

Gio. My sister weeping?—Ha!

I fear this friar's falsehood.—[*Aside.*—] I will call
him. [*Exit.*]

Flo. Daughter, are you resolv'd?

Ann. Father, I am.

Re-enter GIOVANNI, with SORANZO and VASQUEZ.

Flo. My lord Soranzo, here
Give me your hand; for that, I give you this.

[*Joins their hands.*]

Sor. Lady, say you so too?

Ann. I do, and vow

To live with you and your's.

Friar. Timely resolv'd;

My blessing rest on both! more to be done,
You may perform it on the morning-sun.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Street before the Monastery.*

Enter GRIMALDI with his Rapier drawn, and a dark Lantern.

Grim. 'Tis early night as yet, and yet too soon To finish such a work; here I will lie To listen who comes next. *[He lies down.]*

Enter BERGETTO and PHILARTIS disguised: and followed, at a distance, by RICHARDETTO and POGGIO.

Ber. We are almost at the place, I hope, sweetheart.

Grim. I hear thee near, and heard one say "sweetheart."

'Tis he; now guide my hand, some angry justice, Home to his bosom.—Now have at you, sir!

[Stabs BERGETTO, and exit.]

Ber. Oh help, help! here's a stitch fullen in my guts; oh for a flesh-tailor quickly—Poggio!

Phi. What ails my love?

Ber. I am sure I cannot piss forward and backward, and yet I am wet before and behind; lights! lights! ho, lights!

Phi. Alas, some villain here will slay my love.

Rich. Oh Heaven forbid! Rise up the next neighbours

Instantly, Poggio, and bring lights. *[Exit Pog.]*

How is't, Bergetto? slay! It cannot be;

Are you sure you are hurt?

Ber. O my belly seethes like a porridge-pot; some cold water, I shall boil over else: my whole body is in a sweat, that you may wring my shirt; feel here—why, Poggio!

Re-enter Poggio, with Officers, and Lights.

Pog. Here; alas! how do you?

Rich. Give me a light. What's here? all blood! O sirs,

Signior Donado's nephew now is slain. Follow the murderer with all the haste Up to the city, he cannot be far hence; Follow, I beseech you.

Officers. Follow, follow, follow. *[Exeunt.]*

Rich. Tear off thy linen, coz, to stop his Be of good comfort, man. *[Wounds;]*

Ber. Is all this mine own blood? nay, then, good night with me. Poggio, commend me to my uncle, dost hear? bid him, for my sake, make much of this wench: oh—I am going the wrong way sure, my belly aches so—oh farewell, Poggio!—oh!—oh!— *[Dies.]*

Phi. O, he is dead.

Pog. How! dead!

Rich. He's dead indeed;

'Tis now too late to weep: let's have him home, And, with what speed we may, find out the murderer.

Pog. Oh my master! my master! my master! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.—*A Room in HIPPOLITA'S House.*

Enter VASQUES and HIPPOLITA.

Hip. Betroth'd?

Vas. I saw it.

Hip. And when's the marriage-day?

Vas. Some two days hence.

Hip. Two days! why, man, I would but wish two hours,

To send him to his last, and lasting sleep; And, Vasques, thou shalt see I'll do it bravely.

Vas. I do not doubt your wisdom, nor, I trust, you my secrecy; I am infinitely yours.

Hip. I will be thine in spite of my disgrace. So soon? O wicked man! I durst be sworn, He'd laugh to see me weep.

Vas. And that's a villainous fault in him.

Hip. No, let him laugh; I am arm'd in my Be thou still true. *[resolves:]*

Vas. I should get little by treachery against so hopeful a preferment, as I am like to climb to—

Hip. Even to—my bosom, Vasques. Let my youth

Revel in these new pleasures; if we thrive, He now hath but a pair of days to live. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX.—*The Street before the Cardinal's Gates.*

Enter FLORIO, DONADO, RICHARDETTO, POGGIO, and Officers.

Flo. 'Tis bootless now to shew yourself a child. Signior Donado, what is done, is done; Spend not the time in tears, but seek for justice.

Rich. I must confess, somewhat I was in fault, That had not first acquainted you what love Past 'twixt him and my niece; but, as I live, His fortune grieves me as it were mine own.

Don. Alas, poor creature, he meant no man harm, That I am sure of.

Flo. I believe that too.

But stay, my masters; are you sure you saw The murderer pass here?

Officer. An it please you, sir, we are sure we saw a ruffian, with a naked weapon in his hand all bloody, get into my lord Cardinal's Grace's gate: that we are sure of; but for fear of his grace (bless us!) we durst go no farther.

Don. Know you what manner of man he was?

Officer. Yes sure, I know the man; they say he is a soldier: he that lov'd your daughter, sir, an't please ye; 'twas he for certain.

Flo. Grimaldi, on my life.

Officer. Ay, ay, the same.

Rich. The Cardinal is noble; he no doubt Will give true justice.

Don. Knock some one at the gate.

Pog. I'll knock, sir. *[Knocks.]*

Serv. *[Within.]* What would ye?

Flo. We require speech with the lord Cardinal About some present business; pray inform His grace that we are here.

Enter Cardinal, followed by GRIMALDI.

Car. Why how now, friends! what saucy mates That know nor duty nor civility? *[are you,]*

Are we a person fit to be your host;

Or is our house become your common inn,

To beat our doors at pleasure? What such haste Is yours, as that it cannot wait fit times?

Are you the masters of this commonwealth,

And know no more discretion? Oh, your news

Is here before you; you have lost a nephew,

Donado, last night by Grimaldi slain:

Is that your business? well, sir, we have knowledge Let that suffice. *[on't,]*

Grim. In presence of your grace,

In thought, I never meant Bergetto harm:

But, Poggio, you can tell, with how much scorn

Soranzo, back'd with his confederates,
Hath often wrong'd me; I to be reveng'd,
(For that I could not win him else to fight)
Had thought, by way of ambush, to have kill'd him,
But was, unluckily, therein mistook;
Else he had felt what late Bergetto did:
And though my fault to him were merely chance,
Yet humbly I submit me to your grace, *[Kneeling]*.
To do with me as you please.

Cur. Rise up, Grimaldi. *[He rises.]*
You citizens of Parma, if you seek
For justice, know, as Nuñcio from the pope,
For this offence I here receive Grimaldi
Into his Holiness' protection:
He is no common man, but nobly born,
Of princes' blood, though you, sir Florio,

Thought him too mean a husband for your daughter.
If more you seek for, you must go to Rome,
For he shall thither; learn more wit for shame.—
Bury your dead:—away, Grimaldi!—leave him!

[Exeunt Cardinal and GRIMALDI.]

Don. Is this a churchman's voice? dwells justice here?

Flo. Justice is fled to heaven, and comes no nearer.

Soranzo?—was't for him? O impudence!
Had he the face to speak it, and not blush?
Come, come, Donado, there's no help in this,
When cardinals think murder's not amiss:
Great men may do their wills, we must obey,
But Heaven will judge them for't, another day. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in FLORIO'S House. A Banquet set out. Hautboys.

Enter the Friar, GIOVANNI, ANNABELLA, HIPPOLITA, Soranzo, DONADO, FLORIO, RICHARDETTO, PUANA, and VASQUES.

Friar. These holy rites perform'd, now take your times

To spend the remnant of the day in feast;
Such fit repasts are pleasing to the saints,
Who are your guests, though not with mortal eyes
To be beheld.—Long prosper in this day,
You happy couple, to each other's joy!

Sor. Father, your prayer is heard; the hand of goodness

Hath been a shield for me against my death;
And, more to bless me, hath enrich'd my life
With this most precious jewel; such a prize
As earth hath not another like to this.
Cheer up, my love; and, gentlemen, my friends,
Rejoice with me in mirth: this day we'll crown
With lusty cups to Annabella's health.

Gio. Oh torture! were the marriage yet undone,
Ere I'd endure this sight, to see my love
Clipt by another, I would dare confusion,
And stand the horror of ten thousand deaths.

Vas. Are you not well, sir?

Gio. Prithee, fellow, wait;
I need not thy officious diligence.

Flo. Signior Donado, come, you must forget
Your late mishaps, and drown your cares in wine.

Sor. Vasques!

Vas. My lord.

Sor. Reach me that weighty bowl.
Here, brother Giovanni, here's to you,
Your turn comes next, though now a bachelor;
Here's to your sister's happiness, and mine!

[Drinks, and offers him the bowl.]

Gio. I cannot drink.

Sor. What!

Gio. 'Twill indeed offend me.

Ann. Pray do not touch him, if he be not willing. *[Hautboys.]*

Flo. How now! what noise is this?

Vas. O sir, I had forgot to tell you; certain
young maidens of Parma, in honour to madam
Annabella's marriage, have sent their loves to her

in a Masque, for which they humbly crave your
patience and pardon.

Nor. We are much bound to them; so much
the more, as it comes unexpected: guide them in.

*Enter HIPPOLITA, followed by Ladies in white Robes, with
Garlands of Willows, all masked.*

MUSIC AND A DANCE.

Nor. Thanks, lovely virgins! now might we but
know

To whom we have been beholding for [this] love,
We shall acknowledge it.

Hip. Yes, you shall know:

What think you now?

[Unmasks.]

Annas. Hippolita!

Hip. 'Tis she;

Be not amaz'd; nor blush, young lovely bride,
I come not to defraud you of your man:

'Tis now no time to reckon up the talk

What Parma long hath rumour'd of us both;

Let rash report run on! the breath that vents it

Will, like a bubble, break itself at last.

But now to you, sweet creature!—lend your
hand—

Perhaps it hath been said, that I would claim

Some interest in Soranzo, now your lord;

What I have right to do, his soul knows best;

But in my duty to your noble worth,

Sweet Annabella, and my care of you,

Here, take, Soranzo, take this hand from me,

I'll once more join, what by the holy church

Is finished and allow'd.—Have I done well?

Sor. You have too much engaged us.

Hip. One thing more.

That you may know my single charity,

Freely I here remit all interest.

I e'er could claim, and give you back your vows;

And to confirm't,—reach me a cup of wine—

[Vas. gives her a poisoned cup.]

My lord Soranzo, in this draught I drink

Long rest to ye!—*[She drinks.]*—Look to Vasques.

[Aside.]

Vas. Fear nothing.

Sor. Hippolita, I thank you; and will pledge

This happy union as another wine.

Wine, there!

Vas. You shall have none; neither shall you pledge her.

Hip. How!

Vas. Know now, mistress she-devil, your own mischievous treachery hath kill'd you; I must not marry you.

Hip. Villain!

Omnos. What's the matter?

Vas. Foolish woman, thou art now like a fire-brand, that hath kindled others and burnt thyself:—*troppo sperar, inganna*,—thy vain hope hath deceived thee; thou art but dead; if thou hast any grace, pray.

Hip. Monster!

Vas. Die in charity, for shame.—This thing of malice, this woman, hath privately corrupted me with promise of [marriage,] under this politic reconciliation, to poison my lord, whilst she might laugh at his confusion on his marriage-day. I promised her fair; but I knew what my reward should have been, and would willingly have spared her life, but that I was acquainted with the danger of her disposition; and now have fitted her a just payment in her own coin: there she is, she hath yet—and end thy days in peace, vile woman; as for life, there's no hope, think not on't.

Omnos. Wonderful justice!

Rich. Heaven, thou art righteous.

Hip. O 'tis true,

I feel my minute coming. Had that slave Kept promise,—O my torment!—thou, this hour, Hadst dy'd, Soranzo—heat above hell-fire!—Yet, ere I pass away—cruel, cruel flames!—Take here my curse amongst you; may thy bed Of marriage be a rack unto thy heart, Burn blood, and boil in vengeance—O my heart, My flame's intolerable—may'st thou live To father bastards; may her womb bring forth Monsters—and die together in your sins, Hated, scorn'd, and unpitied!—oh—oh— [Dies.]

Flo. Was e'er so vile a creature!

Rich. Here's the end Of lust and pride.

Ann. It is a fearful sight.

Sor. Vasques, I know thee now a trusty servant,

And never will forget thee.—Come, my love, We'll home, and thank the heavens for this escape. Father and friends, we must break up this mirth; It is too sad a feast.

Don. Bear hence the body.

Friar. [Aside to G10.] Here's an ominous change!

Mark this, my Giovanni, and take heed!—I fear the event; that marriage seldom's good, Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in RICHARDETTO'S House.

Enter RICHARDETTO and PHILOTIS.

Rich. My wretched wife, more wretched in her shame

Than in her wrongs to me, hath paid too soon The forfeit of her modesty and life.

And I am sure, my niece, though vengeance hover, Keeping aloof yet from Soranzo's fall, Yet he will fall, and sink with his own weight. I need not now (my heart persuades me so.) To further his confusion: there is One

Above begins to work; for, as I hear, Debates already 'twixt his wife and him Thicken and run to head; she, as 'tis said, Slightens his love, and he abandons her's: Much talk I hear. Since things go thus, my niece, In tender love and pity of your youth, My counsel is, that you should free your years From hazard of these woes, by flying hence To fair Cremona, there to vow your soul In holiness, a holy votaress; Leave me to see the end of these extremes. All human worldly courses are uneven, No life is blessed but the way to heaven.

Phi. Uncle, shall I resolve to be a nun?

Rich. Ay, gentle niece; and in your hourly prayers

Remember me, your poor unhappy uncle.

Hie to Cremona now, as fortune leads,

Your home your cloister, your best friends your beads;

Your chaste and single life shall crown your birth, Who dies a virgin, lives a saint on earth.

Phi. Then farewell, world, and worldly thoughts, adieu!

Welcome, chaste vows, myself I yield to you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Chamber in Soranzo's House.

Enter Soranzo undressed, and dragging in ANABELLA.

Sor. Come, strumpet, famous whore! were every drop

Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veins A life, this sword (dost see't?) should in one blow Confound them all. Harlot, rare, notable harlot, That with thy brazen face maintain'st thy sin, Was there no man in Parma to be bawd To your loose cunning whoredom else but I? Must your hot itch and pleurisy of lust, The heyday of your luxury, be fed Up to a surfeit, and could none but I Be pick'd out to be cloak to your close tricks, Your belly-sports!—Now I must be the dad To all that gallimaufry that is stuff'd In thy corrupted bastard-bearing womb!—Why, must I?

Ann. Beastly man! Why?—'tis thy fate I sued not to thee; for, but that I thought Your over-loving lordship would have run Mad on denial, had you lent me time, I would have told you in what case I was: But you would needs be doing.

Sor. Whore of whores!

Darest thou tell me this!

Ann. O yes; why not?

You were deceived in me; 'twas not for love I chose you, but for honour; yet know this, Would you be patient yet, and hide your shame, I'd see whether I could love you.

Sor. Excellent quean!

Why, art thou not with child?

Ann. What needs all this,

When 'tis superfluous? I confess I am.

Sor. Tell me by whom.

Ann. Soft, 'twas not in my bargain.

Yet somewhat, sir, to stay your longing stomach I am content to acquaint you with; the man, The more than man, that got this sprightly boy,— (For 'tis a boy, [and] therefore glory, sir, Your heir shall be a son)—

Sor. Damnable monster!

Ann. Nay, an you will not hear, I'll speak no

Sor. Yes speak, and speak thy last. [more.

Ann. A match, a match!

This noble creature was in every part
So angel-like, so glorious, that a woman,
Who had not been but human, as was I,
Would have kneel'd to him, and have begg'd for
love.—

You! why you are not worthy once to name
His name without true worship, or, indeed,
Unless you kneel'd to hear another name him.

Sor. What was he call'd?

Ann. We are not come to that;

Let it suffice, that you shall have the glory
To father what so brave a father got.
In brief, had not this chance fall'n out as it doth,
I never had been troubled with a thought
That you had been a creature;—but for marriage,
I scarce dream yet of that.

Sor. Tell me his name.

Ann. Alas, alas, there's all! will you believe?

Sor. What?

Ann. You shall never know.

Sor. How!

Ann. Never; if

You do, let me be curs'd.

Sor. Not know it, strumpet! I'll rip up thy
And find it there. [heart,

Ann. Do, do.

Sor. And with my teeth,
Tear the prodigious litcher joint by joint.

Ann. Ha, ha, ha! the man's merry.

Sor. Dost thou laugh?

Come, where, tell me your lover, or by truth
I'll hew thy flesh to shreds; who is't?

Ann. *Che morto piu dolce che morire per amore?*
[Sings.

Sor. Thus will I pull thy hair, and thus I'll drag
Thy lust be-leper'd body through the dust—
[Hales her up and down.

Yet tell his name.

Ann. *Morendo in grazia dee morire senza
dolore?* [Sings.

Sor. Dost thou triumph! the treasure of the
earth

Shall not redeem thee; were there kneeling kings
Did beg thy life, or angels did come down
To plead in tears, yet should not all prevail
Against my rage: dost thou not tremble yet?

Ann. At what? to die! no, be a gallant hang-
man;

I dare thee to the worst: strike, and strike home;
I leave revenge behind, and thou shalt feel it.

Sor. Yet tell me ere thou diest, and tell me truly,
Knows thy old father this?

Ann. No, by my life.

Sor. Wilt thou confess, and I will spare thy life!

Ann. My life! I will not buy my life so dear.

Sor. I will not slack my vengeance.

[Draws his sword.

Enter VASQUES.

Vas. What do you mean, sir?

Sor. Forbear, Vasques; such a damned whore
Deserves no pity.

Vas. Now the gods forefend!

And would you be her executioner, and kill her
in your rage too? O 'twere most unmanlike; she
is your wife, what faults have been done by her
before she married you, were not against you:

alas! poor lady, what hath she committed, which
any lady in Italy in the like case would not?—
you must be ruled by your reason, and not by your
fury; that were inhuman and beastly.

Sor. She shall not live.

Vas. Come, she must: you would have her
confess the authors of her present misfortunes, I
warrant you; 'tis an unconscionable demand, and
she should lose the estimation that I, for my part,
hold of her worth, if she had done it: why, sir,
you ought not, of all men living, to know it. Good
sir, be reconciled; alas, good gentlewoman!

Ann. Pish, do not beg for me, I prize my life
As nothing; if the man will needs be mad,
Why let him take it.

Sor. Vasques, hear'st thou this?

Vas. Yes, and commend her for it; in this she
shews the nobleness of a gallant spirit, and be-
shrew my heart, but it becomes her rarely.—

[Aside to Sor.]—Sir, in any case smother your
revenge; leave the scenting out your wrongs to
me; be ruled, as you respect your honour, or you
marr all.—[Aloud.]—Sir, if ever my service were
of any credit with you, be not so violent in your
distractions: you are married now; what a triumph
might the report of this give to other neglected
suitors! 'tis as manlike to bear extremities, as
godlike to forgive.

Sor. O Vasques, Vasques, in this piece of flesh,
Thy faithless face of hers, had I laid up
The treasure of my heart. Hadst thou been
virtuous,

Fair, wicked woman, not the matchless joys
Of life itself, had made me wish to live
With any saint but thee: deceitful creature,
How hast thou mock'd my hopes, and in the shame
Of thy lewd womb even buried me alive!
I did too dearly love thee.

Vas. This is well; follow this temper with some
passion; be brief and moving, 'tis for the purpose.
[Aside to Sor.

Sor. Be witness to my words thy soul and
thoughts;

And tell me, didst not think that in my heart
I did too superstitiously adore thee?

Ann. I must confess, I know you lov'd me well.

Sor. And would'st thou use me thus! O
Annabella,

Be thou assured, whoe'er the villain was
That thus hath tempted thee to this disgrace,
Well he might lust, but never loved like me.
He doted on the picture that hung out
Upon thy cheeks, to please his humorous eye;
For on the part I lov'd, which was thy heart,
And, as I thought, thy virtues.

Ann. O, my lord! [den.

These words wound deeper than your sword could.

Vas. Let me not ever take comfort, but I begin
to weep myself, so much I pity him; why, madam,
I knew, when his rage was over-past, what it would
come to.

Sor. Forgive me, Annabella: though thy youth
Hath tempted thee above thy strength to folly,
Yet will I not forget what I should be,
And what I am, a husband; in that name
Is hid divinity: if I do find
That thou wilt yet be true, here I remit
All former faults, and take thee to my bosom.

Vas. By my troth, and that's a point of noble
charity.

Ann. Sir, on my knees—

Sor. Rise up, you shall not kneel.

Get you to your chamber, see you make no shew

Of alteration; I'll be with you straight:

My reason tells me now, that "'tis as common

To err in frailty as to be a woman."

Go to your chamber.

[*Exit ANN.*]

Vas. So! this was somewhat to the matter: what do you think of your heaven of happiness now, sir?

Sor. I carry hell about me, all my blood is fired in swift revenge.

Vas. That may be; but know you how, or on whom? Alas! to marry a great woman, being made great in the stock to your hand, is a usual sport in these days; but to know what ferret it was that hunted your coney-burrow,—there is the cunning.

Sor. I'll make her tell herself, or—

Vas. Or what? you must not do so; let me yet persuade your sufferance a little while: go to her, use her mildly; win her, if it be possible, to a voluntary, to a weeping tune; for the rest, if all hit, I will not miss my mark. Pray, sir, go in; the next news I tell you shall be wonders.

Sor. Delay in vengeance gives a heavier blow.

[*Exit.*]

Vas. Ah, sirrah, here's work for the nonce! I had a suspicion of a bad matter in my head a pretty while ago; but after my madam's scarry looks here at home, her waspish perverseness, and loud fault-finding, then I remembered the proverb, that "where hens crow, and cocks hold their peace, there are sorry houses." 'Sfoot, if the lower parts of a she-tailor's cunning can cover such a swelling in the stomach, I'll never blame a false stitch in a shoe whilst I live again. Up, and up so quick? and so quickly too? 'twere a fine policy to learn by whom: this must be known; and I have thought on't—

[*Enter PUTANA, in tears.*]

Here's the way, or none.—What, crying, old mistress! alas, alas, I cannot blame you; we have a lord, Heaven help us, is so mad as the devil himself, the more shame for him.

Put. O Vasques, that ever I was born to see this day! Doth he use thee so too, sometimes, Vasques?

Vas. Me? why he makes a dog of me; but if some were of my mind, I know what we would do. As sure as I am an honest man, he will go near to kill my lady with unkindness: say she has a child, is that such a matter for a young woman of her years to be blamed for?

Put. Alas, good heart, it is against her will all sore.

Vas. I durst be sworn, all his madness is for that she will not confess whose 'tis, which he will know; and when he doth know it, I am so well acquainted with his humour, that he will forget all strait: well, I could wish she would in plain terms tell all, for that's the way, indeed.

Put. Do you think so?

Vas. Foh, I know it; provided that he did not win her to it by force. He was once in a mind that you could tell, and meant to have wrung it out of you; but I somewhat pacified him from that; yet sure you know a great deal.

Put. Heaven forgive us all! I know a little, Vasques.

Vas. Why should you not? who else should? Upon my conscience she loves you dearly; and you would not betray her to any affliction for the world.

Put. Not for all the world, by my faith and troth, Vasques.

Vas. 'Twere pity of your life if you should; but in this you should both relieve her present discomforts, pacify my lord, and gain yourself everlasting love and preferment.

Put. Dost think so, Vasques?

Vas. Nay, I know it; sure it was some near and entire friend.

Put. 'Twas a dear friend indeed; but—

Vas. But what? fear not to name him; my life between you and danger: 'faith, I think it was no base fellow.

Put. Thou wilt stand between me and harm?

Vas. 'Uds pity, what else? you shall be rewarded too, trust me.

Put. 'Twas even no worse than her own brother.

Vas. Her brother Giovanni, I warrant you!

Put. Even he, Vasques; as brave a gentleman as ever kiss'd fair lady. O they love most perpetually.

Vas. A brave gentleman indeed! why therein I commend her choice—better and better—[*Aside.*] You are sure 'twas he?

Put. Sure; and you shall see he will not be long from her too.

Vas. He were to blame if he would; but may I believe thee?

Put. Believe me! why, dost think I am a Turk or a Jew? No, Vasques, I have known their dealings too long, to belie them now.

Vas. Where are you? there, within, sirs!

[*Enter BANDITTI.*]

Put. How now, what are these?

Vas. You shall know presently. Come, sirs, take me this old damnable hag, gag her instantly, and put out her eyes, quickly, quickly!

Put. Vasques! Vasques!

Vas. Gag her, I say: 'sfoot, do you suffer her to prate? what do you fumble about? let me come to her. I'll help your old gums, you toad-bellied bitch! (*they gag her.*) Sirs, carry her closely into the coal-house, and put out her eyes instantly; if she roars, slit her nose; do you hear, be speedy and sure.

[*Exitant BAN. with PUT.*]

Why this is excellent, and above expectation—her own brother! O horrible! to what a height of liberty in damnation hath the devil trained our age! her brother, well! there's yet but a beginning; I must to my lord, and tutor him better in his points of vengeance: now I see how a smooth tale goes beyond a smooth tail; but soft—what thing comes next? Giovanni! as I could wish; my belief is strengthened, 'tis as firm as winter and summer.

[*Enter GIOVANNI.*]

Gio. Where's my sister?

Vas. Troubled with a new sickness, my lord; she's somewhat ill.

Gio. Took too much of the flesh, I believe.

Vas. Troth, sir, and you I think have even hit it; but my virtuous lady—

Gio. Where is she?

Vas. In her chamber; please you visit her; she is alone. [*Gio. gives him money.*] Your liberality

bath doubly made me your servant, and ever shall,
ever— [Exit Gio.]

Re-enter SORANZO.

Sir, I am made a man; I have plied my cue with cunning and success; I beseech you let us be private.

Sor. My lady's brother's come; now he'll know all.

Vas. Let him know it; I have made some of them fast enough. How have you dealt with my lady?

Sor. Gently, as thou hast counsell'd; O my soul

Runs circular in sorrow for revenge;

But, Vasques, thou shalt know—

Vas. Nay, I will know no more, for now comes your turn to know; I would not talk so openly with you—let my young master take time enough, and go at pleasure; he is sold to death, and the devil shall not ransom him.—Sir, I beseech you, your privacy.

Sor. No conquest can gain glory of my fear.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before SORANZO'S House.*

ANNABELLA appears at a Window, above.

Ann. Pleasures, farewell, and all ye thriftless minutes

Wherein false joys have spun a weary life!
To these my fortunes now I take my leave.
Thou, precious Time, that swiftly rid'st in post
Over the world, to finish up the race
Of my last fate, here stay thy restless course,
And bear to ages that are yet unborn
A wretched, woful woman's tragedy!
My conscience now stands up against my lust,
With depositions character'd in guilt.

Enter Friar, below.

And tells me I am lost: now I confess;
Beauty that clothes the outside of the face,
Is cursed if it be not cloth'd with grace.
Here like a turtle, (mew'd up in a cage,)
Unmated, I converse with air and walls,
And descant on my vile unhappiness.
O Giovanni, that hast had the spoil
Of thine own virtues, and my modest fame;
Would thou hadst been less subject to those stars
That luckless reign'd at my nativity!
O would the scourge, due to my black offence,
Might pass from thee, that I alone might feel
The torment of an uncontrolled flame!

Friar. What's this I hear?

Ann. That man, that blessed friar,
Who join'd in ceremonial knot my hand
To him whose wife I now am, told me oft,
I trod the path to death, and shew'd me how.
But they who sleep in lethargies of lust,
Hug their confusion, making Heaven unjust;
And so did I.

Friar. Here's music to the soul!

Ann. Forgive me, my good Genius, and this
Be helpful to my ends; let some good man [once
Pass this way, to whose trust I may commit
This paper, double lined with tears and blood;
Which being granted, here I sadly vow
Repentance, and a leaving of that life
I long have died in.

Friar. Lady, Heaven hath heard you,
And hath by providence ordain'd, that I
Should be his minister for your behoof.

Ann. Ha, what are you?

Friar. Your brother's friend, the Friar;
Glad in my soul that I have liv'd to hear
This free confession 'twixt your peace and you:
What would you, or to whom? fear not to speak.

Ann. Is Heaven so bountiful?—then I have found
More favour than I hoped; here, holy man—

[*Throws down a letter.*]

Commend me to my brother, give him that,
That letter; bid him read it, and repeat
Tell him that I, imprison'd in my chamber,
Barr'd of all company, even of my guardian,
(Which gives me cause of much suspect) have time
To blush at what hath past; bid him be wise,
And not believe the friendship of my lord;
I fear much more than I can speak: good father,
The place is dangerous, and spies are busy.
I must break off—you'll do't?

Friar. Be sure I will,
And fly with speed:—my blessing ever rest
With thee, my daughter; live, to die more blest!

[*Exit.*]

Ann. Thanks to the heavens, who have pro-
long'd my breath

To this good use! now I can welcome death.

[*Withdraws from the window.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter SORANZO and VASQUES.

Vas. Am I to be believed now? first, marry a
strumpet that cast herself away upon you but to
laugh at your horns! to feast on your disgrace, riot
in your vexations, cuckold you in your bride-bed,
waste your estate upon panders and bawds!—

Sor. No more, I say, no more.

Vas. A cuckold is a goodly tame beast, my lord!

Sor. I am resolv'd; urge not another word;
My thoughts are great, and all as resolute
As thunder; in mean time, I'll cause our lady
To deck herself in all her bridal robes;
Kiss her, and fold her gently in my arms.
Begone—yet hear you, are the banditti ready
To wait in ambush?

Vas. Good sir, trouble not yourself about other
business than your own resolution; remember that
time lost cannot be recalled.

Sor. With all the cunning words thou canst,
invite

The states of Parma to my birth-day's feast:
Haste to my brother-rival and his father,
Entreat them gently, bid them not to fail;
Be speedy, and return.

Vas. Let not your pity betray you, till my coming
back; think upon incest and cuckoldry.

Sor. Revenge is all the ambition I aspire,
To that I'll climb or fall; my blood's on fire.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in FLORIO'S House.**Enter GIOVANNI.*

Gio. Busy opinion is an idle fool, *
That, as a school-rod keeps a child in awe,
Frights th' unexperienced temper of the mind : *
So did it me ; who, ere my precious sister
Was married, thought all taste of love would die
In such a contract ; but I find no change
Of pleasure in this formal law of sports.
She is still one to me, and every kiss
As sweet and as delicious as the first
I reap'd, when yet the privilege of youth
Entitled her a virgin. O the glory
Of two united hearts like hers and mine !
Let poring book-men dream of other worlds ;
My world, and all of happiness, is here,
And I'd not change it for the best to come :
A life of pleasure is Elysium.

Enter FRIAR.

Father, you enter on the jubilee
Of my retired delights ; now I can tell you,
The hell you oft have prompted, is nought else
But slavish and fond superstitious fear ;
And I could prove it too——

Friar. Thy blindness slays thee :
Look there, 'tis writ to thee. [*Gives him the letter.*]
Gio. From whom ?

Friar. Unrip the seals and see ;
The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon
Be frozen harder than congealed coral.—
Why d'ye change colour, son ?

Gio. 'Fore heaven, you make
Some petty devil factor 'twixt my love
And your religion-masked sorceries.
Where had you this ?

Friar. Thy conscience, youth, is sear'd,
Else thou would'st stoop to warning.

Gio. 'Tis her hand,
I know't ; and 'tis all written in her blood.
She writes I know not what. *Death!* I'll not fear
An armed thunderbolt aim'd at my heart.
She writes, we are discover'd—pox on dreams
Of low faint-hearted cowardice !—discover'd ?
The devil we are ! which way is't possible ?
Are we grown traitors to our own delights ?
Confusion take such dotage ! 'tis but forged ;
This is your peevish chattering, weak old man !—
Now, sir, what news bring you ?

Enter VASQUES.

Vas. My lord, according to his yearly custom,
keeping this day a feast in honour of his birth-day,
by me invites you thither. Your worthy father,
with the pope's reverend nuncio, and other magni-
fices of Parma, have promised their presence ;
will't please you to be of the number ?

Gio. Yes, tell [him] I *dare* come.

Vas. Dare come ?

Gio. So I said ; and tell him more, I *will* come.

Vas. These words are strange to me.

Gio. Say, I will come.

Vas. You will not miss ?

Gio. Yet more ! I'll come, sir. Are you an-
swered ?

Vas. So I'll say—my service to you. [*Exit.*]

Friar. You will not go, I trust.

Gio. Not go ! for what !

Friar. O, do not go ; this feast, I'll gage my
Is but a plot to train you to your ruin ; [*Life,*]
Be ruled, you shall not go.

Gio. Not go ! stood death
Threatening his armies of confounding plagues,
With hosts of dangers hot as blazing stars,
I would be there ; not go ! yes, and resolve
To strike as deep in slaughter as they all ;
For I will go.

Friar. Go where thou wilt ;—I see
The wildness of thy fate draws to an end,
To a bad fearful end :—I must not stay
To know thy fall ; back to Bononia I
With speed will haste, and shun this coming blow.
Parma, farewell ; would I had never known thee,
Or aught of thine ! Well, young man, since no
prayer

Can make thee safe, I leave thee to despair. [*Exit.*]

Go. Despair, or tortures of a thousand hells,
All's one to me ; I have set up my rest.
Now, now, work serious thoughts on baneful plots ;
Be all a man, my soul ; let not the curse
Of old prescription rend from me the gall
Of courage, which enrolls a glorious death :
If I qust totter like a well-grown oak,
Some under-shrubs shall in my weighty fall
Be crush'd to splits ; with me they all shall perish :
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in SORANZO'S House.**Enter SORANZO, VASQUES with Masks, and Banditti.*

Sor. You will not fail, or shrink in the attempt ?

Vas. I will undertake for their parts ; be sure,
my masters, to be bloody enough, and as unmer-
ciful as if you were preying upon a rich booty on
the very mountains of Liguria : for your pardons,
trust to my lord ; but for reward, you shall trust
none but your own pockets.

Banditti. We'll make a murder.

Sor. Here's gold,—[*Gives them money*—]—here's
more ; want nothing ; what you do
is noble, and an act of brave revenge :

I'll make you rich, banditti, and all free.

Omnes. Liberty ! liberty !

Vas. Hold, take every man a vizard ; when you
are withdrawn, keep as much silence as you can
possibly. You know the watch-word, till which
be spoken, move not ; but when you hear that,
rush in like a stormy flood : I need not instruct
you in your own profession.

Omnes. No, no, no.

Vas. In, then : your ends are profit and prefer-
ment.—Away ! [*Exeunt Ban.*]

Sor. The guests will all come, Vasques ?

Vas. Yes, sir. And now let me a little edge
your resolution : you see nothing is unready to
this great work, but a great mind in you ; call to
your remembrance your disgraces, your loss of
honour, Hippolita's blood, and arm your courage
in your own wrongs ; so shall you best right those
wrongs in vengeance, which you may truly call
your own.

Sor. 'Tis well ; the less I speak, the more I burn,
And blood shall quench that flame.

Vas. Now you begin to turn Italian. This be-
side ; when my young incest-monger comes, he
will be sharp set on his old bit : give him time
enough, let him have your chamber and bed at

liberty ; let my hot hare have law ere he be hunted to his death, that, if it be possible, he post to hell in the very act of his damnation.

Sor. It shall be so ; and see, as we would wish, He comes himself first—

Enter GIOVANNI.

Welcome, my much-lov'd brother ;
Now I perceive you honour me ; you are welcome—
But where's my father ?

Gio. With the other states,
Attending on the nuncio of the pope,
To wait upon him hither. How's my sister ?

Sor. Like a good housewife, scarcely ready yet ;
You were best walk to her chamber.

Gio. If you will.

Sor. I must expect my honourable friends ;
Good brother, get her forth.

Gio. You are busy, sir. *[Exit.]*

Vas. Even as the great devil himself would
have it ! let him go and glut himself in his own
destruction—*[Flourish.]*—Hark, the nuncio is at
hand ; good sir, be ready to receive him.

*Enter Cardinal, FLORIO, DONADO, RICHARDETTO, and
Attendants.*

Sor. Most reverend lord, this grace hath made
me proud,
That you vouchsafe my house ; I ever rest
Your humble servant for this noble favour.

Car. You are our friend, my lord ; his Holiness
Shall understand how zealously you honour
Saint Peter's vicar in his substitute :
Our special love to you.

Sor. Signiors, to you
My welcome, and my ever best of thanks
For this so memorable courtesy.
Pleaseth your grace, walk near ?

Car. My lord, we come
To celebrate your feast with civil mirth,
As ancient custom teacheth : we will go.

Sor. Attend his grace there. Signiors, keep
your way. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—ANNABELLA'S Bed Chamber in the same.

ANNABELLA, richly dressed, and GIOVANNI.

Gio. What, chang'd so soon ! hath your new
sprightly lord

Found out a trick in night-games more than we
Could know, in our simplicity ?—Ha ! is't so ?
Or does the fit come on you, to prove treacherous
To your past vows and oaths ?

Ann. Why should you jest
At my calamity, without all sense
Of the approaching dangers you are in !

Gio. What dangers half so great as thy revolt ?
Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st,
Malice, or any treachery beside,
Would stoop to my bent brows ; why, I hold fate
Clasp'd in my fist, and could command the course
Of time's eternal motion, hadst thou been
One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.
And what ? you'll now be honest, that's resolv'd !

Ann. Brother, dear brother, know what I have
been,

And know that now there's but a dining-time
'Twixt us and our confusion ; let's not waste

These precious hours in vain and useless speech.
Alas ! these gay attires were not put on
But to some end ; this sudden solemn feast
Was not ordain'd to riot in expense ;
I that have now been chamber'd here alone,
Barr'd of my guardian, or of any else,
Am not for nothing at an instant freed
To fresh access. Be not deceiv'd, my brother,
This banquet is an harbinger of death
To you and me ; resolve yourself it is,
And be prepared to welcome it.

Gio. Well, then ;
The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth
Shall be consumed to ashes in a minute.

Ann. So I have read too.

Gio. But 'twere somewhat strange
To see the waters burn ; could I believe
This might be true, I could believe as well
There might be hell or heaven.

Ann. That's most certain.

Gio. A dream, a dream ! else in this other world
We should know one another.

Ann. So we shall.

Gio. Have you heard so ?

Ann. For certain.

Gio. But do you think,
That I shall see you there ? You look on me.—
May we kiss one another, prate, or laugh,
Or do as we do here ?

Ann. I know not that ;
But—brother, for the present, what d'ye mean
To free yourself from danger ? some way think
How to escape ; I'm sure the guests are come.

Gio. Look up, look here ; what see you in my
face ?

Ann. Distraction and a troubled conscience.

Gio. Death, and a swift repining wrath :—yet
What see you in mine eyes ? *[Look ;]*

Ann. Methinks you weep.

Gio. I do indeed ; these are the funeral tears
Shed on your grave ; these furrow'd up my cheeks
When first I lov'd and knew not how to woo.
Fair Annabella, should I here repeat
The story of my life, we might lose time.
Be record all the spirits of the air,
And all things else that are, that day and night,
Early and late, the tribute which my heart
Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love,
Hath been these tears, which are her mourners
now !

Never till now did nature do her best,
To shew a matchless beauty to the world,
Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,
The jealous destinies required again.

Pray, Annabella, pray ! since we must part,
Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne
Of innocence and sanctity in heaven.
Pray, pray, my sister !

Ann. Then I see your drift—
Ye blessed angels guard me !

Gio. So say I ;
Kiss me. If ever aftertimes should hear
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps
The laws of conscience and of civil use
May justly blame us, yet when they but know
Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour,
Which would in other incests be abhor'd.
Give me your hand : how sweetly life doth run
In these well-colour'd veins ! how constantly
These palms do promise health ! but I could chide

With nature for this cunning flattery—

Kiss me again—forgive me.

Ann. With my heart.

Gio. Farewell!

Ann. Will you be gone?

Gio. Be dark, bright sun,
And make this mid-day night, that thy gilt rays
May not behold a deed, will turn their splendour
More sooty than the poets feign their Styx!
One other kiss, my sister.

Ann. What means this?

Gio. To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss.
[*Stabs her*]

Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand!

Revenge is mine: honour doth love command.

Ann. Oh brother, by your hand!

Gio. When thou art dead

I'll give my reasons for't; for to dispute
With thy (even in thy death) most lovely beauty,
Would make me stagger to perform this act
Which I most glory in.

Ann. Forgive him, Heaven—and me my sins!
farewell,

Brother unkind, unkind,—mercy, great Heaven
oh—oh!

Gio. She's dead, alas, good soul! The hapless
That in her womb received its life from me, [fruit
Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.
I must not dally—this sad marriage-bed
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.
Soranzo, thou hast miss'd thy aim in this!
I have prevented now thy reaching plots,
And kill'd a love, for whose each drop of blood
I would have pawn'd my heart. Fair Annabella,
How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,
Triumphing over infamy and hate!
Shrink not, courageous hand, stand up, my heart,
And boldly act my last, and greater part!

[*The scene closes.*]

SCENE VI.—A Banqueting Room in the same.

A Banquet.—Enter the Cardinal, FLORIO, DON VINO, SORANZO, RICHARDETTO, VASQUES, and Attendants.

Vas. (*apart to SOR.*) Remember, sir, what you have to do; be wise and resolute.

Sor. Enough—my heart is fix'd.—Pleaseth your grace

To taste these coarse confections: though the use
Of such set entertainments more consists
In custom, than in cause, yet, reverend sir,
I am still made your servant by your presence.

Car. And we your friend.

Sor. But where's my brother Giovanni?

Enter GIOVANNI, with a Heart upon his Dagger.

Gio. Here, here, Soranzo! trimm'd in reeking blood,

That triumphs over death! proud in the spoil
Of love and vengeance! fate, or all the powers
That guide the motions of immortal souls,
Could not prevent me.

Car. What means this?

Flo. Son Giovanni!

Sor. Shalt I be forestall'd?

Gio. Be not amazed: if your misgiving hearts
Shrink at an idle sight, what bloodless fear
Of coward passion would have seiz'd your senses,
Had you beheld the rape of life and beauty
Which I have acted?—my sister, oh my sister!

Flo. Ha! what of her?

Gio. The glory of my deed.

Darken'd the mid-day sun, made noon as night.

You came to feast, my lords, with dainty fare,

I came to feast too; but I digg'd for food

In a much richer mine, than gold or stone

Of any value balanced; 'tis a heart,

A heart, my lords, in which is mine entomb'd:

Look well upon't; do you know it?

Vas. What strange riddle's this? [*Aside.*]

Gio. 'Tis Annabella's heart. 'tis; why do you startle?

I vow 'tis hers;—this dagger's point plough'd up
Her fruitful womb, and left to me the fame
Of a most glorious executioner.

Flo. Why, madman, art thyself?

Gio. Yes, father; and, that times to come may

How, as my fate, I honour'd my revenge. [*know.*]

List, father; to your ears I will yield up

How much I have deserv'd to be your son.

Flo. What is't thou say'st?

Gio. Nine moons have had their changes,
Since I first thoroughly view'd, and truly lov'd,
Your daughter and my sister.

Flo. How? Alas, my lords,

He is a frantic madman!

Gio. Father, no.

For nine months space, in secret, I enjoy'd

Sweet Annabella's sheets; nine months I lived

A happy monarch of her heart and her;

Soranzo, thou know'st this; thy paler cheek

Bears the confounding print of thy disgrace;

For her too fruitful womb too soon bewray'd

The happy passage of our stolen delights,
And made her mother to a child unborn.

Car. Incestuous villain!

Flo. Oh, his rage belies him.

Gio. It does not, 'tis the oracle of truth:

I vow it is so.

Sor. I shall burst with fury—

Bring the strumpet forth!

Vas. I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Gio. Do, sir; have you all no faith

To credit yet my triumphs? here I swear

By all that you call sacred, by the love

I bore my Annabella whilst she lived,

These hands have from her bosom ripp'd this heart.

Re-enter VASQUES.

Is't true or no, sir?

Vas. 'Tis most strangely true.

Flo. Cursed man—have I lived to— [*Dies*]

Car. Hold up, Florio.

Monster of children! see what thou hast done,

Broke thy old father's heart! is none of you

Dares venture on him?

Gio. Let them! O my father,

How well his death becomes him in his griefs!

Why this was done with courage; now survives

None of our house but I, gilt in the blood

Of a fair sister and a hapless father.

Sor. Inhuman scorn of men, hast thou a thought

T' outlive thy murders? [*Draws.*]

Gio. Yes, I tell thee yes;

For in my fists I bear the twists of life.

Soranzo, see this heart, which was thy wife's;

Thus I exchange it royally for thine. [*They fight.*]

And thus and thus! now brave revenge is mine.

[*SORANZO falls.*]

Vas. I cannot hold any longer. You, sir, are you grown insolent in your butcheries? have at you.

Gio. Come, I am arm'd to meet thee. *[They fight.]*

Vas. No! will it not be yet? if this will not, another shall. Not yet? I shall fit you anon—
VENGEANCE!

The Banditti rush in.

Gio. Welcome! come more of you; whate'er you be,
I dare your worst—

[They surround and wound him.]

Oh I can stand no longer; feeble arms,

Have you so soon lost strength? *[Falls.]*

Vas. Now, you are welcome, sir!—Away, my masters, all is done; shift for yourselves, your reward is your own; shift for yourselves.

[Aside to Band.]

Band. Away, away!

[Exeunt.]

Vas. How do you, my lord? See you this?

[pointing to Gio.] how is't?

Sor. Dead; but in death well pleas'd that I have liv'd

To see my wrongs reveng'd on that black devil—

O Vasques, to thy bosom let me give

My last of breath; let not that lecher live—

Oh!— *[Dies.]*

Vas. The reward of peace and rest be with [you], my ever dearest lord and master!

Gio. Whose hand gave me this wound?

Vas. Mine, sir; I was your first man; have you enough?

Gio. I thank thee, thou hast done for me

But what I would have else done on myself.

Art sure thy lord is dead?

Vas. Oh impudent slave!

As sure as I am sure to see thee die.

Car. Think on thy life and end, and call for mercy.

Gio. Mercy? why, I have found it in this justice.

Car. Strive yet to cry to Heaven.

Gio. Oh I bled fast.

Death, thou'rt a guest long look'd for, I embrace
Thee and thy wounds; oh, my last minute comes!

Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,

Freely to view my Annabella's face. *[Dies.]*

Don. Strange miracle of justice!

Car. Raise up the city, we shall be murder'd all!

Vas. You need not fear, you shall not; this strange task being ended, I have paid the duty to the son, which I have vowed to the father.

Car. Speak, wretched villain, what incarnate
Hath led thee on to this? *[fiend]*

Vas. Honesty, and pity of my master's wrongs:

for know, my lord, I am by birth a Spaniard, brought forth my country in my youth by lord Soranzo's father; whom, whilst he lived, I served faithfully; since whose death I have been to this man, as I was to him. What I have done, was duty, and I repent nothing, but that the loss of my life had not ransomed his.

Car. Say, fellow, know'st thou any yet un-
Of council in this incest? *[nam'd,]*

Vas. Yes, an old woman, sometime guardian to this murder'd lady.

Car. And what's become of her?

Vas. Within this room she is; whose eyes, after her confession, I caused to be put out, but kept alive, to confirm what from Giovanni's own mouth you have heard. Now, my lord, what I have done you may judge of; and let your own wisdom be a judge in your own reason.

Car. Peace! first this woman, chief in these
My sentence is, that forthwith she be ta'en [effects,
Out of the city, for example's sake,
There to be burnt to ashes.

Don. 'Tis most just.

Car. Be it your charge, Donado, see it done.

Don. I shall.

Vas. What for me? if death, 'tis welcome; I have been honest to the son, as I was to the father.

Car. Fellow, for thee, since what thou didst
Not for thyself, being no Italian, *[was done]*

We banish thee for ever; to depart

Within three days: in this we do dispense

With grounds of reason, not of thine offence.

Vas. 'Tis well; this conquest is mine, and I
rejoice that a Spaniard outwent an Italian in
revenge. *[Exit.]*

Car. Take up these slaughter'd bodies, see
them buried;

And all the gold and jewels, or whatsoever,

Confiscate by the canons of the church,

We seize upon to the Pope's proper use.

Rich. *(Discovers himself.)* Your grace's pardon; thus long I liv'd disguised,

To see the effect of pride and lust at once

Brought both to shameful ends.

Car. What! Richardetto, whom we thought for

Don. Sir, was it you— *[dead?]*

Rich. Your friend.

Car. We shall have time

To talk at large of all; but never yet

Incest and murder have so strangely met.

Of one so young, so rich in nature's store,

Who could not say, 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE?

[Exeunt.]

THE BROKEN HEART.

TO THE MOST WORTHY DESERVER OF THE NOBLEST TITLES IN HONOUR,

WILLIAM,

LORD CRAVEN, BARON OF HAMSTEAD-MARSHALL.

My Lord,—The glory of a great name acquired by a greater glory of action hath in all ages lived the truest chronicle to his own memory. In the practice of which argument your growth to perfection even in youth hath appeared so sincere, so unflattering, I am sure that posterity cannot with more delight read the merit of noble endeavours, than noble endeavours merit thanks from posterity to be read with delight. Many nations many eyes have been witnesses of your deserts and live I think be pleased then with the freedom of your own name, to admit *one* amongst all, particularly into the list of such as honour a fair example of nobility. There is a kind of humble ambition, not uncommendable when the silence of study breaks forth into discourse coveting either encouragement than applause, yet here in common estimation is too severe an audit without the moderation of an able patronage. I have ever been slow in criticism of greatness not ignorant of such defects as are frequent to opinion but the justice of your inclination to industry and I think my weakness of confidence to wish an experience of your mercy, as many brave dangers have tasted of your courage. Your Lordship should be known to the world when the world knew you least by voluntary but excellent attempts. I like allowance I plead of being known to your Lordship (in this low presumption) by tendering to a favourable entertainment a devotion offered from a heart that can be as truly sensible of any least respect as ever profess the owner in my best, my readiest service a lover of your natural love to virtue,

JOHN FORD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

AMYCLAS, *King of Laconia*
 LYCHOKES, *a Fatherless*
 ORCHILS, *Son to CROTOLON*
 BASSANUS, *a Jealous Nobleman*
 ARMOSTES, *a Counsellor of State*
 CROTOLON, *another Counsellor*
 PROPHILUS, *Friend to LYCHOKES*
 NEARCHUS, *Prince of Argos*
 TEKNIKUS, *a Philosopher*
 HEMOPHILUS, } *Courtiers*
 CIRONFAS, }

AMPHIL, *Friend to NEARCHUS*
 PHILAS, *Servant to BASSANUS*

CALANTHA, *the King's Daughter.*
 PENTHEA, *Sister to LYCHOKES*
 EUPHRANEA, *a Maid of Honour*
 CHRISTALLA, } *Maid of Honour.*
 PHILEMA, }
 GRAUBUS, *Overseer of PENTHEA*

Courtiers, Officers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—SPARTA.

THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS FITTED TO THEIR QUALITIES

LYCHOKES, *Honour of Loveliness.*
 ORCHILS, *Angry*
 BASSANUS, *Vexation*
 ARMOSTES, *an Appeaser*
 CROTOLON, *Noise*
 PROPHILUS, *Dear*
 NEARCHUS, *Young Prince.*
 TEKNIKUS, *Artist*
 HEMOPHILUS, *Glutton*
 CIRONFAS, *Tulcrum-hammer.*
 AMYCLAS, *Trusty.*
 PHILAS, *Useful*

CALANTHA, *Flower of Beauty*
 PENTHEA, *Complaint*
 EUPHRANEA, *Joy*
 CHRISTALLA, *Crystal*
 PHILEMA, *a Kiss*
 GRAUBUS, *Old Beldam*

PERSONS INCLUDE

TERARUS, *Fierceness*
 APLOTES, *Simphcity*

PROLOGUE.

OUR scene is SPARTA. He whose best of art
Hath drawn this piece, calls it the BROKEN HEART.
The title lends no expectation here
Of apish laughter, or of some lame jeer
At place or persons; no pretended clause
Of jests fit for a brothel, courts applause
From vulgar admiration: such low songs,
Tuned to unchaste ears, suit not modest tongues.
The virgin-sisters then deserv'd fresh bays
When innocence and sweetness crown'd their lays;

Then voices gasp'd for breath, whose whole commerce
Was whipp'd to exile by unblushing verse.
This law we keep in our presentment now,
Not to take freedom more than we allow;
What may be here thought FICTION, when time's
youth
Wanted some riper years, was known a TRUTH:
In which, if words have cloth'd the subject right,
You may partake a pity, with delight.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in CROTOLON's House.

Enter CROTOLON and ORGILUS.

Crot. Dally not further; I will know the reason
That speeds thee to this journey.

Org. "Reason?" "good sir,
I can yield many.

Crot. Give me one, a good one;
Such I expect, and ere we part must have:
"Athens!" pray, why to Athens? you intend not
To kick against the world, turn cynic, stoic,
Or read the logic lecture, or become
An Areopagite, and judge in cases
Touching the commonwealth; for, as I take it,
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate
So grave an honour.

Org. All this I acknowledge.

Crot. You do! then, sou, if books and love of
knowledge
Inflame you to this travel, here in Sparta
You may as freely study.

Org. 'Tis not that, sir.

Crot. Not that, sir! As a father, I command
To acquaint me with the truth. [three

Org. Thus, I obey you.
After so many quarrels, as dissension,
Fury, and rage had broach'd in blood, and some-
With death to such confederates, as sided [times
With now dead Thrasus and yourself, my lord;
Our present king, Amyclas, reconciled
Your eager swords, and seal'd a gentle peace.
Friends you profess'd yourselves; which to con-
A resolution for a lasting league [firm,
Betwixt your families, was entertained,
By joining, in a Hymenean bond,
Me and the fair Penthea, only daughter
To Thrasus.

Crot. What of this?

Org. Much, much, dear sir.

A freedom of converse, an interchange
Of holy and chaste love, so fix'd our souls
In a firm growth of union, that no time
Can eat into the pledge:—we had enjoy'd
The sweets our vows expected, had not cruelty
Prevented all those triumphs we prepared for,
By Thrasus his untimely death.

Crot. Most certain.

Org. From this time sprouted up that poisonous
stalk

Of poisonite, whose ripened fruit hath ravish'd
All health, all comfort of a happy life:

For Ithocles, her brother, proud of youth,
And prouder in his power, nourish'd closely
The memory of former discontents,
To glory in revenge. By cunning partly,
Partly by threats, he woos at once and forces
His virtuous sister to admit a marriage
With Bassanes, a nobleman, in honour
And riches, I confess, beyond my fortunes—

Crot. All this is no sound reason to importune
My leave for thy departure.

Org. Now it follows.

Beauteous Penthea, wedded to this torture
By an insulting brother, being secretly
Compell'd to yield her virgin freedom up
To him, who never can usurp her heart,
Before contracted mine; is now so yoked
To a most barbarous thralldom, misery,
Affliction, that he savours not humanity,
Whose sorrow melts not into more than pity,
In hearing but her name.

Crot. As how, pray?

Org. Bassanes,
The man that calls her wife, considers truly
What heaven of perfections he is lord of,
By thinking fair Penthea his; this thought
Begets a kind of monster-love, which love
Is nurse unto a fear so strong, and servile,
As brands all dotage with a jealousy.
All eyes who gaze upon that shrine of beauty,
He doth resolve, do homage to the miracle;
Some one, he is assured, may now or then
(If opportunity but sort) prevail:
So much, out of a self-unworthiness,
His fears transport him!—not that he finds cause
In her obedience, but his own distrust.

Crot. You spin out your di-course.

Org. My griefs are violent—
For knowing how the maid was heretofore
Courtied by me, his jealousies grow wild—
That I should steal again into her favours,
And undermine her virtues; which the gods
Know, I nor dare, nor dream of: hence, from—
I undertake a voluntary exile; [hence,
First, by my absence to take off the cares
Of jealous Bassanes; but chiefly, sir,
To free Penthea from a hell on earth:
Lastly, to lose the memory of something,
Her presence makes to live in me afresh.

Crot. Enough, my Orgilus, enough. To Athens,
I give a full consent;—alas, good lady!—
We shall hear from thee often?

Org. Often.

Crot. See,

Thy sister comes to give a farewell.

Enter EUPHRANEA.

Euph. Brother!

Org. Euphranea, thus upon thy cheeks I print
A brother's kiss; more careful of thine honour,
Thy health, and thy well-doing, than my life.
Before we part, in presence of our father,
I must prefer a suit t' you.

Euph. You may stile it,
My brother, a command.

Org. That you will promise
Never to pass to any man, however
Worthy, your faith, till, with our father's leave,
I give a free consent.

Crot. An easy motion!
I'll promise for her, Orgilus.

Org. Your pardon;
Euphranea's oath must yield me satisfaction.

Euph. By Vesta's sacred fires, I swear.

Crot. And I,
By great Apollo's beams, join in the vow;
Not, without thy allowance, to bestow her
On any living.

Org. Dear Euphranea,
Mistake me not; far, far 'tis from my thought,
As far from any wish of mine, to hinder
Preferment to an honourable bed,
Or fitting fortune; thou art young and handsome;
And 'twere injustice,—more, a tyranny,
Not to advance thy merit: trust me, sister,
It shall be my first care to see thee match'd
As may become thy choice, and our contents.
I have your oath.

Euph. You have; but mean you, brother,
To leave us, as you say?

Crot. Aye, aye, Euphranea.
He has just grounds direct him; I will prove
A father and a brother to thee.

Euph. Heaven
Does look into the secrets of all hearts:
Gods! you have mercy with you, else——

Crot. Doubt nothing,
Thy brother will return in safety to us.

Org. Souls sunk in sorrows never are without
them;
They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about
them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. *Enter AMYCLAS, ARMOSTES, PROPHILUS,*
Courtiers and Attendants.

Amyc. The Spartan gods are gracious; our
humility
Shall bend before their altars, and perfume
Their temples with abundant sacrifice.
See, lords, Amyclas, your old king, is entering
Into his youth again! I shall shake off
This silver badge of age, and change this snow
For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks;
Our heart leaps in new vigour.

Arm. May old time
Run back to double your long life, great sir!
Amyc. It will, it must, Armotes; thy bold
upheav,
Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our gates

Triumphs and peace upon his conquering sword.

Laconia is a monarchy at length;
Hath in this latter war trod under foot
Messene's pride; Messene bows her neck
To Lacedemon's royalty. O, 'twas
A glorious victory, and doth deserve
More than a chronicle; a temple, lords,
A temple to the name of Ithocles.
Where didst thou leave him, Prophilus?

Pro. At Pepon,
Most gracious sovereign; twenty of the noblest
Of the Messenians there attend your pleasure,
For such conditions as you shall propose,
In settling peace, and liberty of life.

Amyc. When comes your friend the general?
Pro. He promised
To follow with all speed convenient.

Enter CROTOLOAN, CALANTHA, EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA,
and PHILEMA with a garland.

Amyc. Our daughter! dear Calantha, the happy
The conquest of Messene, hath already [news,
Enrich'd thy knowledge.

Cal. With the circumstance
And manner of the fight, related faithfully
By Prophilus himself—but, pray, sir, tell me,
How doth the youthful general demean
His actions in these fortunes?

Pro. Excellent princess,
Your own fair eyes may soon report a truth
Unto your judgment, with what moderation,
Calinness of nature, measure, bounds, and limits
Of thankfulness and joy, he doth digest
Such amplitude of his success, as would,
In others, moulded of a spirit less clear,
Advance them to comparison with heaven:
But Ithocles——

Cal. Your friend——

Pro. He is so, madam,
In which the period of my fate consists—
He, in this firmament of honour, stands
Like a star fix'd, not mov'd with any thunder
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
Of self-opinion; he hath serv'd his country,
And thinks 'twas but his duty.

Crot. You describe
A miracle of man.

Amyc. Such, Crotolon, *[Flourish.]*
On forfeit of a king's word, thou wilt find him.
Hark, warning of his coming! all attend him.

Enter ITHOCLES, ushered in by the Lords, and followed by
HEMOPHIL and GEONKAS.

Amyc. Return into these arms, thy home, thy
sanctuary,
Delight of Sparta, treasure of my bosom,
Mine own, own Ithocles!

Ith. Your humblest subject.

Arm. Proud of the blood I claim an interest in,
As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee,
Right noble nephew.

Ith. Sir, your love's too partial.

Crot. Our country speaks by me, who by thy
valour,
Wisdom, and service, shares in thy great action;
Returning thee, in part of thy due,
A general welcome.

Ith. You exceed in bounty.

Cal. Christalla, Philema, the chaplet. *[Takes*
the chaplet from them.] Ithocles,
Upon the wings of fame, the singular

And chosen fortune of an high attempt,
Is borne so past the view of common sight,
That I myself, with mine own hands, have wrought
To crown thy temples, this Provincial garland;
Accept, wear, and enjoy it as our gift
Deserv'd, not purchased.

Ith. You are a royal maid.

Amyc. She is, in all, our daughter.

Ith. Let me blush,

Acknowledging how poorly I have serv'd,
What nothings I have done, compared with the
Heap'd on the issue of a willing mind; [honours
In that lay mine ability, that only:
For who is he so sluggish from his birth,
So little worthy of a name or country,
That owes not out of gratitude for life
A debt of service, in what kind soever,
Safety, or counsel of the commonwealth
Requires, for payment?

Cal. He speaks truth.

Ith. Whom heaven

Is pleased to style victorious, there, to such,
Applause runs madding, like the drunken priests
In Barchus' sacrifices, without reason,
Voicing the leader-on a demi-god;
Whenas, indeed, each common soldier's blood
Drops down as current coin in that hard purchase,
As his, whose much more delicate condition
Hath suck'd the milk of ease: judgment commands,
But resolution executes. I use not.
Before this royal presence, these fit slights,
As in contempt of such as can direct;
My speech hath other end; not to attribute
All praise to one man's fortune, which is strength-
en'd

By many hands:—for instance, here is Prophilus,
A gentleman (I cannot flatter truth)
Of much desert; and, though in other rank,
Both Hemophil and Groncus were not missing
To wish their country's peace; for, in a word,
All there did strive their best, and 'twas our duty.

Amyc. Courtiers turn soldiers!—We vouchsafe
our hand; [*Hem. and Gron. kiss his hand.*]

Observe your great example.

Hem. With all diligence.

Gron. Obsequiously and hourly,

Amyc. Some repose

After these toils is needful. We must think on
Conditions for the conquer'd; they expect them.
On!—Come, my Ithocles.

Euph. Sir, with your favour,

I need not a supporter.

Pro. Fate instructs me.

[*Exit AMYC. attended; ITH., CAL., &c.—As CHRIS. and
PHIL. are following CAL., they are detained by HEM.
and GRON.*]

Chris. With me?

Phil. Indeed I dare not stay.

Hem. Sweet lady,

Soldiers are blunt,—your lip. [*Kisses her.*]

Chris. Fye, this is rudeness;
You went not hence such creatures.

Gron. Spirit of valour
Is of a mouldy nature.

Phil. It is years so.—

Pray [now], earnest, how many men apiece
Have you two been the death of?

Gron. Fains, not many;

We were composed of mercy.

Hem. For our daring,

You heard the general's approbation
Before the king.

Chris. You "wish'd your country's peace;"
That show'd your charity: where are your spoils,
Such as the soldier fights for?

Phil. They are coming.

Chris. By the next carrier, are they not?

Gron. Sweet Philema,

When I was in the thickest of mine enemies,
Slashing off one man's head, another's nose,
Another's arms and legs,—

Phil. And all together.

Gron. Then I would with a sigh remember thee,
And cry, "Dear Philema, 'tis for thy sake
I do these deeds of wonder!"—dost not love me,
With all thy heart now?

Phil. Now, as heretofore.

I have not put my love to use; the principal
Will hardly yield an interest.

Gron. By Mars,

I'll marry thee!

Phil. By Vulcan, you're foresworn,
Except my mind do alter strangely.

Gron. One word.

Chris. You lie beyond all modesty;—forbear me.

Hem. I'll make thee mistress of a city, 'tis
Mine own by conquest.

Chris. By petition;—sue for't

In *forma pauperis*.—"City?" kennel.—Gallants!
Off with your feathers, put on aprons, gallants;
Learn to reel, thrum, or trim a lady's dog,
And be good quiet souls of peace, hobgoblins!

Hem. Christalla!

Gron. Practise to drill hogs, in hope
To share in the acorns.—Soldiers! corncutters,
But not so valiant; they oft times draw blood,
Which you durst never do. When you have prac-
More wit, or more civility, we'll rank you [tis'd
I' th' list of men; till then, brave things at arms,
Dare not to speak to us,—most potent Groncus!

Phil. And Hemophil the hardy—at your ser-
vices. [*Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.*]

Gron. They scorn us as they did before we went.

Hem. Hang them, let us scorn them; and be

Gron. Shall we? [*revenged.*]

Hem. We will; and when we slight them thus,
Instead of following them, they'll follow us;

It is a woman's nature.

Gron. 'Tis a scurvy one.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Gardens of the Palace. *A Grone.*

*Enter TECNICUS, and ORACLE, disguised, like one of his
Scholars.*

Tec. Tempt not the stars, young man, thou
canst not play

With the severity of fate; this change
Of habit and disguise in outward view
Hides not the secrets of thy soul within thee
From their quick-piercing eyes, which dive at all
times

Down to thy thoughts: in thy aspect I note
A consequence of danger.

Org. Give me leave,

Grave Tecnicus, without foredooming destiny,
Under thy roof to ease my silent griefs,
By applying to my hidden wounds the balm
Of thy oracular lectures: if my fortune

Run such a crooked by-way as to wrest
My steps to ruin, yet thy learned precepts
Shall call me back and set my footings straight.
I will not court the world.

Tec. Ah, Orgilus,
Neglects in young men of delights and life,
Run often to extremities; they care not
For harms to others, who condemn their own.

Org. But I, most learned artist, am not so much
At odds with nature, that I grudge the thrift
Of any true deserver; nor doth malice
Of present hopes, so check them with despair,
As that I yield to thought of more affliction
Than what is incident to frailty: wherefore
Impute not this retired course of living
Some little time, to any other cause
Than what I justly render; the information
Of an unsettled mind; as the effect
Must clearly witness.

Tec. Spirit of truth inspire thee!
On these conditions I conceal thy change,
And willingly admit thee for an auditor.—
I'll to my study.

[Exit.]

Org. I to contemplations,
In these delightful walks.—Thus metamorphosed,
I may without suspicion hearken after
Pentheas's usage, and Euphranea's faith.
Love, thou art full of mystery! the deities
Themselves are not secure, in searching out
The secrets of those flames, which, hidden, waste
A breast, made tributary to the laws
Of beauty; physic yet hath never found
A remedy to cure a lover's wound.—
Ha! who are those that cross you private walk
Into the shadowing grove, in amorous foldings?

*PROPHILUS and EUPHRANEA pass by, arm in arm, and
whispering.*

My sister; O, my sister! 'tis Euphranea
With Proprius; supported too! I would
It were an apparition! Proprius
Is Ithocles his friend: it strangely puzzles me.—

Re-enter PROPHILUS and EUPHRANEA.

Again! help me my book; this scholar's habit
Must stand my privilege; my mind is busy,
Mine eyes and ears are open.

[*Walks aside, pretending to read.*]

Pro. Do not waste
The span of this stolen time, lent by the gods
For precious use, in niceness. Bright Euphranea,
Should I repeat old vows, or study new,
For purchase of belief to my desires,—

Org. Desires!

Pro. My service, my integrity.—

Org. That's better.

Pro. I should but repeat a lesson
Oft conn'd without a prompter, but thine eyes:
My love is honourable.—

Org. So was mine
To my Penthea; chastely honourable.

Pro. Nor wants there more addition to my wish
Of happiness, than having thee a wife;
Already sure of Ithocles, a friend
Firm and unalterable.

Org. But a brother
More cruel than the grave.

Euph. What can you look for
In answer to your noble protestations,
From an unskilful maid, but language suited
To a divided mind?

Org. Hold out, Euphranea!

Euph. Know, Proprius, I never undervalued,
From the first time you mention'd worthy love,
Your merit, means, or person; it had been
A fault of judgment in me, and a dullness
In my affections, not to weigh and thank
My better stars, that offer'd me the grace
Of so much blissfulness: for, to speak truth,
The law of my desires kept equal pace
With yours; nor have I left that resolution:
But only, in a word, whatever choice
Lives nearest in my heart, must first procure
Consent, both from my father and my brother,
Ere he can own me his.

Org. She is foresworn else.

Pro. Leave me that task.

Euph. My brother, ere he parted
To Athens, had my oath.

Org. Yes, yes, he had sure.

Pro. I doubt not, with the means the courts
supplies,
But to prevail at pleasure.

Org. Very likely!

Pro. Meantime, best, dearest, I may build my
hopes

On the foundation of thy constant sufferance.
In any opposition.

Euph. Death shall sooner
Divorce life, and the joys I have in living,
Than my chaste vows from truth.

Pro. On thy fair hand
I seal the like.

Org. There is no faith in woman.

Passion, O be contain'd!—my very heart-strings
Are on the tenters.

Euph. We are overheard.

Cupid protect us! 'twas a stirring, sir,
Of some one near.

Pro. Your fears are needless, lady;
None have access into these private pleasures,
Except some near in court, or bosom student
From Tecnicus his Oratory; granted
By special favour lately from the king
Unto the grave philosopher.

Euph. Methinks

I hear one talking to himself—I see him.

Pro. 'Tis a poor scholar; as I told you, lady.

Org. I am discover'd.—Say it; is it possible,
[*Half aloud to himself, as if studying.*]

With a smooth tongue, a leering countenance,
Flattery, or force of reason—I come to you, sir—
To turn or to appease the raging sea?
Answer to that.—Your art!—what art? to catch
And hold fast in a net the sun's small atoms?
No, no; they'll out, they'll out; you may as easily
Outrun a cloud driven by a northern blast,
As—fiddle-faddle so! peace, or speak sense.

Euph. Call you this thing a scholar? 'las, he's
lunatic.

Pro. Observe him, sweet; 'tis but his recreation.

Org. But will you hear a little? You are so
tetchy,

You keep no rule in argument; philosophy

Wends not upon impossibilities, †

But natural conclusions.—Mew!—absurd!

The metaphysics are but speculations

Of the celestial bodies, or such accidents

As not mixt perfectly, in the air engender'd,

Appear to us unnatural; that's all.

Prove it;—yet, with a reverence to your gravity,

I'll baulk illiterate sauciness, submitting
My sole opinion to the touch of writers.

Pro. Now let us fall in with him.

[*They come forward.*]

Org. Ha, ha, ha!

These apish boys, when they but taste the gram-
And principles of theory, imagine [mates,
They can oppose their teachers. Confidence
Leads many into errors.

Pro. By your leave, sir.

Euph. Are you a scholar, friend?

Org. I am, gay creature,
With pardon of your deities, a mushroom
On whom the dew of heaven drops now and then;
The sun shines on me too, I thank his beams!
Sometimes I feel their warmth; and eat and sleep.

Pro. Does TERNICUS read to thee?

Org. Yes, forsooth,
He is my master surely; yonder door
Opens upon his study.

Pro. Happy creatures!

Such people toil not, sweet, in heats of state,
Nor sink in thaws of greatness: their affections
Keep order with the limits of their modesty;
Their love is love of virtue.—What's thy name?

Org. Aplotes, sumptuous master, a poor wretch.

Euph. Dost thou want anything?

Org. Books, Venus, books.

Pro. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought,
And most available for both our comforts.

Euph. My lord,—

Pro. While I endeavour to deserve
Your father's blessing to our loves, this scholar
May daily at some certain hours attend,
What notice I can write of my success,
Here, in this grove, and give it to your hands;
The like from you to me: so can we never,
Barr'd of our mutual speech, want sure intelligence;
And thus our hearts may talk when our tongues
cannot.

Euph. Occasion is most favourable; use it.

Pro. Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice a day.
At nine i' the morning, and at four at night,
Here, in this bower, to convey such letters
As each shall send to other? Do it willingly.
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy study, or what else thou canst desire.

Org. Jove, make me thankful, thankful, I be-
seech thee,

Propitious Jove! I will prove sure and trusty:
You will not fail me books?

Pro. Nor ought besides,

Thy heart can wish. This lady's name's Euphra-
Mine Prophilus. [ne,

Org. I have a pretty memory;
It must prove my best friend.—I will not miss
One minute of the hours appointed.

Pro. Write
The books thou would'st have bought thee, in a
note,

Or take thyself some money.

Org. No, no money:

Money to scholars is a spirit invisible,
We dare not finger it; or books, or nothing.

Pro. Books of what sort thou wilt: do not for-
Our names. [get

Org. I warrant ye, I warrant ye.

Pro. Smile, Hymen, on the growth of our
desires;

We'll feed thy torches with eternal fires!

[*Exeunt Pro. and Euph.*]

Org. Put out thy torches, Hymen, or their light
Shall meet a darkness of eternal night!

Inspire me, Mercury, with swift deccits.
Ingenious Fate has leapt into mine arms,
Beyond the compass of my brains.—Mortality
Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach
The riddles which are purposed by the gods.
Great arts best write themselves in their own
stories;

They die too basely, who outlive their glories.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in BASSANES' House.

Enter BASSANES and PHULAS.

Bass. I'll have that window next the street
damm'd up;

It gives too full a prospect to temptation,
And courts a gazer's glances: there's a lust
Committed by the eye, that sweats and travails,
Plots, wakes, contrives, till the deformed bear-
Adultery, be lick'd into the act, [whelp,
The very act:—that light shall be damm'd up;
D'y'e hear, sir:

Phu. I do hear, my lord; a mason
Shall be provided suddenly.

Bass. Some rogue,
Some rogue of your confederacy, (factor
For slaves and strumpets!) to convey close packets
From this spruce springal, and the t'other young-
ster;

That gawdy earwig, or my lord your patron,
Whose pensioner you are.—I'll tear thy throat out,
Son of a cat, ill-looking hounds-head, rip up
Thy ulcerous maw, if I but scent a paper,

A scroll, but half as big as what can cover

A wart upon thy nose, a spot, a pimple,

Directed to my lady; it may prove

A mystical preparative to lewdness.

Phu. Care shall be had.—I will turn every
thread

About me to an eye.—Here's a sweet life! [*Aside.*]

Bass. The city housewives, cunning in the traffic
Of chamber merchandize, set all at price
By wholesale; yet they wipe their mouths and
smile,

Coll, kiss, and cry "sweetheart," and stroke the
head

Which they have branch'd; and all is well again!
Dull clods of dirt, who dare not feel the rabs

Stuck on the forehead.

Phu. 'Tis a villainous world;

One cannot hold his own in't.

Bass. Dames at court

Who flaunt in riots, run another bias:
Their pleasure heaves the patient ass that suffers
Up on the stilts of office, titles, incomes;
Promotion justifies the shame, and sues for't.

Poor honour! thou art stabb'd, and bleed'st to death

By such unlawful hire. The country mistress Is yet more wary, and in blushes hides Whatever trespass draws her troth to guilt; But all are false: on this truth I am bold, No woman but can fall, and doth, or would.— Now, for the newest news about the city; What blab the voices, sirrah?

Phu. O, my lord,
The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling news,
That ever—

Bass. Hey-day! up and ride me, rascal!
What is't?

Phu. Forsooth, they say, the king has mew'd All his gray beard, instead of which is budded Another of a pure carnation colour, Speckled with green and russet.

Bass. Ignorant block!

Phu. Yes truly; and 'tis talk'd about the streets, That since lord Ithocles came home, the lions Never left roaring, at which noise the bears Have danced their very hearts out

Bass. Dance out thine too.

Phu. Besides, lord Orgilus is fled to Athens Upon a fiery dragon, and 'tis thought He never can return.

Bass. Grant it, Apollo!

Phu. Moreover, please your lordship, 'tis reported

For certain, that whoever is found jealous Without apparent proof that's wife is wanton, Shall be divorced;—but this is but she-news, I had it from a midwife. I have more yet.

Bass. Antick, no more! ideots and stupid fools Grate my calamities. Why to be fair, Should yield presumption of a faulty soul— Look to the doors.

Phu. The horn of plenty crest him!

Bass. Swarms of confusion huddle in my thoughts In rare distemper.—Beauty! oh, it is An unmatch'd blessing, or a horrid curse. She comes, she comes! so shoots the morning forth,

Spangled with pearls of transparent dew.— The way to poverty is to be rich; As I in her am wealthy; but for her, In all contents, a bankrupt.

Enter PENTHEA and GRAUSIS.

Lov'd Penthea!

How fares my heart's best joy?

Grau. In sooth not well,
She is so over-sad.

Bass. Leave chattering, magpie.— Thy brother is return'd, sweet, safe, and honour'd With a triumphant victory; thou shalt visit him; We will to court, where, if it be thy pleasure, Thou shalt appear in such a ravishing lustre Of jewels above value, that the dames Who brave it there, in rage to be outshined, Shall hide them in their closets, and unseen Fret in their tears; whilst every wond'ring eye Shall crave none other brightness but thy presence. Choose thine own recreations; be a queen Of what delights thou fanciest best, what company, What place, what times; do anything, do all things Youth can command, so thou wilt chase these clouds From the pure firmament of thy fair looks.

Grau. Now, 'tis well said, my lord. What, lady! Be merry; time is precious. [Laugh.]

Bass. Furies whip thee! [Aside.]

Pen. Alas, my lord! this language to your handmaid

Sounds as would music to the deaf; I need

No braveries, nor cost of art, to draw

The whiteness of my name into offence:

Let such, if any such there are, who covet

A curiosity of admiration,

By laying out their plenty to full view,

Appear in gaudy outsiders; my attires

Shall suit the inward fashion of my mind;

From which, if your opinion, nobly placed,

Change not the livery your words bestow,

My fortunes with my hopes are at the highest.

Bass. This house, methinks, stands somewhat too much inward,

It is too melancholy; we'll remove

Nearer the court: or what thinks my Penthea

Of the delightful island we command?

Rule me as thou canst wish.

Pen. I am no mistress:

Whither you please, I must attend; all ways Are alike pleasant to me.

Grau. "Island!" prison;

A prison is as gay some: we'll no islands;

Marry, out upon 'em! whom shall we see there?

Sea-gulls, and porpoises, and water-rats,

And crabs, and mews, and dog-fish; goodly gear

For a young lady's dealing,—or an old one's!

On no terms, islands; I'll be stew'd first.

Bass. (aside to GRAU.) Grausis,

You are a juggling bawd.—This sadness, sweetest, Becomes not youthful blood;—I'll have you pounded—

For my sake put on a more cheerful mirth;

Thou'lt mar thy cheeks, and make me old in griefs.

Damnable bitch-fox! [To GRAU.]

Grau. I am thick of hearing,

Still, when the wind blows southerly.—What think you,

If your fresh lady breed young bones, my lord!

Would not a chopping buy do you good at heart?

But, as you said—

Bass. I'll spit thee on a stake,

Or chop thee into collops! [Aside to GRAU.]

Grau. Pray, speak louder.

Sure, sure the wind blows south still.

Pen. Thou prat'st madly.

Bass. 'Tis very hot; I sweat extremely.—Now?

Enter PHULAS.

Phu. A herd of lords, sir.

Bass. Ha!

Phu. A flock of ladies.

Bass. Where?

Phu. Shoals of horses.

Bass. Peasant, how?

Phu. Caroches

In drifts—th' one enter, th' other stand without, sir;

And how I vanish. [Exit.]

Enter PROPHILUS, HEMOPHIL, GEORGEAS, CHRISTALLA and PHILENA.

Pro. Noble Bassanes!

Bass. Most welcome. Prophilus: ladies, gentle-

men,
To all my heart is open; you all honour me.—

(A tympany swells in my head already) *[Aside.*
Honour me bountifully.—How they flutter,
Wagtails and jays together!

Pro. From your brother,
By virtue of your love to him, I require
Your instant presence, fairest.

Pen. He is well, sir?

Pro. The gods preserve him ever! Yet, dear
I find some alteration in him lately, *[brauty,*
Since his return to Sparta.—My good lord,
I pray, use no delay.

Bass. We had not needed
An invitation, if his sister's health
Had not fallen into question.—Haste, Penthea,
Slack not a minute; lead the way, good Propylus,
I'll follow step by step.

Pro. Your arm, fair madam.

[Exeunt all but Bass. and Grau.]

Bass. One word with your old bawdship: thou
hadst better

Rail'd at the saints thou worshipp'st than have
My will; I'll use thee cursedly. *[thwarted]*

Grau. You doat,
You are beside yourself. A politician
In jealousy? no, you're too gross, too vulgar.
Pish, teach not me my trade; I know my cue:
My crossing you sinks me into her trust,
By which I shall know all; my trade's a sure one.

Bass. Forgive me, Grauis, 'twas consideration
I relish'd not; but have a care now.

Grau. Fear not,
I am no new-come-to't.

Bass. Thy life's upon it
And so is mine. My agonies are infinite. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—The Palace ITHOCLES' Apartment.

Enter ITHOCLES.

Ith. Ambition! 'tis of viper's breed; it gnaws
A passage through the womb that gave it motion.
Ambition, like a scelded dove, mounts upward,
Higher and higher still, to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin
So squibs and crackers fly into the air,
Then, only breaking with a noise, they vanish
In stench and smoke. Morality, applied
To timely practice, keeps the soul in tune,
At whose sweet music all our actions dance:
But this is form['d] of books, and school-tradition;
It physics not the sickness of a mind
Broken with griefs: strong fevers are not eased
With counsel, but with best receipts, and means;
Means, speedy means, and certain; that's the cure.

Enter ARMOSTES and CROTON.

Arm. You stick, lord Croton, upon a point
Too nice and too unnecessary; Propylus
Is every way desertful. I am confident
Your wisdom is too ripe to need instruction
From your son's tutelage.

Crot. Yet not so ripe,
My lord Armotes, that it dares to dote
Upon the painted meat of smooth persuasion,
Which tempts me to a breach of faith.

Ith. Not yet
Resolv'd, my lord? Why, if your son's consent
Be so available, we'll write to Athens
For his repair to Sparta: the king's hand
Will join with our desires; he has been mov'd to't.

Arm. Yes, and the king himself importuned
Croton
For a dispatch.

Crot. Kings may command; their wills
Are laws not to be question'd.

Ith. By this marriage
You knit an union so devout, so hearty,
Between your loves to me, and mine to yours,
As if mine own blood had an interest in it;
For Propylus is mine, and I am his.

Crot. My lord, my lord!

Ith. What, good sir? speak your thought.

Crot. Had this sincerity been real once,
My Orgilus had not been now unwived,
Nor your lost sister buried in a bride-bed:
Your uncle here, Armotes, knows this truth;
For had your father Thrasus liv'd,—but peace
Dwell in his grave! I have done.

Arm. You are bold and bitter.

Ith. He presses home the injury; it smarts.—
[Aside.]

No reprehensions, uncle; I deserve them.
Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat
Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
Raueness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain,
Might lead a boy in years to:—'twas a fault,
A capital fault; for then I could not dive
Into the secrets of commanding love;
Since when experience, by th' extremes in others,
Hath forced me to collect—and, trust me, Cro-
talon,

I will redeem those wrongs with any service
Your satisfaction can require for current.

Arm. The acknowledgment is satisfaction:
What would you more?

Crot. I am conquer'd: if Euphranka
Herself admit the motion, let it be so;
I doubt not my son's liking.

Ith. Use my fortunes,
Life, power, sword and heart, all are your own.

Arm. The princess, with your sister.

*Enter HARSANES, PROPYLUS, CALANTHA, PENTHEA,
EUPHRANKA, CHRISTILLA, PHILENA, and GRAUIS.*

Cal. I present you
A stranger here in court, my lord; for did not
Desire of seeing you draw her abroad,
We had not been made happy in her company.

Ith. You are a gracious princess.—Sister,
wedlock

Holds too severe a passion in your nature,
Which can engross all duty to your husband,
Without attendance on so dear a mistress.
'Tis not my brother's pleasure, I presume.

[To Bass.]

T' immure her in a chamber.

Bass. 'Tis her will;
She governs her own hours. Noble Ithocles,
We thank the gods for your success and welfare:
Our lady has of late been indisposed,
Else we had waited on you with the first.

Ith. How does Penthea now?

Pen. You best know, brother,
From whom my health and comforts are derived.

Bass. *[aside]* I like the answer well; 'tis sad
and modest.

There may be tricks yet, tricks—Have an eye,
Grauis!

Cal. Now, Crotolon, the suit we join'd in must fall by too long demur. [not]

Crot. 'Tis granted, princess,
For my part.

Arm. With condition, that his son
Favour the contract.

Cal. Such delay is easy.
The joys of marriage make thee, Prophilus,
A proud deserver of Euphranea's love,
And her of thy desert!

Pro. Most sweetly gracious!

Bass. The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,

Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures;—no restoratives

Like to a constant woman!—(but where is she?
'Twould puzzle all the gods, but to create
Such a newmonster) (*aside*)—I can speak by proof,
For I rest in Elysium; 'tis my happiness.

Crot. Euphranea, how are you resolv'd. speak
In your affections to this gentleman! [freely,

Euph. Nor more, nor less than as his love assures me;

Which (if your liking with my brother's warrants)
I cannot but approve in all points worthy.

Crot. So, so! I know your answer. [To *Pro.*

Ith. 'T had been pity,
To sunder hearts so equally consented.

Enter HEMORRIL.

Hem. The king, lord Ithocles, commands your
And, fairest princess, yours. [presence;

Cal. We will attend him.

Enter GRONFAN.

Gron. Where are the lords? all must unto the
Without delay; the prince of Argos— [king

Cal. Well, sir?

Gron. Is coming to the court, sweet lady.

Cal. How!

The prince of Argos?

Gron. 'Twas my fortune, madam,
'T enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.

Ith. Penthea!

Pen. Brother.

Ith. Let me an hour hence
Meet you alone, within the palace grove,
I have some secret with you.—Prithee, friend,
Conduct her thither, and have special care
The walks be clear'd of any to disturb us.

Pro. I shall.

Bass. How's that?

Ith. Alone, pray be alone.—
I am your creature, princess.—On, my lords.

[*Exeunt all but Bass.*

Bass. Alone! alone? what means that word alone?

Why might not I be there?—hum!—he's her brother.

Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood,
And this same whoreson court-ease is temptation
To a rebellion in the veins;—besides,
His fine friend Prophilus must be her guardian:
Why may not he dispatch a business nimbly
Before the other come?—or—pand'ring, pand'ring
For one another—(be't to sister, mother,
Wife, cousin, anything,) 'mongst youths of metal
Is in request: it is so—stubborn fate!
But if I be a cuckold, and can know it,
I will be fell, and fell.

Re-enter GRONFAN.

Gron. My lord, you are called for.

Bass. Most heartily I thank you; where's my wife, pray?

Gron. Retired amongst the ladies.

Bass. Still I thank you:

There's an old waiter with her, saw you her too?

Gron. She sits i' th' presence-lobby fast asleep,

Bass. Asleep? asleep, sir! [sir.

Gron. Is your lordship troubled?

You will not to the king?

Bass. Your humblest vassal.

Gron. Your servant, my good lord.

Bass. I wait your footsteps. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Gardens of the Palace. A Grove.

Enter PROPHILUS and PENTHEA.

Pro. In this walk, lady, will your brother find you;

And, with your favour, give me leave a little
To work a preparation: in his fashion

I have observ'd of late some kind of slackness
To such alacrity as nature [once]

And custom took delight in; sadness grows
Upon his recreations, which he hoards

In such a willing silence, that to question
The grounds will argue [little] skill in friendship,
And less good manners.

Pen. Sir, I am not inquisitive

Of secreties, without an invitation.

Pro. With pardon, lady, not a syllable
Of mine implies so rude a sense; the drift—

Enter GRONFAN, as before.

Do thy best [To *Pro.*

To make this lady merry for an hour.

Org. Your will shall be a law, sir. [*Exit Pro.*

Pen. Prithee, leave me,

I have some private thoughts I would account with;
Use thou thine own.

Org. Speak on, fair nymph. our souls
Can dance as well to music of the spheres,

As any's who have feasted with the gods.

Pen. Your school-terms are too troublesome.

Org. What heaven

Refines mortality from dross of earth,
But such as uncompounded beauty hallows
With glorified perfection!

Pen. Set thy wits

In a less wild proportion.

Org. Time can never

On the white table of ungilty faith
Write counterfeit dishonour; turn those eyes
(The arrows of pure love) upon that fire,
Which once rose to a flame, perfum'd with vows,
As sweetly scented as the incense smoking
On Vesta's altars, * * * * *
* * * * * the holiest odours, virgin's tears,
* * * * * sprinkled, like dews, to feed them
And to increase their fervour.

Pen. Be not frantic.

Org. All pleasures are but mere imagination,
Feeding the hungry appetite with steam,
And sight of banquet, whilst the body pines,
Not relishing the real taste of food:
Such is the leanness of a heart, divided
From intercourse of troth-contracted loves;

No horror should deface that precious figure
Seal'd with the lively stamp of equal souls.

Pen. Away! some fury hath bewitch'd thy
tongue:

The breath of ignorance that flies from thence,
Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions,
Above all sufferance.—'Thing of talk, begone,
Begone, without reply!

Org. Be just, Penthea.

In thy commands; when thou send'st forth a doom
Of banishment, know first on whom it lights.
Thus I take off the shroud, in which my cares
Are folded up from view of common eyes.

[Throws off his scholar's dress.]

What is thy sentence next?

Pen. Rash man! thou lay'st

A blemish on mine honour, with the hazard
Of thy too desperate life; yet I profess,
By all the laws of ceremonious wedlock,
• I have not given admittance to one thought
Of female change, since cruelly enforced
Divorce betwixt my body and my heart.
Why would you fall from goodness thus?

Org. O, rather

Examine me, how I could live to say
I have been much, much wrong'd. 'Tis for thy sake
I put on this imposture: dear Penthea,
If thy soft bosom be not turn'd to marble,
Thou'lt pity our calamities; my interest
Confirms me, thou art mine still.

Pen. Lend your hand;

With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,
Thus kneel before ye. *[PEN. kneels.]*

Org. You instruct my duty. *[ORG. kneels.]*

Pen. We may stand up. *(They rise.)* Have
you ought else to urge

Of new demand: as for the old, forget it;

'Tis buried in an everlasting silence.

And shall be, shall be ever: what more would
you?

Org. I would possess my wife; the equity
Of very reason bids me.

Pen. Is that all?

Org. Why, 'tis the all of me, myself.

Pen. Remove

Your steps some distance from me; at this pace
A few words I dare change; but first put on
Your borrow'd shape.

Org. You are obey'd; 'tis done.

[He resumes his disguise]

Pen. How, Orgilus, by promise. I was thine,
The heavens do witness; they can witness too
A rape done on my truth: how I do love thee
Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear
In tendering thy freedom; for I find
The constant preservation of thy merit,
By thy not daring to attempt my fame
With injury of any loose conceit,
Which might give deeper wounds to discontents.
Continue this fair race; then, though I cannot
Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
And pity mine own ruin. Live, live happy,
Happy in thy next choice, that thou may'st people
This barren age with virtues in thy issue!
And, oh, when thou art married, think on me
With mercy, not contempt; I hope thy wife,
Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall.—
Now let us part.

Org. Part! yet advise thee better:

Penthea is the wife to Orgilus,
And ever shall be.

Pen. Never shall, nor will.

Org. How!

Pen. Hear me; in a word I'll tell thee why.
The virgin-dowry which my birth bestow'd,
Is ravish'd by another; my true love
Abhors to think, that Orgilus deaer'd
No better favours than a second bed.

Org. I must not take this reason.

Pen. To confirm it;

Should I outlive my bondage, let me meet
Another worse than this, and less desired,
If, of all men alive, thou should'st but touch
My lip, or hand again!

Org. Penthea, now

I tell you, you grow wanton in my sufferance;
Come, sweet, thou art mine.

Pen. Uncivil sir, forbear,

Or I can turn affection into vengeance:

Your reputation, if you value any,
Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man,
If ever henceforth thou appear in language,
Message, or letter, to betray my frailty,
I'll call thy former protestations lust.
And curse my stars for forfeit of my judgment.
Go thou, fit only for disguise, and walks,
To hide thy shame; this once I spare thy life.
I laugh at mine own confidence; my sorrows
By thee are made inferior to my fortunes.

If ever thou didst harbour worthy love,
Dare not to answer. My good Genius guide me,
That I may never see thee more!—Go from me!

Org. I'll tear my veil of politic French off,
And stand up like a man resolv'd to do:—
Action, not words, shall shew me.—Oh Penthea!

[Exit.]

Pen. He sigh'd my name sure, as he parted
from me;

I fear I was too rough. Alas, poor gentleman!
He look'd not like the ruins of his youth,
But like the ruins of those ruins. Honour,
How much we fight with weakness to preserve thee!
[Walks aside.]

Enter BASSANUS and GRAUIN.

Bass. Fie on thee! damn thee, rotten maggot,
damn thee! *[vulsions,*
Sleep, sleep at court? and now? Aches, con-
Imposthumes, rheums, gouts, palsies, clog thy
A dozen years more yet! *[bones]*

Grau. Now you are in humours.

Bass. She's by herself, there's hope of that;
she's sad too;

She's in strong contemplation; yes, and fix'd:
The signs are wholesome.

Grau. Very wholesome, truly.

Bass. Hold your chops, nightmare!—Lady,
come; your brother

Is carried to his closet; you must thither.

Pen. Not well, my lord?

Bass. A sudden fit, 'twill off;
Some surfeit of disorder.—How dost, dearest?

Pen. Your news is none o' th' best.

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. The chief of men,
The excellentest Ithocles, desires
Your presence, madam.

Bass. We are hasting to him.

Pen. In vain we labour in this course of life

To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath ; our home is in the grave.

Bass. Perfect philosophy !

Pen. Then let us care

To live so, that our reckonings may fall even,
When we're to make account.

Pro. He cannot fear

Who builds on noble grounds : sickness or pain
Is the deserver's exercise ; and such
Your virtuous brother to the world is known.
Speak comfort to him, lady, be all gentle ;
Stars fall but in the grossness of our sight,
A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Study of TECNICUS.*

Enter TECNICUS, and ORGILUS in his usual Dress.

Tec. Be well advised ; let not a resolution
Of giddy rashness choke the breath of reason ;

Org. It shall not, most sage master.

Tec. I am jealous ;

For if the borrow'd shape so late put on,
Infer'd a consequence, we must conclude
Some violent design of sudden nature
Hath shook that shadow off, to fly upon
A new-hatch'd execution. *Orgilus,*
Take heed thou hast not, under our integrity,
Shrowded unlawful plots ; our mortal eyes
Pierce not the secrets of your heart, the gods
Are only privy to them.

Org. Learned *Tecnicus,*
Such doubts are causeless ; and, to clear the truth
From misconceit, — the present state commands
me.

The prince of Argos comes himself in person
In quest of great Calantha for his bride,
Our kingdom's heir ; besides, mine only sister,
Euphranea, is disposed to *Prophilus* ;
Lastly, the king is sending letters for me
To Athens, for my quick repair to court ;
Please to accept these reasons.

Tec. Just ones, *Orgilus,*
Not to be contradicted ; yet, beware
Of an unsure foundation ; no fair colours
Can fortify a building faintly jointed.
I have observ'd a growth in thy aspect
Of dangerous extent, sudden, and—look to't—
I might add, certain—

Org. My aspect ! could art
Run through mine inmost thoughts, it should not
sift

An inclination there, more than what suited
With justice of mine honour.

Tec. I believe it.

But know then, *Orgilus,* what honour is :
Honour consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave ;
Such honour comes by accident, not nature,
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk : but real honour
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired
By justice, or by valour which, for bases,
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
In honour, who, for lucre or revenge,
Commits thefts, murder, treasons, and adulteries,
With such like, by intrinching on just laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserv'd by Justice.
Thus, as you see how honour must be grounded
On knowledge, not opinion, (for opinion
Relies on probability and accident,

But knowledge on necessity and truth,) I leave thee to the fit consideration
Of what becomes the grace of real honour,
Wishing success to all thy virtuous meanings.

Org. The gods increase thy wisdom, reverend
oracle,

And in thy precepts make me ever thrifty ! [*Exit.*]

Tec. I thank thy wish.—Much mystery of fate
Lies hid in that man's fortunes ; curiosity
May lead his actions into rare attempts :—
But let the gods be moderators still ;
No human power can prevent their will.

Enter ARMOSTES, with a Casket.

From whence come you ?

Arm. From king Amyclas,—pardon
My interruption of your studies.—Here,
In this seal'd box, he sends a treasure [to you],
Dear to him as his crown ; he plays your gravity,
You would examine, ponder, sift, and bolt
The pith and circumstance of every title
The scroll within contains.

Tec. What is't, *Armotes* ?

Arm. It is the health of Sparta, the king's life,
Sinews and safety of the commonwealth ;
The sum of what the Oracle delivered,
When last he visited the prophetic temple
At Delphos : what his reasons are, for which,
After so long a silence, he requires
Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty
Will soon himself acquaint you with.

Tec. Apollo [*He takes the casket.*]
Inspire my intellect !—The prince of Argos
Is entertain'd ?

Arm. He is ; and has demanded
Our princess for his wife ; which I conceive
One special cause the king importunes you
For resolution of the oracle.

Tec. My duty to the king, good peace to Sparta,
And fair day to *Armotes* !

Arm. Like to *Tecnicus.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in ITHOCLES' House.*

Soft Music.—*A Song within, during which PROPHILUS, BASSANES, PENTHEA, and GRAUBUS pass over the Stage. BASSANES and GRAUBUS re-enter softly, and listen in different places.*

SONG.

Can you paint a thought ? or number
Every fancy in a slumber ?
Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving ?
Can you grasp a sigh ? or, lastly,
Rob a virgin's honour chastly ?

No, oh no ! yet you may
 Sooner do both that and this,
 This and that, and never miss,
 Than by any praise display
 Beauty's beauty ; such a glory,
 As beyond all fate, all story,
 All arms, all arts,
 All loves, all hearts,
 Greater than those, or they,
 Do, shall, and must obey.

Bass. All silent, calm, secure.—Graisus, no
 No noise ; dost [thou] hear nothing ? [creaking,
Grau. Not a mouse,
 Or whisper of the wind.

Bass. The floor is matted ;
 The bed-posts sure are steel or marble.—Soldiers
 Should not affect, methinks, strains so effeminate ;
 Sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings
 Upon the sloth of luxury, they heighten
 Cinders of covert lust up to a flame.

Grau. What do you mean, my lord?—spea
 low ; that gubbling
 Of your's will but undo us.

Bass. Chamber-combats
 Are felt, not heard.

Pro. [within] He wakes.

Bass. What's that?

Ith. [within] Who's there?
 Sister?—All quit the room else.

Bass. 'Tis consented!

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. Lord Bassanes, your brother would be
 private,
 We must forbear ; his sleep hath newly left him.
 Please you, withdraw!

Bass. By any means ; 'tis fit.

Pro. Pray, gentlemanian, walk too.

Grau. Yes, I will, sir. [Exit.

*The Scene opens ; IRMOCLEIS discovered in a Chair, and
 PENTHEA beside him.*

Ith. Sit nearer, sister, to me ; nearer yet :
 We had one father, in one womb took life,
 Were brought up twins together, yet have liv'd
 At distance, like two strangers ; I could wish
 That the first pillow whereon I was cradled,
 Had prov'd to me a grave.

Pen. You had been happy :
 Then had you never known that sin of life,
 Which blots all following glories with a vengeance,
 For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
 From whom you had your being.

Ith. Sad Penthea,
 Thou canst not be too cruel ; my rash spleen
 Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy bosom
 A love-blest heart, to grind it into dust ;
 For which mine's now a-breaking.

Pen. Not yet, heaven,
 I do beseech thee ! first, let some wild fires
 Scorch, not consume it ! may the heat be cherish'd
 With desires infinite, but hopes impossible !

Ith. Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.

Pen. Here, lo, I breathe,
 A miserable creature, led to ruin
 By an unnatural brother !

Ith. I consume
 In languishing affections for that trespass ;
 Yet cannot die.

Pen. The handmaid to the wages
 Of country toil, drinks the untroubled streams

With leaping kids, and with the bleating lambs,
 And so allays her thirst secure ; whilst I
 Quench my hot sighs with feelings of my tears.

Ith. The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,
 Earn'd with his sweat, and lays him down to sleep ;
 While every bit I touch turns in digestion
 To gall, as bitter as Penthea's curse.
 Put me to any penance for my tyranny ;
 And I will call thee merciful.

Pen. Pray kill me,
 Rid me from living with a jealous husband ;
 Then we will join in friendship, be again
 Brother and sister.—Kill me, pray ; nay, will you ?

Ith. How does thy lord esteem thee ?

Pen. Such an one
 As only you have made me ; a faith-breaker,
 A spotted whore ;—forgive me, I am one—
 In act, not in desires, the gods must witness.

Ith. Thou dost bely thy friend.

Pen. I do not, Ithothes ;
 For she that's wife to Orgilus, and lives
 In known adultery with Bassanes,
 Is, at the best, a whore. Wilt kill me now ?

The ashes of our parents will assume
 Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge
 Thy bloody guilt, that has betray'd their name
 To infamy, in this reproachful match.

Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
 I meet despair ; ingratitude of nature
 Hath made my actions monstrous : thou shalt stand
 A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd
 For thy resolved martyrdom ; wrong'd maids
 And married wives shall to thy hallow'd shrine
 Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
 Pure turtles, crown'd with myrtle ; if thy pity
 Unto a yielding brother's pressure, lend
 One finger but to ease it.

Pen. Oh, no more !

Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks,
 And free me from this chaos of my bondage ;
 And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.

Pen. Who is the saint you serve ?

Ith. Friendship, or [nearness]
 Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
 Have mov'd this question ; 'tis a secret, sister,
 I dare not murmur to myself.

Pen. Let me,
 By your new protestations I conjure you,
 Partake her name.

Ith. Her name ?—tis,—'tis—I dare not.

Pen. All your respects are forged.

Ith. They are not.—Pence !

Calantha is—the princess—the king's daughter—
 Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable !
 Do I now love thee ? for my injuries
 Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
 My treasons to the king's ears, do ;—Calantha
 Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest.

Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, would
 it not

Split even your very soul to see her father
 Snatch her out of your arms against her will,
 And force her on the prince of Argos ?

Ith. Trouble not

The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story ;
 I sweat in blood for't.

Pen. We are reconciled.

Alas, sir, being children, but two branches
 Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide ;
 Have comfort, you may find it.

Ith. Yes, in thee;
Only in thee, Penthea mine.

Pen. If sorrows
Have not too much dull'd my infected brain,
I'll cheer invention, for an active strain.

Ith. Mad man!—Why have I wrong'd a maid
so excellent?

*BASSANES rushes in with a poniard, followed by PRO-
PHILUS, GRONKAS, HEMOPHIL, and GRAUSIS.*

Bass. I can forbear no longer; more, I will not:
Keep off your hands, or fall upon my point.—
Patience is tired,—for, like a slow-paced ass,
You ride my easy nature, and proclaim
My sloth to vengeance a reproach, and property.

Ith. The meaning of this rudeness?

Pro. He's distracted.

Pen. Oh, my griev'd lord.

Grau. Sweet lady, come not near him:
He holds his perilous weapon in his hand
To prick he cares not whom, nor where,—see,
see, see!

Bass. My birth is noble: though the popular
Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth, [blast
Hath rear'd thy name up to bestride a cloud,
Or progress in the chaot of the sun;
I am no clod of trade, to lackey pride,
Nor, like your slave of expectation, wait
The bawdy hinges of your doors, or whistle
For mystical conveyance to your bed-sports.

Gron. Fine humours! they become him.

Hem. How he stares,
Struts, puffs, and sweats! most admirable lunacy!

Ith. But that I may conceive the spirit of wine
Has took possession of your soberer custom,
I'd say you were unmanly.

Pen. Dear brother!

Bass. Unmanly!—mow, kitting!—smooth
formality

Is usher to the rankness of the blood,
But impudence bears up the train. Indeed, sir,
Your fiery metal, or your springal blaze
Of huge renown, is no sufficient royalty
To print upon my forehead the scorn, "cuckold."

Ith. His jealousy hath robb'd him of his wits;
He talks he knows not what.

Bass. Yes, and he knows
To whom he talks; to one that franks his lust
In swine-security of bestial incest.

Ith. Ha, devil!

Bass. I will halloo't; though I blush more
To name the filthiness, than thou to act it.

Ith. Monster! [*Draws his sword.*]

Pro. Sir, by our friendship—

Pen. By our bloods!
Will you quite both undo us, brother?

Grau. Out on him!

These are his megrims, firks, and melancholies.

Hem. Well said, old touch-hole.

Gron. Kick him out at doors.

Pen. With favour, let me speak.—My lord,
what slackness

In my obedience hath deserv'd this rage?
Except humility and silent duty
Hath drawn on your unquiet, my simplicity
Ne'er studied your vexation.

Bass. Light of beauty,

Deaf not urgently with a desperate wound!
No breach of reason dares make war with her
Whose looks are sovereignty, whose breath is balm:

Oh, that I could preserve thee in fruition
As in devotion!

Pen. Sir, may every evil,
Lock'd in Pandora's box, show'r, in your presence,
On my unhappy head, if, since you made me
A partner in your bed, I have been faulty
In one unseemly thought, against your honour.

Ith. Purge not his griefs, Penthea.

Bass. Yes, say on,
Excellent creature!—Good, be not a hinderance
To peace, and praise of virtue, [*to ITH.*—Oh, my
senses

Are charm'd with sounds celestial.—On, dear, on:
I never gave you one ill word; say, did I?
Indeed I did not.

Pen. Nor, by Jāno's forehead,
Was I e'er guilty of a wanton error.

Bass. A goddess! let me kneel.

Grau. Alas, kind animal!

Ith. No; but for penance.

Bass. Noble sir, what is it?

With gladness I embrace it; yet, pray let not
My rashness teach you to be too unmerciful.

Ith. When you shall shew good proof, that
manly wisdom,

Not overway'd by passion or opinion,
Knows how to lead [your] judgment, then this lady,
Your wife, my sister, shall return in safety
Home, to be guided by you; but, till first
I can, out of clear evidence, approve it,
She shall be my care.

Bass. Rip my bosom up,
I'll stand the execution with a constancy;
This torture is insufferable.

Ith. Well, sir,

I dare not trust her to your fury.

Bass. But

Penthea says not so.

Pen. She needs no tongue

To plead excuse, who never purposed wrong.

[*Exit with ITH. and PRO.*]

Hem. Virgin of reverence and antiquity,
Stay you behind. [*To GRAU, who is followed by PEN.*]

Gron. The court wants not your diligence.

[*Exeunt HEM. and GRON.*]
Grau. What will you do, my lord? my lady's
I am denied to follow. [*gone;*]

Bass. I may see her,
Or speak to her once more?

Grau. And feel her too, man;

Be of good cheer, she's your own flesh and bone.

Bass. Diseases desperate must find cures alike;
She swore she has been true.

Grau. True, on my modesty.

Bass. Let him want truth who credits not her
vows!

Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite;
Rumour will voice me the contempt of manhood,
Should I run on thus; some way I must try
To outdo art, and jealousy decry. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter AMYCLES, NEARCHUS leading CALANTHA,
ARMOSTER, CRYTOLON, EUPHRASIA, CHRISTALLA, PHI-
LINA, and AMELUS.

Amyc. Cousin of Argos, what the heavens have
In their unchanging counsels, to conclude [pleas'd,
For both our kingdoms' weal, we must submit to:

Nor can we be unthankful to their bounties,
Who, when we were ev'n creeping to our graves,
Sent us a daughter, in whose birth, our hope
Continues of succession. As you are
In title next, being grandchild to our aunt,
So we in heart desire you may sit nearest
Calantha's love; since we have ever vow'd
Not to enforce affection by our will,
But by her own choice to confirm it gladly.

Near. You speak the nature of a right just
I come not hither roughly to demand [father.
My cousin's thralldom, but to free mine own :
Report of great Calantha's beauty, virtue,
Sweetness and singular perfections, courted
All ears to credit what I find was publish'd
By constant truth; from which; if any service
Of my desert can purchase fair construction,
This lady must command it.

Cal. Princely sir,
So well you know how to profess observance,
That you instruct your hearers to become
Practitioners in duty; of which number
I'll study to be chief.

Near. Chief, glorious virgin,
In my devotion, as in all men's wonder.

Amyc. Excellent cousin, we deny no liberty :
Use thine own opportunities. — *Armotes,*
We must consult with the philosophers ;
The business is of weight.

Arm. Sir, at your pleasure.

Amyc. You told me, Crotolon, your son's re-
turn'd

From Athens; wherefore comes he not to court,
As we commanded?

Crot. He shall soon attend
Your royal will, great sir.

Amyc. The marriage
Between young Prophilus and Euphranea,
Tastes of too much delay.

Crot. My lord—

Amyc. Some pleasures
At celebration of it, would give life
To the entertainment of the prince our kinsman ;
Our court wears gravity more than we relish.

Arm. Yet the heavens smile on all your high at-
Without a cloud. [tempts,

Crot. So may the gods protect us !

Cal. A prince, a subject ?

Near. Yes, to beauty's sceptre ;
As all hearts kneel, so mine.

Cal. You are too courtly.

Enter ITHOCLUS, ORGILUS, and PROPHILUS.

Ith. Your safe return to Sparta is most welcome :
I joy to meet you here, and, as occasion
Shall grant us privacy, will yield you reasons
Why I should covet to deserve the title
Of your respected friend ; for, without compliment,
Believe it, Orgilus, 'tis my ambition.

Org. Your lordship may command me, your
poor servant.

Ith. So amorously close !—so soon,—my heart !
[Aside.

Pro. What sudden change is next ?

Ith. Life to the king !

To whom I here present this noble gentleman,
New come from Athens ; royal sir, vouchsafe
Your gracious hand in favour of his merit.

[The King gives Org. his hand to kiss.

Crot. My son prefer'd by Ithocles ! [Aside.

Amyc. Our bounties

Shall open to thee, Orgilus ; for instance,
(Hark, in thine ear)—if, out of those inventions,
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there engrossed
Some rarity of wit, to grace the nuptials
Of thy fair sister, and renown our court.
In th' eyes of this young prince, we shall be debtor
To thy conceit : think on't.

Org. Your highness honours me.

Near. My tongue and heart are twins.

Cal. A noble birth,

Becoming such a father.—Worthy Orgilus,
You are a guest most wish'd for.

Org. May my duty

Still rise in your opinion, sacred princess !

Ith. Euphranea's brother, sir ; a gentleman
Well worthy of your knowledge.

Near. We embrace him.

Proud of so dear acquaintance.

Amyc. All prepare

For revels and disport ; the joys of Hymen,
Like Phœbus in his lustre, put to flight

All mists of dulness ; crown the hours with glad-
ness :

No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth !

Cal. Thine arm, I prithee, Ithocles.—Nay, good
My lord, keep on your way, I am provided.

Near. I dare not disobey.

Ith. Most heavenly lady ! [Exeunt omnes.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the House of CROTOLON.

Enter CROTOLON and ORGILUS.

Crot. The king hath spoke his mind.

Org. His will be hath ;

But were it lawful to hold plea against
The power of greatness, not the reason, haply
Such undershrubs as subjects, sometimes might
Borrow of nature, justice, to inform
That licence sovereignty holds, without check,
Over a meek obedience.

Crot. How resolve you

Touching your sister's marriage ? Prophilus
Is a deserving and a hopeful youth.

Org. I envy not his merit, but applaud it ;
Could wish him thrift in all his best desires.
And, with a willingness, inleague our blood
With his, for purchase of full growth in friendship.
He never touch'd on any wrong that maliced
The honour of our house, nor stir'd our peace ;
Yet, with your favour, let us not forget
Under whose wing he gathers warmth and comfort,
Whose creature he is bound, made, and must
live so

Crot. Son, son, I find in thee a harsh condition,
No courtesy can win it ; 'tis too rancorous.

Org. Good sir, be not severe in your construc-
I am no stranger to such easy calms [tion ;
As sit in tender bosoms : lordly Ithocles
Hath graced my entertainment in abundance ;
Too humbly hath descended from that height
Of arrogance and spleen which wrought the rape
On griev'd Penthea's purity ; his scorn
Of my untoward fortunes is reclaim'd
Unto a courtship, almost to a fawning :—
I'll kiss his foot, since you will have it so.

Crot. Since I will have it so ! friend, I will have
it so,

Without our ruin by your politic plots,

Of wolf of hatred snarling in your breast.
You have a spirit, sir, have you? a familiar
That posts i' th' air for your intelligence?
Some such hobgoblin hurried you from Athens,
For yet you come unsent for.

Org. *M* unwelcome,
I might have found a grave there.

Crot. Sure your business
Was soon dispatch'd, or your mind alter'd quickly.

Org. 'Twas care, sir, of my health, cut short
my journey;

For there, a general infection
Threatens a desolation.

Crot. And I fear
Thou hast brought back a worse infection with
thee,

Infection of thy mind; which, as thou say'st,
Threatens the desolation of our family.

Org. Forbid it, our dear Genius! I will rather
Be made a sacrifice on Thrasus' monument,
Or kneel to Ithocles his son in dust.

Than woo a father's curse: my sister's marriage
With Prophilus is from my heart confirm'd;
May I live hated, may I die despised,
If I omit to further it in all
That can concern me.

Crot. I have been too rough.
My duty to my king made me so earnest;
Excuse it, Orgilus.

Org. Dear sir!

*Enter PROPHILUS, EUPHRANEA, ITHOCLES, GRONAS, and
HEMOPHIL.*

Crot. Here comes
Euphranea, with Prophilus and Ithocles.

Org. Most honour'd!—ever famous!

Ith. Your true friend;
On earth not any truer.—With smooth eyes
Look on this worthy couple; your consent
Can only make them one.

Org. They have it—Sister,
Thou pawn'd'st to me an oath, of which engagement
I never will release thee, if thou aim'st
At any other choice than this.

Euph. Dear brother,
At him, or none.

Crot. To which my blessing's added.

Org. Which, till a greater ceremony perfect,—
Euphranea, lend thy hand;—here, take her, Pro-
philus,

Live long a happy man and wife; and further,
That these in presence may conclude an omen,
Thus for a bridal song I close my wishes:

Comforts lasting, loves increasing,
Like soft hours never ceasing;
Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
Without jars, or tongues envying;
Hearts by holy union wedded,
More than their's by custom bedded;
Fruitful issues; life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced;
Budding, as the year ensueth,
Every spring another youth:
All what thought can add beside,
Crown this Bridegroom and this Bride!

Pro. You have seal'd joy close to my soul.—
Euphranea,
Now I may call thee mine.

Ith. I but exchange
One good friend for another.

Org. If these gallants
Will please to grace a poor invention
By joining with me in some slight device,
I'll venture on a strain my younger days
Have studied for delight.

Item. With thankful willingness
I offer my attendance.

Gron. No endeavour
Of mine shall fail to shew itself.

Ith. We will
All join to wait on thy directions, Orgilus.

Org. Oh, my good lord, your favours flow to-
wards

A too unworthy worm;—but, as you please,
I am what you will shape me.

Ith. A fast friend.

Crot. I thank thee, son, for this acknowledgment,
It is a sight of gladness.

Org. But my duty. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V.—CALANTHA'S Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CALANTHA, PENTHEA, CHRISTALLA, and PHILEMA.

Cal. Whoe'er would speak with us, deny his
Be careful of our charge. [*Entrance;*]

Chris. We shall, madam.

Cal. Except the king himself, give none admit-
Not any. [*tance;*]

Phil. Madam, it shall be our care.

[*Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.*]

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have, granted,
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

Pen. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death
for:

My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying; on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweeten'd in the mixture,
But tragical in issue: beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
When any troubled passion makes assault
On the unguarded castle of the mind.

Cal. Contemn not your condition, for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?

Pen. To place before you
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.—
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak; I enjoy it.

Pen. Vouchsafè, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on you, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially ;
I have not much to give, the pains are easy ;
Heav'n will reward your piety, and thank it
When I am dead ; for sure I must not live ;
I hope I cannot.

Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much woman. [*Weeps.*]

Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion. [*Aside.*—Then I have assur-
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper [ance
My will was character'd ; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, prithee ;
It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My Youth ; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that ?

Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires ; but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than ranging of their blood : and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage ;
May those be ever young !

Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with ?

Pen. 'Tis my Fame ; I trust,
By scandal yet untouch'd : this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fall'n to dust, may it deserve
Beseeching charity without dishonour !

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harm-
less sport
Of mere imagination ! speak the last ;
I strangely like thy Will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me ; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long ago since first I lost my heart :
Long have I liv'd without it, else for certain
I should have given that too ; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vow'd,

I do bequeath, in holiest rites of love,
Mine only brother, Ithocles.

Cal. What said'st thou ?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect, as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it :
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity ;
How like the ghost of what he late appear'd,
He moves before you !

Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly ?

Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorched by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption ; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service :
Yet this lost creature loves you.—Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood ; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change
Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure ?

Pen. I must leave the world
To revel [in] Elysium, and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here ;
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit : but if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind ; oh, most unkind !

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are you ?—
Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

Enter CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.

Both. Madam, here.

Cal. I think you sleep, you drones : wait on
Penthea
Unto her lodging.—Ithocles ? wrong'd lady !

Pen. My reckonings are made even ; death or
fate

Can now nor strike too soon, nor force too late.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Palace. ITHOCLES' Apartment.*

Enter ITHOCLES and ARMOSTRA.

Ith. Forbear your inquisition ; curiosity
Is of too subtle and too searching nature :
In fears of love too quick ; too slow of credit.—
I am not what you doubt me.

Arm. Nephew, be then
As I would wish ;—all is not right.—Good Heaven
Confirm your resolutions for dependance
On worthy ends, which may advance your quiet !

Ith. I did the noble Orgilus much injury,
But grieved Penthea more ; I now repent it,

Now, uncle, now ; this Now is now too late.
So provident is folly in sad issue,
That afterwit, like bankrupt's debts, stands tallied,
Without all possibilities of payment.
Sure he's an honest, very honest gentleman ;
A man of single meaning.

Arm. I believe it :
Yet, nephew, 'tis the tongue informs our ears ;
Our eyes can never pierce into the thoughts,
For they are lodged too inward :—but I question
No truth in Orgilus.—The princess, sir.

Ith. The princess ? ha !

Arm. With her the prince of Argos.

Enter NEARCHUS leading CALANTHA AMELUS, CHRISTALIA, PHILENA

Near Great fair one, grace my hopes with any instance

Of livery, from the allowance of your favour,
This little spark —

[*It is my task to take a star from his finger*]

Cal A toy!

Near Love feasts on toys,
For Cupid is a child,—vouchsafe this bounty
It cannot be denied

Cal You shall not value,

Sweet cousin, at a price, what I count cheap,
So cheap, that let him take it, who does stoop for it,
And give it at next meeting, to a mistress
She'll thank him for it, perhaps

[*It is the ring before him*]

Ami The ring, sir, is

The princess's—I could have took it up

Ith I earn manners, prithet To the blessed
Upon my knees—

[*Kneels and kisses CALANTHA*]

Near You are saucy

Cal This is pretty!

I am, belike, "a mistress"—won't you be pretty
Let the man keep his fortune since he found it,
He's worthy on't—On cousin!

[*Exit NEARCHUS CALANTHA CHRISTALIA*]

Ith (to AME) I follow you

I'll force you to a fawning else

Ami You dare not

[*Exit*]

Arm My lord, you were too forward

Ith Look ye, uncle,

Some such there are, whose liberal contents
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty
Who, after full repasts, can lay them down
To sleep, and they sleep, unck in which silence
Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleasures,
Pleasures (observe me, unck) of rare object
Here heaps of gold, their monuments of honours
Now change of garments then the votes of people,
Anon varieties of beauties, counting,
In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance,
Yet these are still but dreams Give me felicity
Of which my senses waking are partakers
A real, visible, material happiness,
And then, too, when I stagger in expectation
Of the least comfort that can cherish life—
I saw it, sir, I saw it, for it came
From her own hand

Arm The princess threw it to you

Ith True, and she said—well I remember
Her cousin prince would beg it [what—]

Ami Yes, and parted

In anger at your taking on't

Ith Penitence,

Oh, thou hast pleaded with a powerful language!

I want a fee to gratify thy merit,

But I will do—

Arm What is't you say?

Ith In anger?

In anger let him part, for could his breath,

Like whirlwinds, toss such servile slaves, as lick

Thy dust his footsteps print, into a vapour,

It durst not stir a hair of mine, it should not,

I'd rend it up by th' roots first To be anything

Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing

secret than a petty prince of Argos

to equal, or in worth or title

to maintain yourself, my lord, I mean, aiming

To embrace Juno, bosom'd but a cloud,
And begat Centaurs, 'tis an useful moral
Ambition, hatch'd in clouds of men's opinion,
Proves, but in birth a prodigy

Ith I thank you,

Yet, with your license, I should seem uncharitable
To gentler fate, it relishing the dainties
Of a soul's settled peace, I were so feeble
Not to digest it

Ami He deserves small trust,

Who is not privy-counsellor to himself

Re-enter NEARCHUS ORGIUS and AMELUS

Near Brave me?

Org Your excellence mistakes his temper,
For Ithocles, in fashion of his mind,
Is beautiful, soft, gentle the clear mirror
Of absolute perfection!

Ami Was't your modesty

Term'd any of the prince's servants "spaniel"?

Your nurse sure taught you other language

Ith I language!

Near A gallant man at arms is here a doctor
In feats of chivalry blunt and rough spoken,
Vouchsafing not the fustian of civility
Which [less] rash spirits stile good manners

Ith Manners?

Org No more, illustrious sir tis matchless
Ithocles

Near You might have understood who I am

Ith Yes

I did—else—but the presence calm'd the affront—
You are equine to the princess

Near To the king too,

A certain instrument that lent supportance
To your Colossus greatness—to that king too
You might have added

Ith There is more divinity

In beauty than in majesty

Ami O yes, yes!

Near This odd youth's pride turns heretic in
loyalty

Sirrah! low mushrooms never rival cedars

[*Exit NEARCHUS and AMELUS*]

Ith Come back—what pitiful dull thing am I

So to be thus scolded at! come back—

Let him come back, and echo once again

That scornful sound of mushroom! painted colts
(Like heralds' coats gilt o'er with crowns and
sceptics)

May but a muzzled lion

Arm Cousin cousin,

Thy tongue is not thy friend.

Org. In point of honour,

Discretion knows no bounds Amelus told me

'Twas all about a little ring

Ith A ring

The princess threw away, and I took up—

Admit she threw't to me, what arm of brass

Can snatch it hence? No, could he grind the hoop

To powder, he might sooner reach my heart,

Than steal and wear one dust on't—Orgilus,

I am extremely wrong'd.

Org. A lady's favour

Is not to be so slighted.

Ith. Slighted!

Arm. Quiet

These vain unruly passions, which will render you

Into a madness

Org Griefs will have their vent

Enter Tegyrius, with a scroll.

Arm. Welcome! thou com'st in season, reverend
To pour the balsam of a suppling patience [man,
Into the festering wound of ill-spent fury.

Org. What makes he here? [Aside.

Tec. The hurts are yet but mortal,
Which shortly will prove deadly. To the king,
Armotes, see in safety thou deliver
This seal'd-up counsel; bid him with a constancy
Peruse the secrets of the Gods.—O Sparta,
O Lacedemon! double named, but one
In fate!—when kingdoms reel, (mark well my saw)
Their heads must needs be giddy: tell the king,
That henceforth he no more must inquire after
My aged head; Apollo wills it so:
I am for Delphos.

Arm. Not without some conference
With our great master?

Tec. Never more to see him;
A greater prince commands me.—Ithocles,
When Youth is ripe, and Age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wet the Broken Heart.

Ith. What's this, if understood?

Tec. List, Orgilus;
Remember what I told thee long before,
These tears shall be my witness.

Arm. 'Tis, good man!

Tec. [Aside to Org.] Let craft with courtesy a
while confer,

Revenge proves its own executioner.

Org. Dark sentences are for Apollo's priests;
I am not Oedipus.

Tec. My hour is come;
Cheer up the king; farewell to all.—O Sparta,
O Lacedemon [Exit.

Arm. If prophetic fire
Have warn'd this old man's bosom, we might con-
His words to fatal sense. [true

Ith. Leave to the powers
Above us, the effects of their decrees;
My burthen lies within me: servile fears
Prevent no great effects.—Divine Calantha!

Arm. The gods be still propitious.
[Exit ITHOCLES and ARMOTES.

Org. Something oddly
The book-man prated, yet he talk'd it weeping;
Let craft with courtesy a while confer,
Revenge proves its own executioner.

Can it again;—for what? It shall not puzzle me;
'Tis dotage of a withered brain.—Penthea
Forbade me not her presence; I may see her,
And gaze my fill. Why see her then I may.
When, if I faint to speak—I must be silent. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in BASSANES' House.

Enter BASSANES, GRACIUS, and PHULAS.

Bass. Pray, use your recreations, all the service
I will expect is quietness amongst ye;
Take liberty at home, abroad, at all times,
And in your charities appease the gods
Whom I, with my distractions, have offended.

Grav. Fair blessings on thy heart!

Phu. Here's a rare change!

My lord, to cure the itch, is surely gelded;
The cuckold in conceit, hath cast his horns. [Aside.

Bass. Betake you to your several occupations;
And, wherein I have heretofore been faulty,

Let your constructions mildly pass it over;
Henceforth I'll study reformation,—more,
I have not for employment.

Grav. O, sweet man!

Thou art the very Honeycomb of Honesty.

Phu. The Garland of Good-will.—Old lady,
hold up

Thy reverend snout, and trot behind me softly,
As it becomes a mule of ancient carriage.

[Exit GRACIUS and PHULAS.

Bass. Beasts, only capable of sense, enjoy
The benefit of food and ease with thankfulness:
Such silly creatures, with a grudging, kick not
Against the portion nature hath bestow'd;
But men, endow'd with reason, and the use
Of reason, to distinguish from the chaff
Of abject scarcity, the quintessence,
Soul, and elixir of the earth's abundance,
The treasures of the sea, the air, nay heaven,
Repining at these glories of creation,
Are verier beasts than beasts; and of those beasts
The worst am I. I, who was made a monarch
Of what a heart could wish for, a chaste wife,
Endeavour'd, what in me lay, to pull down
That temple built for adoration only,
And level'd in the dust of causeless scandal:—
But, to redeem a sacrilege so impious,
Humility shall pour before the deities
I have incens'd, a largess of more patience
Than their displeased altars can require.
No tempests of commotion shall disquiet
The calms of my composure.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. I have found thee,
Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk
Of manhood, hoop'd about with ribs of iron,
Can cram within thy breast: Penthea, Bassanes,
Curs'd by thy jealousies, more, by thy dotage,
Is left a prey to words.

Bass. Exercise
Your trials for addition to my penance;
I am resolv'd.

Org. Play not with misery
Past cure: some angry minister of fate hath
Deposed the empress of her soul, her reason,
From its most proper throne; but—what's the
m'acle

More new, I, I have seen it, and yet live!

Bass. You may delude my senses, not my judg-
'Tis anchor'd in a firm resolution; [ment,
Dallance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it:
Practice yet further.

Org. May thy death of love to her,
Damn all thy comforts to a lasting fast
From every joy of life! thou barren rock,
By thee we have been split in ken of harbour.

*Enter PENTHEA, with her hair loose, ITHOCLES, PHILENA,
and CHRISTALLA.*

Ith. Sister, look up, your Ithocles, your brother
Speaks to you; why d'you weep! dear, turn
from me.—

Here is a killing sight; lo, Bassanes,
A lamentable object!

Org. Man, dost see it?

Sports are more gamesome; am I yet in mourning?
Why dost not laugh?

Bass. Divine and best of ladies,
Please to forget my outrage; mercy ever

Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent:

I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy
Which once appeared imposture, and then juggled
To cheat my sleeps of rest.

Org. Was I in earnest?

Pen. Sure, if we were all sirens, we should sing
pitifully,

And 'twere a comely music, when in parts
One sung another's knell; the turtle sighs
When he hath lost his mate; and yet some say
He must be dead first: 'tis a fine deceit
To pass away in a dream! indeed, I've slept
With mine eyes open, a great while. No falsehood
Equals a broken faith; there's not a hair
Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plummet,
It sinks me to the grave: I must creep thither;
The journey is not long.

Ith. But thou, Penthea,
Hast many years, I hope, to number yet,
Ere thou canst travel that way.

Bass. Let the sun first
Be wrapp'd up in an everlasting darkness,
Before the light of nature, chiefly form'd
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse
So universal!

Org. Wisdom, look ye,
Begins to rave!—art thou mad too, antiquity?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have been
Mother to many pretty prattling babes;
They would have smiled when I smiled; and, for
certain,

I should have cried when they cried:—truly, brother,

My father would have pick'd me out a husband,
And then my little ones had been no bastards;
But 'tis too late for me to marry now,
I am past child-bearing; 'tis not my fault.

Bass. Fall on me, if there be a burning Ætna,
And bury me in flames! sweats, hot as sulphur,
Boil through my pores:—affliction hath in store
No torture like to this.

Org. Behold a patience!

Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation,
Do something worth a chronicle; show justice
Upon the author of this mischief; dig out
The jealousies that hatch'd this thralldom first
With thine own poniard: every antick rapture
Can roar as thine does.

Ith. Orgilus, forbear.

Bass. Disturb him not; it is a talking motion
Provided for my torment. What a fool am I
To bawdy passion! ere I'll speak a word,
I will look on and burst.

Pen. I loved you once.

[To *Org.*]

Org. Thou didst, wrong'd creature: in despite
For it I'll love thee ever.

[Of malice,

Pen. Spare your hand;

Believe me, I'll not hurt it.

Org. My heart too.

Pen. Complain not though I wring it hard: I'll
kiss it;

Oh, 'tis a fine soft palm!—hark, in thine ear;
Like whom do I look, prithee!—nay, no whisper-
ing.

Goodness! we had been happy; too much happi-
ness

Will make folk proud, they say—but that is he—
[Pointing to *Orgilus*.]

And yet he paid for't home; alas! his heart
Is crept into the cabinet of the princess;

We shall have points and bride-laces. Remember,
When we last gather'd roses in the garden,
I found my wits; but truly you lost yours.
That's he, and still 'tis he. [Again pointing to *Ith.*]

Ith. Poor soul, how idly
Her fancies guide her tongue!

Bass. Keep in, vexation,
And break not into clamour.

[Aside]

Org. She has tutor'd me;
Some powerful inspiration checks my laziness:
Now let me kiss your hand, griev'd beauty.

Pen. Kiss it.—

Alack, alack, his lips be wonderous cold:
Dear soul, he has lost his colour: have you seen
A straying heart? all crannies! every drop
Of blood is turned to an amethyst,
Which married bachelors hang in their ears.

Org. Peace usher her into Elysium!

If this be madness, madness is an oracle. [Exit.]

Ith. Christalla, Philema, when slept my sister,
Her ravings are so wild?

Chris. Sir, not these ten days.

Phil. We watch by her continually; besides,
We can not any way pray her to eat.

Bass. Oh,—miserable miseries!

Pen. Take comfort,

You may live well, and die a good old man:

By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken,

If you had join'd our hands once in the temple,

('Twas since my father died, for had he lived
He would have done't,) I must have called you
father.—

Oh, my wreck'd honour! ruin'd by those tyrants,
A cruel brother, and a desperate dotage.

There is no peace left for a ravish'd wife

Widow'd by lawless marriage: to all memory,

Penthea's, poor Penthea's name is strumpeted;

But since her blood was season'd by the forfeit

Of noble shame, with mixtures of pollution, [en'd

Her blood—'tis just—be henceforth never height-

With taste of sustenance! starve; let that fullness

Whose pleurisy hath fever'd faith and modesty—

Forgive me; Oh! I faint.

[Falls into the arms of her attendants]

Arm. Be not so wilful,
Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction.

Ith. Nature

Will call her daughter, monster!—what! not eat?

Refuse the only ordinary means

Which are ordain'd for life? be not, my sister,

A murderess to thyself.—Hear'st thou this, Bas-
sanus?

Bass. Foh! I am busy; for I have not thoughts
Enough to think: all shall be well anon.

'Tis tumbling in my head; there is a mastery

In art, to fatten and keep smooth the outside;

Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits

Without the help of food, fumes or perfumes,—

Perfumes or fumes. Let her alone; I'll search out

The trick on't.

[Aside.]

Pen. Lead me gently; heavens reward ye.

Griefs are sure friends; they leave, without controul,

Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soul.

[Exit, supported by *Chris.* and *Pen.*]

Bass. I grant ye; and will put in practice in-
stantly

What you shall still admire: 'tis wonderful,

'Tis super-singular, not to be match'd;

Yet, when I've done't, I've done't:—ye shall all
thank me. [Exit.]

Arm. The sight is full of terror.

Ith. On my soul

Lies such an infinite clog of massy dullness,
As that I have not sense enough to feel it.—
See, uncle, the angry thing returns again,
Shall's welcome him with thunder? we are haunted,
And must use exorcism to conjure down
This spirit of malevolence.

Enter NEARCHUS and AMELUS.

Arm. Mildly, nephew.

Near. I come not, sir, to chide your late disorder;

Admitting that th' inurement to a roughness
In soldiers of your years and fortunes, chiefly,
So lately prosperous, hath not yet shook off
The custom of the war, in hours of leisure;
Nor shall you need excuse, since you're to render
Account to that fair excellence, the princess,
Who in her private gallery expects it
• From your own mouth alone: I am a messenger
But to her pleasure.

Ith. Excellent Nearchus,

Be prince still of my services, and conquer,
Without the combat of dispute; I honour you.

Near. The king is on a sudden indisposed,
Physicians are call'd for; 'twere fit, Armostes,
You should be near him.

Arm. Sir, I kiss your hands.

[Exeunt ITHOCLUS and ARMOSTES.]

Near. Amelus, I perceive Calantha's bosom
Is warm'd with other fires than such as can
Take strength from any fuel of the love
I might address to her; young Ithocles,
Or ever I mistake, is lord ascendant
Of her devotions; one, to speak him truly.
In every disposition nobly fashion'd.

Ame. But can your highness brook to be so rival'd,

Considering th' inequality of the persons?

Near. I can, Amelus; for affections, injured
By tyranny, or rigour of compulsion,
Like tempest-threaten'd trees unfirmly rooted,
Ne'er spring to timely growth: observe, for
instance,

Life-spent Penthea, and unhappy Orgilus.

Ame. How does your grace determine?

Near. To be jealous

In public, of what privately I'll further;

And, though they shall not know, yet they shall
find it. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter the KING, led by HEMOPHIL and GRONKAS, followed
by ARMOSTES, with a Box, CROTOLON, and PROPHILUS.
The KING is placed in a Chair.*

Amyc. Our daughter is not near?

Arm. She is retired, sir,
Into her gallery.

Amyc. Where's the prince our cousin?

Pro. New walk'd into the grove, my lord.

Amyc. All leave us

Except Armostes, and you, Crotolon;
We would be private.

Pro. Health unto your majesty.

[Exeunt PRO, HEM, and GRON.]

Amyc. What! Tecnicus is gone?

Arm. He is, to Delphos;

And to your royal hands presents this box.

Amyc. Unseal it, good Armostes; therein lie
The secrets of the oracle; out with it;

[AMYC. takes out the scroll.]

Apollo live our patron! Read, Armostes:

Arm. The plot in which the Vine takes root
Begins to dry from head to foot;
The stock, soon withering, want of sap
Doth cause to quail the budding grape;
But, from the neighbouring Elm, a dew
Shall drop, and feed the plot anew.

Amyc. That is the oracle; what exposition
Makes the philosopher?

Arm. This brief one, only.

The plot is Sparta, the dried Vine the king;
The quailing grape his daughter; but the thing
Of most importance, not to be reveal'd,
Is a near prince, the Elm: the rest conceal'd.

TECNICUS.

Amyc. Enough; although the opening of this
Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe *[riddle]*
How near our labouring age draws to a rest;
But must Calantha quail too? that young grape
Untimely budded! I could mourn for her;
Her tenderness hath yet deserv'd no rigour
So to be cross'd by fate.

Arm. You misapply, sir,
With favour let me speak it, what Apollo
Hath clouded in hid sense; I here conjecture
Her marriage with some neighbouring prince, the
dew

Of which befriending Elm shall ever strengthen
Your subjects with a sovereignty of power.

Crot. Besides, most gracious lord, the path of
Is to be then digested, when the events *[oracles]*
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to light
As utter'd; Truth is child of Time; and herein
I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort,
With unity of kingdoms.

Amyc. May it prove so,
For weal of this dear nation!—Where is Itho-
cles?

Armostes, Crotolon, when this wither'd Vine
Of my frail carcase, on the funeral pile,
Is fired into its ashes, let that young man
Be hedged about still with your cares and loves;
Much owe I to his worth, much to his service.—
Let such as wait come in now.

Arm. All attend here!

*Enter ITHOCLUS, CALANTHA, PROPHILUS, ORGILUS,
EUPHRANKA, HEMOPHIL and GRONKAS.*

Cal. Dear sir! king's father!

Ith. Oh, my royal master!

Amyc. Cleave not my heart, sweet twins of my
life's solace,

With your fore-judging fears there is no physis
So cunningly restorative to cherish
The fall of age, or call back youth and vigour,
As your consents in duty; I will shake off
This languishing disease of time, to quicken
Fresh pleasures in these drooping hours of sadness:
Is fair Euphranka married yet to Prophilus?

Crot. This morning, gracious lord.

Org. This very morning;

Which, with your highness' leave, you may ob-
serve too.

Our sister looks, methinks, mirthful and sprightly,
As if her chaaster fancy could already
Expound the riddle of her gain in losing
A trifle, maids know only that they know not.

Pish ! prithe, blush not ; 'tis but honest change
Of fashion in the garment, loose for straight,
And so the modest maid is made a wife.
Shrewd business—is't not, sister !

Euph. You are pleasant.

Amyc. We thank thee, Orgilus, this mirth becomes thee.

But wherefore sits the court in such a silence ?
A wedding without revels is not seemly.

Cal. Your late indisposition, sir, forbade it.

Amyc. Be it thy charge, Calantha, to set forward
The bridal sports, to which I will be present ;
If not, at least consenting : mine own Ithocles,
I have done little for thee yet.

Ith. You have built me.

To the full height I stand in.

Cal. Now or never !—

[*Aside.*

May I propose a suit ?

Amyc. Demand, and have it.

Cal. Pray, sir, give me this young man, and no further

Account him yours, than he deserves in all things
To be thought worthy mine ; I will esteem him
According to his merit.

Amyc. Still thou'rt my daughter,
Still grow'st upon my heart. Give me thine hand ;

[*To Ith.*

Calantha, take thine own ; in noble actions
Thou'lt find him firm and absolute. I would not
Have parted with thee, Ithocles, to any
But to a mistress, who is all what I am.

Ith. A change, great king, most wish'd for,
cause the same.

Cal. Thou art mine.—Have I now kept my word ?

Ith. Divinely.

Org. Rich fortunes guard, the favour of a princess,

Rock thee, brave man, in ever crowned plenty !—
You are minion of the time ; be thankful for it.
Ho ! here's a swing in destiny—apparent !
The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble. [*Aside.*

Amyc. On to your recreations.—Now convey me
Unto my bed-chamber ; none on his forehead
Wear a distemper'd look.

All. The gods preserve you !

Cal. Sweet, be not from my sight.

Ith. My whole felicity !

[*AMYCLAR is carried out.—Exit all but ITHOCLES, detained by ORGILUS.*

Org. Shall I be bold, my lord ?

Ith. Thou canst not, Orgilus.

Call me thine own ; for Prophilus must henceforth
Be all thy sister's ; friendship, though it cease not
In marriage, yet is oft at less command
Than when a single freedom can dispose it.

Org. Most right, my most good lord, my most great lord,

My gracious princely lord, I might add royal.

Ith. Royal ! A subject royal ?

Org. Why not, pray sir !

The sovereignty of kingdoms, in their nonage,
Stoop'd to desert, not birth ; there's as much merit
In clearness of affection, as in puddle
Of generation ; you have conquer'd love
Even in the loveliest : if I greatly err not,
The son of Venus hath bequeath'd his quiver
To Ithocles to manage, by whose arrows
Calantha's breast is open'd.

Ith. Can it be possible ?

Org. I was myself a piece of a suitor once,

And forward in preferment too ; so forward
That, speaking truth, I may without offence, sir,
Presume to whisper, that my hopes, and (hark ye !)
My certainty of marriage stood assured
With as firm footing (by your leave), as any's,
Now, at this very instant—but—

Ith. 'Tis granted :

And for a league of privacy between us,
Read o'er my bosom and partake a secret ;
The princess is contracted mine.

Org. Still, why not ?

I now applaud her wisdom : when your kingdom
Stands seated in your will, secure and settled,
I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch ;
Greece must admire and tremble.

Ith. Then the sweetness

Of so imparadis'd a comfort, Orgilus !
It is to banquet with the gods.

Org. The glory

Of numerous children, potency of nobles,
Bent knees, hearts pay'd to tread on !

Ith. With a friendship

So dear, so fast as thine.

Org. I am unfitting

For office ; but for service—

Ith. We'll distinguish

Our fortunes merely in the title ; partners
In all respects else but the bed.—

Org. The bed ?

Forefend it, Jove's own jealousy !—till lastly
We slip down in the common earth together.

And there our beds are equal ; save some monument
To shew this was the king, and this the subject—

[*Soft and Music.*

List, what sad sounds are these ? extremely sad

Ith. Sure from Penthea's lodgings. [*One's.*

Org. Hark ! a voice too.

A SONG (within).

Oh, no more, no more, too late
Sighs are spent ; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burnt out ; no heat, no light
Now remains ; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead ; let lovers' eyes,
Lock'd in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now Love dies.
Now Love dies,—implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

Ith. Oh my misgiving heart

Org. A horrid stillness

Succeeds this deathful air ; let's know the reason :
Tread softly, there is mystery in mourning.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Apartment of PENTHEA in the Same.

PENTHEA discovered in a Chair, veiled ; CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA at her feet, mourning. Enter two SERVANTS, with two other Chairs, one with an Engine.

Enter ITHOCLES and ORGILUS.

1 Serv. (to ORG.) 'Tis done ; that on her right hand.

Org. Good ! begone.

[*Exit Servants.*

Ith. Soft peace enrich this room !

Org. How fares the lady ?

Phil. Dead.

Chris. Dead!

Phil. Starv'd.

Chris. Starv'd!

Ith. Me miserable!

Org. Tell us

How parted she from life?

Phil. She call'd for music,
And begg'd some gentle voice to tune a farewell
To life and griefs; Christalla touch'd the lute,
I wept the funeral song.

Chris. Which scarce was ended,
But her last breath seal'd up these hollow sounds:
"Oh cruel Ithocles, and injured Orgilus!"
So down she drew her veil, so died.

Ith. So died!

Org. Up! you are messengers of death, go
from us; [*CHRIS and PHIL. rise.*]

Here's woe enough to court without a prompter.

Away; and,—hark ye!—till you see us next,

No syllable that she is dead.—Away,

Keep a smooth brow.—[*Exit CHRIS. and PHIL.*]

Ith. Mine only sister! [*My lord.*—
Another is not left me.

Org. Take that chair,
I'll seat me here in this: between us sits
The object of our sorrows: some few tears
We'll part among us: I perhaps can mix
One lumentable story to prepare them.—
There, there! sit there, my lord.

Ith. Yes, as you please.

[*Sits down, the chair closes upon him.*]

What means this treachery?

Org. Caught! you are caught,
Young master! 'tis thy throne of coronation,
Thou fool of greatness! See, I take this veil off;
Survey a beauty wither'd by the flames
Of an insulting Phaeton, her brother.

Ith. Thou mean'st to kill me basely?

Org. I foreknew
The last act of her life, and train'd thee hither,
To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.
You dreamt of kingdoms, and you! how to busom
The delicacies of a youngling princess!
How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,
How with that frown to make this noble tremble,
And so forth; whilst Penthea's groans and tortures,
Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,
Ne'er touch'd upon your thought! as for my
injuries,
Alas! they were beneath your royal pity;

But yet they lived, thou proud man, to confound
thee.

Behold thy fate; this steel! [*Draws a dagger.*]

Ith. Strike home! A courage
As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome
But prithee faint not; if the wound close up,
Tent it with double force, and search it deeply.
Thou look'st that I should whine, and beg com-

passion,

As loath to leave the vainness of my glories;

A statelier resolution arms my confidence,

To cozen thee of honour; neither could I,

With equal trial of unequal fortune,

By hazard of a duel; 'twere a bravery

Too mighty for a slave intending murder.

On to the execution, and inherit

A conflict with thy horrors.

Org. By Apollo,

Thou talk'st a goodly language! for requital

I will report thee to thy mistress richly;

And take this peace along: some few short minutes

Determin'd, my resolves shall quickly follow

Thy wrathful ghost; then, if we tug for mastery,

Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.

Give me thy hand—be healthful in thy parting

From lost mortality! thus, thus I free it.

[*Stabs him.*]

Ith. Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink.

Org. Keep up thy spirit:

I will be gentle even in blood; to linger

Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel

[*Stabs him again.*]

Ith. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee. Follow

Safety, with best success; oh, may it prosper!—

Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds;

The earnest of his wrongs to thy forced faith.

Thoughts of ambition, or delicious banquet

With beauty, youth, and love, together perish

In my last breath, which on the sacred altar

Of a long look'd for peace—now—moves—to

heaven. [*Exit.*]

Org. Farewell, fair spring of manhood! hence-

forth welcome

Best expectation of a noble sufferance.

I'll lock the bodies safe, till what must follow

Shall be approved.—Sweet twins, shine stars for

ever!—

In vain they build their hopes, whose life is shame,

No monument lasts but a happy name.

[*Looks the door, and exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in BASSANES' House.

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. Athens—to Athens I have sent, the
nursery
Of Greece for learning, and the fount of know-
ledge;

For here, in Sparta, there's not left amongst us
One wise man to direct; we are all turn'd mad-
caps.

'Tis said Apollo is the god of herbs,
Then certainly he knows the virtue of them:
To Delphos I have sent too: if there can be
A help for nature, we are sure yet.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. Honour
Attend thy counsels ever.

Bass. I beseech thee,
With all my heart, let me go from thee quietly;
I will not ought to do with thee, of all men.

The doubles of a hare.—or, in a morning,

Salutes from a splay-footed witch,—to drop

Three drops of blood at th' nose just, and no more—

Croaking of ravens, or the screech of owls,

Are not so boding mischief, as thy crossing

My private meditations: shun me, prithee;

And if I cannot love thee heartily,

I'll love thee as well as I can.

Org. Noble Bassanes,
Mistake me not.

Bass. Phew! then we shall be troubled.
Thou wert ordain'd my plague—heaven make me
thankful,

And give me patience too, heaven, I beseech thee!

Org. Accept a league of amity; for henceforth,
I vow, by my best genius, in a syllable,
Never to speak vexation; I will study
Service and friendship, with a zealous sorrow
For my past incivility towards you.

Bass. Hey-day, good words, good words! I must
And be a coxcomb for my labour. [believe 'em,

Org. Use not
So hard a language; your misdoubt is causeless:
For instance, if you promise to put on
A constancy of patience, such a patience
As chronicle or history ne'er mention'd,
As follows not example, but shall stand
A wonder, and a theme for imitation,
The first, the index pointing to a second,
I will acquaint you with an unmatch'd secret,
Whose knowledge to your griefs shall set a period.

Bass. Thou canst not, Orgilus; 'tis in the power
Of the gods only; yet, for satisfaction,
Because I note an earnest in thine utterance,
Unforced, and naturally free, be resolute.
The virgin-bays shall not withstand the lightning
With a more careless danger, than my constancy
The full of thy relation; could it move
Distraction in a senseless marble statue,
It should find me a rock: I do expect now
Some truth of unheard moment.

Org. To your patience
You must add privacy, as strong in silence
As mysteries lock'd up in Jove's own bosom.

Bass. A scull hid in the earth a treble age,
Shall sooner prate.

Org. Lastly, to such direction
As the severity of a glorious action
Deserves to lead your wisdom and your judgment,
You ought to yield obedience.

Bass. With assurance
Of will and thankfulness.

Org. With manly courage
Please then to follow me.

Bass. Where'er, I fear not.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A State Room in the Palace.

A Flourish. Enter EUPHRANEA, led by GRONAS and
HEMOPHIL; PROPHILUS, led by CHRISTALLA and PHILENA;
NEARCHUS supporting CALANTHA; CROTOLON and ANELUS.

Cal. We miss our servant Ithoocles, and Orgilus;
On whom attend they?

Crot. My son, gracious princess,
Whisper'd some new device, to which these revels
Should be but usher; wherein I conceive
Lord Ithoocles and he himself are actors.

Cal. A fair excuse for absence: as for Bassanes,
Delights to him are troublesome; Armostes
Is with the king?

Crot. He is.

Cal. On to the dance!
Cousin, hand you the bride; the bridegroom must
Entrusted to my courtship. Be not jealous, [be
Euphranea: I shall scarcely prove a temptress.—
Fall to our dance.

THE REVELS.

Music.—NEARCHUS dances with EUPHRANEA, PROPHILUS with CALANTHA, CHRISTALLA with HEMOPHIL, PHILENA with GRONAS.

THEY DANCE THE FIRST CHANGE; during which ARMOSTES enters.

Arm. [whispers CAL.] The king your father's
Cal. To the other change. [dead.

Arm. Is't possible?

THEY DANCE THE SECOND CHANGE.

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. [whispers CAL.] Oh madam!
Penthea, poor Penthea's starv'd.

Cal. Beshrew thee!—

Lead to the next.

Bass. Amusement dulls my senses.

THEY DANCE THE THIRD CHANGE.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. [whispers CAL.] Brave Ithoocles is murder'd, murder'd cruelly.

Cal. How dull this music sounds! Strike up
more sprightly;

Our footings are not active like our heart,
Which trends the nimble measure.

Org. I am thunderstruck!

THE LAST CHANGE.

Cal. So! let us breathe a while.—[*Music ceases.*]

—Hath not this motion

Rais'd fresher colours on our cheeks?

Near. Sweet princess,
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.

Cal. We all look cheerfully:
And, cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption
In any who prefer our lawful pleasures
Before their own sour censure, to interrupt
The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

Near. None dares, lady

Cal. Yes, yes; some hollow voice deliver'd to
How that the king was dead. [me

Arm. The king is dead:

That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms
He breath'd his last, and with his crown bequeath'd
you

Your mother's wedding ring; which here I tender.

Crot. Most strange!

Cal. Peace crown his ashes! We are queen then.

Near. Long live Calantha! Sparta's sovereign

All. Long live the queen! [queen!

Cal. What whisper'd Bassanes?

Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
Was starv'd to death.

Cal. She's happy; she hath finish'd
A long and painful progress.—A third murmur
Pierced mine unwilling ears.

Org. That Ithoocles
Was murder'd;—rather butcher'd, had not bravery
Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaim'd his last act triumph over ruin.

Arm. How! murder'd!

Cal. By whose hand?

Org. By mine; this weapon
Was instrument to my revenge; the reasons
Are just, and ~~known~~; quit him of these, and then
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
Hope or ambition to steer a kingdom.

Crot. Fye, Orgilus !

Euph. Fye, brother !

Cal. You have done it ?

Bass. How it was done, let him report, the forfeit

Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet
Rigour of justice ; but, that done it is,
Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit
Too sure to be convinced. Armostes, read not
Thine arteries with hearing the bare circumstances
Of these calamities ; thou hast lost a nephew,
A niece, and I a wife : continue man still ;
Make me the pattern of digesting evils,
Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrinking
At such a pressure as would sink a soul
Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors.
But I have sealed a covenant with sadness,
And enter'd into bonds without condition,
To stand these tempests calmly ; mark me, nobles,
I do not shed a tear, not for Penthea !
Excellent misery !

Cal. We begin our reign
With a first act of justice : thy confession,
Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence ;
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
Shall be excus'd. Give, Crotolon, a blessing
To thy lost son ; Euphranea, take a farewell,
And both be gone.

Crot. [to ORG.] Confirm thee, noble sorrow,
In worthy resolution !

Euph. Could my tears speak,
My griefs were slight.

Org. All goodness dwell amongst ye !
Enjoy my sister, Prophilus ; my vengeance
Ain'd never at thy prejudice.

Cal. Now withdraw.

[*Exeunt CROT. PRO. and EUPH.*]

Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatch'd from him,

With honourable mention, make thy choice
Of what death likes thee best ; there's all our bounty,

But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Intreat you and these lords see execution,
Instant, before you part.

Near. Your will commands us.

Org. One suit, just queen, my last : vouchsafe
your clemency,

That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.

Cal. To their wisdoms
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference : those that are dead,
Are dead ; had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature,
One time or other.—Use dispatch, my lords ;
We'll suddenly prepare our Coronation.

[*Exeunt CAL. PHIL. and CHRIS.*]

Arm. 'Tis strange, these tragedies should never
touch on

Her female pity.

Bass. She has a masculine spirit :
And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,
Put finger in the eye ? let's be all toughness,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.

Near. Now, Orgilus, thy choice ?

Org. To bleed to death.

Arm. The executioner ?

Org. Myself, no surgeon ;

I am well skill'd in letting blood. Bind fast
This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits
Convey a full stream ; here's a skillful instrument :
[*Shows his dagger.*]

Only I am a beggar to some charity

To speed me in this execution,
By lending th' other prick to th' other arm,
When this is bubbling life out.

Bass. I am for you,
It most concerns my art, my care, my credit ;
Quick, fillet both his arms.

Org. Gramercy, friendship !
Such courtesies are real, which flow cheerfully
Without an expectation of requital.
Reach me a staff in this hand.—[*They give him a staff.*]—If a proneness,

Or custom in my nature, from my cradle,
Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would have betray'd me to ignoble flight,
And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety :
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not
The sickness of my fortune ; which, since *Bassanes*
Was husband to Penthea, had lain bed-ridden.
We trifle time in words :—thus I shew cunning
In opening of a vein too full, too lively.

[*Pierces the vein with his dagger.*]

Arm. Desperate courage !

Near. Honourable infamy !

Item. I tremble at the sight.

Gron. 'Would I were loose !

Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new brach'd ;
The vessel must be sound from which it issues,
Grasp th' other stick—I'll be as nimble—
But prithee, look not pale—Have at ye ! stretch out
Thine arm with vigour, and unshak[en] virtue.

[*Opens the vein.*]

Good ! oh, I envy not a rival, fitted
To conquer in extremities : this pastime
Appears majestic ; some high-tuned poem,
Hereafter, shall deliver to posterity
The writer's glory, and his subject's triumph.
How is't, man ?—droop not yet.

Org. I feel no pulses.

On a pair-royal do I wait in death :
My sovereign, as his liegeman ; on my mistress,
As a devoted servant ; and on *Ithocles*,
As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy :
Nor did I use an engine to entrap
His life, out of a slavish fear to combat
Youth, strength, or cunning ; but for that I durst
not

Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,
By which his name might have outaced my
vengeance.

Oh, *Tecnicus*, inspired with *Phoebus*' fire !
I call to mind thy augury, 'twas perfect ;
Revenge proves its own executioner.
When feeble man is bending to his mother,
The dust he was first frumed on, thus he totters—

Bass. Life's fountain is dried up.

Org. So falls the standard
Of my prerogative in being a creature !
A mist hangs o'er mine eyes, the sun's bright
splendour

Is clouded in an everlasting shadow :
Welcome, thou ice, that sit'st about my heart,
No heat can ever thaw thee.

[*Dies.*]

Near. Speech hath left him.

Bass. He hath shook hands with time; his funeral urn
 Shall be my charge; remove the bloodless body.
 The Coronation must require attendance;
 That past, my few days can be but one mourning.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Temple.

An Altar, covered with white: two lights of virgin wax upon it.—Recorders, during which enter Attendants, bearing ITHOCLAS on a bier, in a rich robe, with a Crown on his head; and place him on the one side of the Altar. After which, enter CALANTHA in white, crowned, attended by EUPHRANKA, PHILENA, and CHRISTALLA, also in white; NEARCHUS, ARMOSTES, CROTOLOON, PROPHILUS, AMELIUS, HARMANUS, HEMOPHIL, and GRONKAS.

CALANTHA kneels before the Altar, the Ladies kneeling behind her, the rest stand off. The Recorders cease during her devotions. Soft Music. CALANTHA and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the Altar

Cal. Our orisons are heard; the gods are merciful.

Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute
 To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
 Your duties, or obedience is, to render
 Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin,
 Who have been ever fortunate in princes
 Of masculine and stirring composition?
 A woman has enough to govern wisely
 Her own demeanors, passions, and divisions.
 A nation warlike, and enured to practice
 Of policy and labour, cannot brook
 A feminine authority; we therefore
 Command your counsel, how you may advise us
 In choosing of a husband, whose abilities
 Can better guide this kingdom.

Near. Royal lady,
 Your law is in your will.

Arm. We have seen tokens
 Of constancy too lately, to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice,
 By your own judgment both allow'd and liked of,
 Sparta may grow in power, and proceed
 To an increasing height.

Cal. Hold you the same mind?

Bass. Alas, great mistress! reason is so clouded
 With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,
 That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.
 Give me some corner of the world to wear out
 The remnant of the minutes I must number,
 Where I may hear no sounds, but sad complaints
 Of virgins, who have lost contracted partners;
 Of husbands howling that their wives were ravish'd
 By some untimely fate; of friends divided
 By churlish opposition; or of fathers
 Weeping upon their children's slaughter'd car-
 casses;

Or daughters, groaning o'er their fathers' hearses,
 And I can dwell there, and with these keep consort
 As musical as their's. What can you look for
 From an old, foolish, peevish, dotting man,
 Not craziness of age?

Cal. Cousin of Argos.

Near. Madam.

Cal. Were I presently
 To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely
 What articles I would propose to treat on,
 Before our marriage.

Near. Name them, virtuous lady.

Cal. I would presume you would retain the
 royalty

Of Sparta in her own bounds; then in Argos
 Armostes might be viceroy; in Messene
 Might Crotolon bear sway; and Bassanes—
Bass. I, queen? alas! what I?

Cal. Be Sparta's marshal;
 The multitudes of high employments could not
 But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,
 Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,
 Should wait upon your person, in your chamber:
 I would bestow Christalla on Amelius,
 She'll prove a constant wife; and Philema
 Should into Vesta's temple.

Bass. This is a testament!
 It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

Near. All this should be perform'd.

Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus;
 He should be, cousin, solemnly invested
 In all those honours, titles, and preferences
 Which his dear friend, and my neglected husband,
 Too short a time enjoy'd.

Pro. I am unworthy
 To live in your remembrance.

Euph. Excellent lady!

Near. Madam, what means that word, "neg-
 lected husband?"

Cal. Forgive me:—now I turn to thee, thou
 shadow

Of my contracted lord! Bear witness all,
 I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
 His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest.

[Places a ring on the finger of ITHOCLAS.]

Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am;
 Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,
 I but deceiv'd your eyes with antic gesture,
 When one news straight came huddling on another,
 Of death! and death! and death! still I danced
 forward;

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
 Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and out-
 cries,

Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
 Yet live to [court] new pleasures, and outlive
 them;

They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-
 strings;

Let me die smiling.

Near. 'Tis a truth too ominous.

Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last!—
[Kisses ITHOCLAS.]—crack, crack—

Argos now 's Sparta's king. Command the voices
 Which wait at th' altar, now to sing the song
 I fitted for my end.

Near. Sirs, the song!

DIBB.

Cho. Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and care,
 Can but please

*[The] outward senses, when the mind
 Is [or] untroubled, or by peace refined.*

First voice. Crowns may flourish and decay,
 Beauties shine, but fade away.

Second. Youth may revel, yet it must
 Lie down in a bed of dust.

Third. Earthly honours flow and waste,
 Time alone doth change and last.

Cho. Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
 Rest for care;

Love only reigns in death; though art
 Can find no comfort for a BROKEN HEART.

Arm. Look to the queen !

Bass. Her "heart is broke" indeed.

Oh, royal maid, 'would thou hadst mist this part !

Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see

Her smile in death.

Arm. Wise Tecnicus ! thus said he :

When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,

The lifeless Trunk shall woe the Broken Heart.

'Tis here fulfill'd.

Near. I am your king.

All. Long live "

Nearchus, king of Sparta !

Near. Her last will

Shall never be digress'd from ; wait in order

Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us.—

The counsels of the gods are never known,

Till men can call the effects of them their own.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

WHERE noble judgments and clear Eyes are fix'd

To grace endeavour, there sits truth, not mix'd

With ignorance ; those censures may command

Belief, which talk not, till they understand.

Let some say, *This was flat* ; some, *Here the scene*

Fell from its height ; another, *That the mean*

Was ill observed, in such a growing passion,

As it transcended either state or fashion.

Some few may cry, '*'Twas pretty well*, or so,

But— and there shrug in silence : yet we know

Our writer's aim was, in the whole, address

Well to deserve of ALL, but please the BEST :

Which granted, by th' allowance of this stram,

THE BROKEN HEART may be pierc'd up again.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

TO MY TRUEST FRIEND, MY WORTHIEST KINSMAN,

JOHN FORD,

OF GRAYE'S INNE, ESQUIRE.

THE title of this little work, my good cousin, is in sense but the argument of a dedication; which, being in most writers a custom, in many a compliment, I question not but your clear knowledge of my intents will, in me, read as the earnest of affection. My ambition herein aims at a fair flight, borne up on the double wings of gratitude for a received, and acknowledgement for a continued love. It is not so frequent to number many kinsmen, and amongst them some friends, as to ~~proceed~~ proceed on some friends, and amongst them little friendship. But in every fulness of these particulars, I do not more partake through you my cousin, the delight, than enjoy the benefit of them. This inscription to your name is only a faithful deliverance to memory, of the truth of my respects to virtue, and to the equal in honour with virtue, desert. The contempt thrown on studies of this kind, by such as dote on their own singularity, hath almost so outfaced invention, and proscribed judgment, that it is more safe, more wise, to be suspectedly silent, than modestly confident of opinion, herein. Let me be bold to tell the severity of censurers, how willingly I neglect their practise, so long as I digress from no becoming thankfulness. Accept, then, my cousin, this witness to posterity of my constancy to your merits; for no ties of blood, no engagements of friendship, shall more justly live a precedent, than the sincerity of both in the heart of

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIPPO CARAFFA, *Duke of Pavy*
PAULO BAUIONE, *Uncle to the Duchess*
FERNANDO, *Favourite to the Duke*
FERRETES, *a Wanton Courtier*
ROSCILLI, *a young Nobleman*
PETRUCHIO, *{ two Counsellors of State.*
NIRASSA, *{*
RODRIGO D'AVOLOS, *Secretary to the Duke.*
MAURUCIO, *an old Antick.*

GIACOMO, *Servant to MAURUCIO.*

BIANCA, *the Duchess*
FIORMONDA, *the Duke's Sister*
COTONA, *Daughter to PETRUCHIO*
JULIA, *Daughter to NIRASSA*
MORONA, *an old Lady.*

Attendants, Courtiers, Officers, &c.

SCENE, — PAVY (PAVIA).

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ROSCILLI and RODRIGO D'AVOLOS.

Ros. Depart the court?

D'Av. Such was the duke's command.

Ros. You are secretary to the state and him.
Great in his counsels, wise, and, I think, honest;
Have you, in turning over old Records,
Read but one name descended of the house
Of Leoni, in his loyalty remiss?

D'Av. Never, my lord. [peace]

Ros. Why then should I now, now, when glorious
Triumphs in change of pleasures, be wiped off,
Like to a useless moth, from courtly ease? —
And whither must I go?

D'Av. You have the open world before you.

Ros. Why, then 'tis like I'm banish'd?

D'Av. Not so; my warrant is only to command
you from the court; within five hours to depart

after notice taken, and not to ~~ling~~ within thirty
miles of it, until it be thought meet by his Excel-
lence to call you back. Now I have warn'd you,
my lord, at your peril be it, if you disobey; I shall
inform the duke of your discontent. — [Exit.]

Ros. Do, politician, do! I scent the plot
Of this disgrace; 'tis Fiormonda, she,
That glorious widow, whose commanding cheek
Ruins my love: like foolish beasts, thus they
Find danger, that prey too near the lion's den.

Enter FERNANDO and PETRUCHIO.

Fern. My noble lord, Roscilli!

Ros. Sir, the joy

I should have welcomed you with, is wrapt up
In clouds of my disgrace; yet, honour'd sir,
If ever frowns of great ones cast me down,
My service shall pay tribute, in my lowness,
To your surprising virtues.

Fern. Sir, I know
You are so well acquainted with your own.
You need not flatter mine; trust me, my lord,
I'll be a suitor for you.

Pet. And I'll second
My nephew's suit, with importunity.

Ros. You are, my lord Fernando, late return'd
From travels; pray instruct me:—since the voice
Of most supreme authority commands
My absence, I determine to bestow
Some time in learning languages abroad;
Perhaps the change of air may change in me
Remembrance of my wrongs at home: good sir,
Inform me; say I meant to live in Spain,
What benefit of knowledge might I treasure?

Fern. Troth, sir, I'll freely speak as I have
found.

In Spain you lose experience; 'tis a climate
Too hot to nourish arts; the nation proud,
And in their pride unsocial; the court
More pliable to glorify itself
Than do a stranger grace: if you intend
To traffic like a merchant, 'twere a place
Might better much your trade; but as for me,
I soon took surfeit on it.

Ros. What for France?

Fern. France I more praise and love. You are
my lord,

Yourself for horsemanship much famed; and there,
You shall have many proofs to shew your skill.
The French are passing courtly, ripe of wit,
Kind, but extreme dissemblers; you shall have
A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,
At th' instant mocking even your very shoe-ties.
To give the country due, it is on earth
A paradise; and if you can neglect
Your own appropriaements, but praising that
In others, wherein you excel yourself,
You shall be much beloved there.

Ros. Yet, methought,
I heard you and the duchess, two nights since,
Discoursing of an island thereabouts,
Call'd—let me think—'twas—

Fern. England?

Ros. That: pray sir—

You have been there, methought I heard you
praise it.

Fern. I'll tell you what I found there; men as
As courtly as the French, but in condition [neat,
Quite opposite. Put case that you, my lord,
Could be more rare on horseback than you are,
If there (as ~~there~~ are many) one excell'd
You in your art as much as you do others,
Yet will the English think their own is nothing
Compared with you a stranger; in their habits
They are not more fantastic than uncertain;
In short, their fair abundance, manhood, beauty,
No nation can disparage but itself.

Ros. My lord, you have much eased me: I re-

Fern. And whither are you bent? [solve.

Ros. My lord, for travel;
To speed for England.

Fern. No, my lord, you must not;
I have yet some private conference
To impart unto you for your good; at night
I'll meet you at my lord Petruchio's house,
Till then, be secret.

Ros. Dares my cousin trust me?

Pet. Dare I, my lord! yes, 'less your ~~and~~ were
Than a bold woman's spleen.

Ros. The duke's at hand,
And I must hence; my service to your lordships.

[Exit.

Pet. Now, nephew, as I told you, since the duke
Hath held the reins of state in his own hand,
Much altered from the man he was before,
* * * * *

(As if he were transformed in his mind.)
To sooth him in his pleasures, amongst whom
Is fond Ferentes; one whose pride takes pride
In nothing more than to delight his lust;
And he (with grief I speak it) hath, I fear,
Too much besotted my unhappy daughter,
My poor Colona; whom, for kindred's sake,
As you are noble, as you honour virtue,
Persuade to love herself: a word from you
May win her more than my intreats or frowns.

Fern. Uncle, I'll do my best; mean time, pray
tell me,

Whose mediation wrought the marriage
Betwixt the duke and duchess, who was agent?

Pet. His roving eye and her enchanting face,
The only dower nature had ordained
T' advance her to her bride-bed. She was daughter
Unto a gentleman of Milan—no better—
Preterr'd to serve i' th' Duke of Milan's court;
Where for her beauty she was greatly famed:
And passing late from thence to Monaco,
To visit there her uncle, Paul Baglione,
The abbot, Fortune (queen to such blind matches)
Presents her to the duke's eye, on the way,
As he pursues the deer: in short, my lord,
He saw her, lov'd her, woo'd her, won her, match'd
No counsel could divert him. [her;

Fern. She is fair.

Pet. She is; and, to speak truth, I think right
In her conditions. [noble

Fern. If, when I should choose,
Beauty and virtue were the fee proposed,
I should not pass for parentage.

Pet. The duke
Doth come.

Fern. Let's break off talk; if ever, now,
Good angel of my soul, protect my truth! [Aside.

Enter the Duke, Bianca, FERNANDO, NIKKARD,
FERENTES, JULIA, and D'AVOLIO.

Duke. Come, my Bianca, revel in mine arms;
Whilst I, wrapt in my admiration, view
Lilies and roses growing in thy cheeks.
Fernando! oh, thou half myself! no joy
Could make my pleasures full without thy presence:
I am a monarch of felicity,
Proud in a pair of jewels, rich and beautiful;
A perfect friend, a wife above compare.

Fern. Sir,—if a man so low in rank may hope,
By loyal duty and devoted zeal,
To hold a correspondence in friendship
With one so mighty as the Duke of Pavy,
My uttermost ambition is to climb
To those deserts may give the stile of servant.

Duke. Of partner in my dukedom, in my heart,
As freely as the privilege of blood
Hath made them mine;—Philip and Fernando
Shall be without distinction. Look, Bianca,
On this good man; in all respects to him
Be as to me: only the name of husband,
And reverent observance of our bed,
Shall differ us in persons, else in soul
We are all one.

Bian. I shall, in best of love,
Regard the bosom-partner of my lord.

Fior. Ferentes.

Fer. Madam?

Fior. You are one loves courtship;
He hath some change of words, 'twere no lost labour

To stuff your table-books; the man speaks wisely!

Fer. I am glad your highness is so pleasant.

Duke. Sister!

Fior. My lord and brother.

Duke. You are too silent,

Quickened your sad remembrance: though the loss
Of your dead husband be of more account
Than slight neglect, yet 'tis a sin against
The state of princes, to exceed a mean
In mourning for the dead.

Fior. Should form, my lord,
Prevail above affection? no, it cannot.
You have yourself here a right noble duchess,
Virtuous at least, and should your grace now pay,
Which heaven forbid! the debt you owe to nature,
I dare presume, she'd not so soon forget
A prince that thus advanced her.—Madam, could you?

D'Av. Bitter and shrewd.

[*Aside.*]

Bian. Sister, I should too much bewray my
weakness,
To give a resolution on a passion
I never felt nor fear'd.

Nib. A modest answer.

Fern. If credit may be given to a face,
My lord, I'll undertake on her behalf;
Her words are trusty heralds to her mind.

Fior. [*Aside to D'Av.*] Exceeding good; the
Observe it, D'Avolos. [man will "undertake!"]

D'Av. Lady, I do;

'Tis a smooth praise.

Duke. Friend, in thy judgment I approve thy
love,

And love thee better for thy judging mine.
Though my gray-headed senate, in the laws
Of strict opinion and severe dispute,
Would tie the limits of our free affects,
(Like superstitious Jews, to match with none
But in a tribe of princes like ourselves,)
Gross nurtur'd slaves, who force their wretched
souls

To crouch to profit; nay, for trash and wealth,
Dote on some crooked or misshapen form;
Hugging wise nature's lame deformity,
Begetting creatures ugly as themselves:—
But why should princes do so, that command
The storehouse of the earth's hid minerals?—
No, my Bianca, thou art to me as dear
As if thy portion had been Europe's riches;
Since in thine eyes lies more than these are worth.
Set on; they shall be strangers to my heart,
That envy thee thy fortunes.—Come, Fernando,
My but divided self; what we have done
We are only debtor to heaven for.—On!

Fior. [*Aside to D'Av.*] Now take thy time, or
never, D'Avolos;

Prevail, and I will raise thee high in grace.

D'Av. Madam, I will omit no art.

[*Exeunt all but D'Av. who recollects Fern.*]

My honour'd lord Fernando!

Fern. To me, sir?

D'Av. Let me beseech your lordship to excuse
me in the nobleness of your wisdom, if I exceed

good manners: I am one, my lord, who, in the
admiration of your perfect virtues, do so truly
honour and reverence your deserts, that there is
not a creature bears life, shall more faithfully
study to do you service in all offices of duty, and
vows of due respect.

Fern. Good sir, you bind me to you; is this all?

D'Av. I beseech your ear a little; good my
lord, what I have to speak, concerns your reputa-
tion and best fortune.

Fern. How's that! my reputation? lay aside
Superfluous ceremony; speak, what is it?

D'Av. I do repute myself the blesseddest man
alive, that I shall be the first gives your lordship
news of your perpetual comfort.

Fern. As how?

D'Av. If singular beauty, unimitable virtues,
honour, youth, and absolute goodness be a fortune,
all those are at once offered to your particular
choicer.

Fern. Without delays, which way?

D'Av. The great and gracious lady Fiormonda
loves you, infinitely loves you.—But, my lord, as
ever you tendered a servant to your pleasures, let
me not be revealed, that I gave you notice on't.

Fern. Sure you are strangely out of tune, sir.

D'Av. Please but to speak to her; be but
courtly ceremonious with her, use once but the
language of affection, if I misreport ought besides
my knowledge, let me never have place in your
good opinion. Oh, these women, my lord, are as
brittle as glass as your glasses, as smooth, as slip-
pery,—their very first substance was quicksands:
let them look never so demurely, one fillip chokes
them. My lord, she loves you; I know it.—But
I beseech your lordship not to discover me; I
would not for the world she should know that you
know it by me.

Fern. I understand you, and to thank your care,
Will study to requite it; and I vow

She never shall have notice of your news
By me, or by my means. And, worthy sir,
Let me alike enjoin you not to speak
A word of that I understand her love;
And as for me, my word shall be your surety,
I'll not as much as give her cause to think
I ever heard it.

D'Av. Nay, my lord, whatsoever I infer, you
may break with her in it, if you please; for, rather
than silence should hinder you one step to such a
fortune, I will expose myself to any rebuke for
your sake, my good lord.

Fern. You shall not, indeed, sir; I am still
your friend, and will prove so; for the present I
am forced to attend the duke. Good hours befall
you! I must leave you. [*Exit.*]

D'Av. Gone already? 'sfoot, I have marr'd all!
this is worse and worse; he's as cold as hemlock.
If her highness knows how I have gone to work,
she'll thank me scurvily. A pox of all gull brains!
I took the clean contrary course: there is a mys-
tery in this slight carelessness of his; I must sift
it, and I will find it. Uds me, fool myself out of
my wit! well, I'll choose some fitter opportunity
to inveigle him, and, till then, smooth her up that
he is a man overjoyed with the report. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter FERENTES and COLONA.*

Fer. Madam, by this light I vow myself your servant; only yours, inespacially yours. Time, like a turn-coat, may order and disorder the outward fashions of our bodies, but shall never enforce a change on the constancy of my mind. Sweet Colona, fair Colona, young and sprightly lady, do not let me, in the best of my youth, languish in my earnest affections.

Col. Why should you seek, my lord, to purchase glory,

By the disgrace[s] of a silly maid?

Fer. That I confess too. I am every way so unworthy of the first fruits of thy embraces, so far beneath the riches of thy merit, that it can be no honour to thy fame, to rank me in the number of thy servants; yet prove me how true, how firm I will stand to thy pleasures, to thy command; and, as time shall serve, be ever thine. Now, prithee, dear Colona—

Col. Well, well, my lord, I have no heart of flint;

Or if I had, you know by cunning words

How to outwear it:—but—

Fer. But what? do not pity thy own gentleness, lovely Colona. Shall I? Speak, shall I?—say but aye, and our wishes are made up.

Col. How shall I say aye, when my fears say no?

Fer. You will not fail to meet [me] two hours hence, sweet?

Col. No,

Yes, yes, I would have said; how my tongue trips!

Fer. I take that promise, and that double yes as an assurance of thy faith. In the grove; good, sweet, remember; in any case alone,—do you mark, love?—not as much as your duchess' little dog;—you'll not forget?—two hours hence—think on't, and miss not: till then—

Col. Oh, if you should prove false, and love another!

Fer. Defy me then! I'll be all thine, and a servant only to thee; only to thee. [*Exit COLONA.*]—Very passing good! three honest women in our courts here of Italy, are enough to discredit a whole nation of that sex. He that is not a cuckold or a bastard is a strangely happy man; for a chaste wife, or a mother that never slept awry, are wonders, wonders in Italy. 'Slife! I have got the feat on't, and am every day more active in my trade; 'tis a sweet sin this slip of mortality, and I have tasted enough for one passion of my senses. Here comes more work for me.

Enter JULIA.

And how does mine own Julia? Mew upon this sadness! what's the matter, you are melancholy?—Whither away, wench?

Jul. 'Tiswell; the time has been when your smooth tongue

Would not have mock'd my griefs; and had I been more chary of mine own honour, you had still been lowly as you were.

Fer. Lowly? why I am sure I cannot be much more lowly than I am to thee; thou bring'st me on my bare knees, wench, twice in every four-and-twenty hours, besides half turns instead of beverl. What must we next do, sweetheart?

Jul. Break vows on your side, I expect no other;

But every day look when some newer choice May violate your honour and my trust.

Fer. Indeed, forsooth! how say you by that, la? I hope I neglect no opportunity to your *nunquam satis*, to be call'd in question for. Go, thou art as fretting as an old grogram; by this hand I love you for't; it becomes thee so prettily to be angry: well, if thou should'st die, farewell all love with me for ever! go, I'll meet thee soon in thy lady's back-lobby, I will, wench; look for me.

Jul. But shall I be resolved you will be mine?

Fer. All thine; I will reserve my best ability, my heart, my honour only to thee, only to thee. Pity of my blood, away! I hear company coming on; remember, soon I am all thine, I will live perpetually only to thee; away!—[*Exit JULIA.*] 'Sfoot! I wonder about what time of the year I was begot; sure it was when the moon was in conjunction, and all the other planets drunk at a morris-dance; I am haunted above patience; my mind is not as infinite to do, as my occasions are proffered of doing. Chastity! I am an eunuch if I think there be any such thing; or if there be, 'tis amongst us men; for I never found it in a woman thoroughly tempted yet. I have a shrewd hard task coming on; but let it pass. Who comes now?

Enter FERNANDO.

My lord, the duke's friend! I will strive to be inward with him.—My lord Fernando!

Fern. My lord Ferentes, I should change some words

Of consequence with you; but since I am, For this time, busied in more serious thoughts, I'll pick some fitter opportunity.

Fer. I will wait your pleasure, my lord. Good day to your lordship! [*Exit.*]

Fern. Traitor to friendship, whither shall I run. That lost to reason, cannot sway the float Of the unruly faction in my blood! The duchess, oh the duchess! in her smiles Are all my joys abstracted:—death to my thoughts! My other plague comes to me.

Enter FIONOMONDA and JULIA.

Fior. My lord Fernando, what, so hard at study! You are a kind companion to yourself, That love to be alone so.

Fern. Madam, no;

I rather chose this leisure to admire The glories of this little world, the court, Where, like so many stars, on several thrones, Beauty and greatness shine in proper orbs; Sweet matter for my meditation.

Fior. So, so, sir! (leave us, Julia) [*Exit JUL.*] your own proof,

By travel and prompt observation, Instructs you how to place the use of speech.— But since you are at leisure, pray let's sit; We'll pass the time a little in discourse: What have you seen abroad?

Fern. No wonders, lady, Like these I see at home.

Fior. At home! as how?

Fern. Your pardon, if my tongue, the voice of Report but what is warranted by sight. [truth,

Fior. What sight?

Fern. Look in your glass, and you shall see
A miracle.

Fior. What miracle?

Fern. Your beauty,
So far above all beauties else abroad,
As you are, in your own, superlative.

Fior. Fy, fy! your wit hath too much edge.

Fern. Would that,
Or anything, that I could challenge mine,
Were but of value to express how much
I serve, in love, the sister of my prince!

Fior. 'Tis for your prince's sake then, not for
mine?

Fern. For you in him, and much for him in you.
I must acknowledge, madam, I observe,
In your affects, a thing to me most strange,
Which makes me so much honour you the more.

Fior. Pray tell it.

Fern. Gladly, lady:
I see how opposite to youth and custom,
You set before you, in the tabature
Of your remembrance, the becoming griefs
Of a most loyal lady, for the loss
Of so renown'd a prince as was your lord

Fior. Now, good my lord, no more of him.

Fern. Of him!

I know it is a needless task in me,
To set him forth in his deserved praise,
You better can record it; for you find,
How much more he exceeded other men
In most heroic virtues of account,
So much more was your loss in losing him.
Of him! his praise should be a field too large,
Too spacious, for so mean an orator
As I to range in.

Fior. Sir, enough: 'tis true
He well deserv'd your labour; on his death-bed
This ring he gave me, bade me never part
With this, but to the man I lov'd as dearly
As I loved him; yet since you know which way
To blaze his worth so rightly, in return
To your deserts, wear this for him and me.

[Offers him the ring.]

Fern. Madam?

Fior. 'Tis yours.

Fern. Methought you said, he charged you
Not to impart it but to him you loved
As dearly as you loved him.

Fior. True, I said so.

Fern. Oh, then far be it my unhallow'd hand,
With any rude intrusion, should unveil
A testament enacted by the dead.

Fior. Why man, that testament is disannull'd,
And cancell'd quite by us that live. Look here,
My blood is not yet freez'd; for better instance,
Be judge yourself; experience is no danger—
Cold are my sighs; but feel, my lips are warm.

[Kisses him.]

Fern. What means the virtuous marquess?

Fior. To new-kiss

The oath to thee, which whilst he lived was his:
Hast thou yet power to love?

Fern. To love!

Fior. To meet

Sweetness of language in discourse as sweet?

Fern. Madam, 'twere dulness, past the igno-
rance

Of common blockheads, not to understand
Whereto this favour tends; and 'tis a fortune
So much above my fate, that I could wish

No greater happiness on earth; but know,
Long since, I vow'd to live a single life.

Fior. What was't you said?

Fern. I said, I made a vow—

Enter BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, COLONA, and D'AVOLO.

Blessed deliverance!

Fior. Prevented? mischief on this interruption!

[Aside.]

Bian. My lord Fernando, you encounter fitly,
I have a suit t'ye.

Fern. 'Tis my duty, madam,
To be commanded.

Bian. Since my lord, the duke,
Is now dispos'd to mirth, the time serves well
For mediation, that he would be pleased
To take the lord Roseilli to his grace.

He is a noble gentleman; I dare
Engage my credit, loyal to the state;
And, sister, one that ever strove, methought,
By special service, and obsequious care,
To win respect from you: it were a part
Of gracious favour, if you pleas'd to join
With us, in being suitors to the duke
For his return to court.

Fior. To court! indeed,
You have some cause to speak; he undertook,
Most champion-like, to win the prize at tilt,
In honour of your picture;—marry did he.
There's not a groom o' th' quarry could have
match'd

The jolly riding man; pray get him back;
I do not need his service, madam, I.

Bian. Not need it, sister? why, I hope you
'Tis no necessity in me to move it, [think
More than respect of honour.

Fior. Honour? puh!

Honour is talk'd of more than known by some.

Bian. Sister, these words I understand not.

Fern. (Aside.) Swell not, unruly thoughts!—
Madam, the motion you propose, proceeds
From the true touch of goodness; 'tis a plea
Wherein my tongue and knee shall jointly strive
To beg his highness for Roseilli's cause.
Your judgment rightly speaks him; there is not,
In any court of Christendom, a man
For quality or trust more absolute.

Fior. How! is't even so?

[Aside.]

Pet. I shall for ever bless

Your highness, for your gracious kind esteem
Of my dishearten'd kinsman; and to add
Encouragement to what you undertake,
I dare affirm, 'tis no important fault
Hath caus'd the duke's distaste.

Bian. I hope so too.

D'Av. Let your highness, and you all, my lords,
take advice how you motion his excellency on
Roseilli's behalf; there is more danger in that man
than is fit to be publicly reported. I could wish
things were otherwise for his own sake; but I'll
assure you, you will exceedingly alter his excellen-
cy's disposition he now is in, if you but mention
the name of Roseilli to his ear; I am so much
acquainted in the process of his actions.

Bian. If it be so, I am the sorrier, sir.
I am loth to move my lord unto offence;
Yet I'll adventure chiding.

Fern. Oh, had I India's gold, I'd give it all
To exchange one private word, one minute's breath,
With this heart-wounding beauty! [Aside.]

Enter the DUKE, FERENTES, and NIDRASSA.

Duke. Prithee, no more, Ferentes; by the faith I owe to honour, thou hast made me laugh Beside my spleen. Fernando, hadst thou heard The pleasant humour of Mauruccio's dotage Discours'd, how, in the winter of his age, He is become a lover, thou would'st swear A morris-dance were but a tragedy Compared to that: well, we will see the youth.— What Council hold you now, sirs?

Bian. We, my lord, Were talking of the horsemanship in France Which, as your friend reports, he thinks exceeds All other nations.

Duke. How! why, have not we As gallant riders here?

Fern. None that I know.

Duke. Pish, your affection leads you; I dare A thousand ducats, not a man in France [wage Outrides Roseilli.

Fior. I shall quit this wrong. [Aside.

Bian. I said as much, my lord.

Fern. I have not seen

His practice since my coming back.

Duke. Where is he?

How is't we see him not?

Pet. What's this? what's this?

Fern. I hear he was commanded from the court.

D'Av. Oh, confusion oh this villainous occasion! [Aside.

Duke. True; but we meant a day or two at most,

Should be his farthest term. Not yet return'd? Where's D'Avolos?

D'Av. My lord.

Duke. You know our mind, How comes it thus to pass we miss Roseilli?

D'Av. My lord, in a sudden discontent I hear he departed towards Benevento, determining, as I am given to understand, to pass to Seville, intending to visit his cousin, Don Pedro de Toledo, in the Spanish court.

Duke. The Spanish court! now, by the blessed bones

Of good St. Francis, let there posts be sent

To call him back, or I will post thy head

Beneath my foot: ha, you! you know my mind;

I look that you get him back: the Spanish court!

And without our commission!—

Pet. Here's fine juggling!

Bian. Good sir, be not so moved.

Duke. Fie, fie, Bianca,

'Tis such a gross indignity; I'd rather

Have lost seven years' revenue:—the Spanish

How now, what ails our sister? [court!—

Fior. On the sudden

I fall a bleeding; 'tis an ominous sign,

Pray heaven, it turn to good!—your highness' leave. [Exit.

Duke. Look to her. Come, Fernando, come, Bianca,

Let's strive to overpass this cholerick heat:—

Sirrah, see that you trifle not. [To D'Av.] How

Who sway the manage of authority, [we,

May be abused by smooth officious agents!—

But look well to our sister.

[Exeunt all but PET. and FERN.

Pet. Nephew, please you

To see your friend to-night?

Fern. Yes, uncle, yes.— [Exit PET.

Thus bodies walk unsoul'd! mine eyes but follow My heart entomb'd in yonder goodly shrine;

Life without her is but death's subtle snares,

And I am but a coffin to my cares. [Exit

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in MAURUCCIO'S House.

MAURUCCIO, looking in a glass, trimming his beard;

GIACOPO brushing him

Maur. Beard, be confined to neatness, that no May stover up to prick my mistress' lip, [hair More rude than bristles of a porcupine.—

Giaco.

Gia. My lord.

Maur. Am I all sweet behind?

Gia. I have no poulterer's nose; but your apparel sits about you most debonairly.

Maur. But, Giacopo, with what grace do my words proceed out of my mouth? Have I a moving countenance? is there harmony in my voice? canst thou perceive, as it were, a handsomeness of shape in my very breath, as it is formed into syllables, Giacopo?

Enter above, DUKE, BIANCA, FIORONDA, FERNANDO, Courtiers, and Attendants.

Gia. Yes, indeed, sir, I do feel a savour as pleasant as—a glister-pipe,—calamus, or civet.

Duke. Observe him, and be silent.

Maur. Hold thou the glass, Giacopo, and mark me with what exceeding comeliness I could court the lady marquesse, if it come to the push.

Duke. Sister, you are his aim.

Fior. A subject fit

To be the stale of laughter!

Bian. That's your music.

Maur. Thus I reverse my pace, and thus stalkingly in courtly gait, I advance, one, two, and three.—Good! I kiss my hand, make my congee, settle my countenance, and thus begin.—Hold up the glass higher, Giacopo!

Gia. Thus high, sir?

Maur. 'Tis well; now mark me.

Most excellent Marquesse, most fair lady,

Let not old age, or hairs that are sil-ver,

Disparage my desire; for it may be

I am than other green youth nimble-er:

Since I am your grace's servant so true,

Great lady, then, love me for my ver-tue.

Oh, Giacopo! Petrarch was a dunce, Dante a jigger-maker, Sanazzaro a goose, and Ariosto a ruck-fuck to me. I tell thee, Giacopo, I am rapt with fury; and have been for these six nights together drunk with the pure liquor of Helicon.

Gia. I think no less, sir: for you look as wild, and talk as idly, as if you had not slept these nine years.

Duke. What think you of this language, sister?

Fior. Sir,

I think, in prince's courts, no age nor greatness

But must admit the fool ; in me 'twere folly,
To scorn what greater states than I have been.

Bian. O, but you are too general—

Fior. A fool!

I thank your highness ; many a woman's wit,
Have thought themselves much better, was much
worse.

Bian. You still mistake me.

Duke. Silence ! note the rest.

Maur. God-a'-mercy, brains ! *Giaco*po, I have
it.

Gia. What, my lord ?

Maur. A conceit, *Giaco*po, and a fine one—
down on thy knees, *Giaco*po, and worship my wit.
Give me both thy ears. Thus it is ; I will have
my picture drawn most composuitously, in a
square table of some two foot long, from the
crown of the head to the waste downward ; no
further.

Gia. Then you'll look like a dwarf, sir, being
cut off by the middle.

Maur. Speak not thou, but wonder at the conceit
that follows. In my bosom, on my left side,
I will have a leaf of blood-red crimson velvet (as
it were part of my doublet) open ; which being
opened, *Giaco*po,—now mark !—I will have a clear
and most transparent crystal in the form of a heart.
—Singular admirable !—When I have framed this,
I will, as some rare outlandish piece of workman-
ship, bestow it on the most fair and illustrious
Fiormonda.

Gia. But now, sir, for the conceit.

Maur. Simplicity and ignorance, prate no more !
blockhead, dost not understand yet ? Why, this
being to her instead of a looking-glass, she shall
no oftener powder her hair, surfeit her cheeks,
cleanse her teeth, or conform the hairs of her eye-
brows, but having occasion to use this glass, (which
for the rareness and richness of it she will hourly
use,) but she shall as often gaze on my picture,
remember me, and behold the excellence of her
cousin's beauty, in the prospective and mirror,
as she here, in my heart.

Gia. Aye, marry, sir, this is something.

Maur. Ha, ha, ha !

[Exit *Fior*.]

Maur. My sister's gone in anger.

Maur. Who's that laughs ? search with thine
eyes, *Giaco*po.

Gia. Oh, my lord, my lord, you have gotten an
everlasting fame ; the duke's grace, and the duchess'
grace, and my lord *Fernando*'s grace, with all the
rabble of courtiers, have heard every word ; look
where they stand ! Now, you shall be made a
count for your wit, and I lord for my counsel.

Duke. Dearth the chance ! we are discovered.

Maur. Pity—oh my wisdom ! I must speak to
them.—

O! the most great, and most renowned duchess'
Excuse my apprehension, which not much is ;

The love, my lord, that's all the hurt you see ;

Angels herself [doth] plead for me.

Duke. We pardoned you, most wise and learned
And that we may all glorify your wit.

[Lord, Entreat your wisdom's company to-day,

To grace our table with your grave discourse :

What says your mighty eloquence ?

Maur. *Giaco*po, help me ; his grace has put me
out [of] my own bias, and I know not what to
answer in form.

Gia. Ud's me ; tell him you'll come.

Maur. Yes, I will come, my lord the duke, I
will.

Duke. We take your word, and wish your
honour health.

Away then ; come, *Bianca*, we have found
A salve for melancholy ;—mirth and ease.

[Exit the DUKE, followed by all but *BIANCA* and
FERNANDO.]

Bian. I'll see the jolly lover and his glass
Take leave of one another.

Maur. Are they gone ?

Gia. Oh, my lord, I do now smell news.

Maur. What news, *Giaco*po ?

Gia. The duke has a smacking towards you,
and you shall clap up with his sister, the widow,
suddenly.

Maur. She is mine, *Giaco*po, she is mine !
Advance the glass, *Giaco*po, that I may practise,
as I pass, to walk a portly grace like a marquis, to
which degree I am now a-climbing.
Thus do we march to honour's haven of bliss.
To ride in triumph through *Persepolis*.

[Exit *GIACOPO*, going backward, with the glass, followed
by *MATRUCIO* complimenting.]

Bian. Now, as I live, here's laughter
Worthy our presence ! I'll not lose him so.

[Going.]

Fern. Madam.

Bian. To me, my lord !

Fern. Please but to hear

The story of a cast-away in love ;
And, oh ! let not the passage of a jest
Make slight a sadder subject, who hath placed
All happiness in your diviner eyes.

Bian. My lord, the time—

Fern. The time ! yet hear me speak,
For I must speak, or burst : I have a soul
So anchor'd down with cares in seas of woe,
That passion, and the vows I owe to you,
Have changed me to a lean anatomy.
Sweet princess of my life—

Bian. Forbear, or I shall—

Fern. Yet, as you honour virtue, do not freeze
My hopes to more discomfort, than, as yet,
My fears suggest ; no beauty so adorns
The composition of a well-built mind,
As pity : hear me out.

Bian. No more ! I spare

To tell you what you are, and must confess
Do almost hate my judgment, that it once
Thought goodness dwelt in you. Remember now,
It is the third time since your treacherous tongue
Hath pleaded treason to my ear and fame ;
Yet, for the friendship 'twixt my lord and you, >
I have not voiced your follies : if you dare
To speak a fourth time, you shall rue your lust :
'Tis all no better :—learn, and love yourself.

[Exit.]

Fern. Gone ! oh, my sorrows ! how am I un-
done !

Not speak again ? No, no, in her chaste breast,
Virtue and resolution have discharged
All female weakness : I have sued and sued,
Knelt, wept, and begg'd ; but tears, and vows, and
words,

Move her no more than summer winds a rock.
I must resolve to check this state of blood,
And will ; I'll set all icy to my veins,
Yet even that too inflames in me desire.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in PETRUCHIO'S House.

Enter PETRUCHIO and ROSABELL.

Ross. Is't possible the duke should be so mov'd?
Pet. 'Tis true; you have no enemy at court
 But her, for whom you pine so much in love;
 Then master your affections: I am sorry
 You hug your ruin so.—

What say you to the project I proposed?

Ross. I entertain it, with a greater joy
 Than shame can check.

Enter FERNANDO

Pet. You're come as I could wish;
 My cousin is resolv'd.

Fern. Without delay
 Prepare yourself, and meet at court anon,
 Some half hour hence; and Cupid bless your joy!

Ross. If ever man was bounden to a friend—

Fern. No more; away. [*Exeunt Pet. and Ross.*]

Love's rage is yet unknown:

In his—ah me! too well I feel my own.—

So, now I am alone; now let me think.

She is the duchess;—say she be: a creature,

Sew'd up in a painted cloth, might so be stiled;

That's but a name: she's married too; she is,

And therefore better might distinguish love:—

She's young and fair; why, madam, that's the bait

Invites me more to hope:—she's the duke's wife;

Who knows not this?—she's bosom'd to my

friend;

There, there, I am quite lost:—will not be won;

Still worse and worse: abhors to hear me speak;

Eternal mischief. I must urge no more;

For, were I not beleper'd in my soul,

Here were enough to quench the flames of hell.

What then? pish,—[if] I must not speak, I'll

Come then, sad secretary to my plaints, [write,

Plead thou my faith, for words are turn'd to sighs.

What says this paper?

[*Takes out a letter, and reads to himself.*]

Enter D'AVOLAS behind with two pictures.

D'Av. Now is the time. Alone? reading a letter? good; how now? striking his breast! what, in the name of policy, should this mean? tearing his hair! passion; by all the hopes of my life, plain passion: now I perceive it. If this be not a fit of some violent affection, I am an ass in understanding; why, 'tis plain,—plainer and plainer: love in the extremest. Oh, for the party who, now! The greatness of his spirits is too high cherish'd to be caught with some ordinary stuff, and if it be my lady Fiormonda, I am strangely mistook. Well, that I have fit occasion soon to understand. I have two pictures, newly drawn, to be sent for a present to the abbot of Monaco, the duchess's uncle, her own and my lady's; I'll observe which of these may, perhaps, bewray him—he turns about. My noble lord.

Fern. You are welcome, sir; I thank you.

D'Av. Me, my lord! for what, my lord?

Fern. Who's there? I cry you mercy, D'Avolas,

I took you for another; pray excuse me.

What is your business?

D'Av. No secret, my lord, but may be imparted to you. A couple of pictures, my good lord,—please you see them?

Fern. I care not much for pictures; but whose are they?

D'Av. The one is for my lord's sister, the other is the duchess.

Fern. Ha, D'Avolas! the duchess's?

D'Av. Yes, my lord. Sure the word startled him—observe that.

Fern. You told me, master secretary, once, You owed me love.

D'Av. Service, my honour'd lord; howsoever you please to term it.

Fern. 'Twere rudeness to be suitor for a night; Yet trust me, sir, I'll be all secret.

D'Av. I beseech your lordship;—they are, as I am, constant to your pleasure. [*Shows FIORMONDA'S picture.*] This, my lord, is the widow marquess's, as it now newly came from the picture-drawer's; the oil yet green: a sweet picture; and, in my judgment, art hath not been a niggard in striving to equal the life. Michael Angelo himself needed not blush to own the workmanship.

Fern. A very pretty picture; but, kind signior, To whose use is it?

D'Av. For the duke's, my lord, who determines to send it with all speed as a present to Paulo Baglione, uncle to the duchess, that he may see the riches of two such lustres as shine in the court of Pavy.

Fern. Pray, sir, the other?

D'Av. [*Shows the picture of the Duchess.*]—This, my lord, is for the duchess Bianca; a wondrous sweet picture, if you well observe with what singularity the artizan hath strove to set forth each limb in exquisite proportion, not missing a hair.

Fern. A hair!

D'Av. She cannot more formally, or (if it may be lawful to use the word) more really, behold her own symmetry in her glass, than in taking a sensible view of this counterfeit. When I first saw it, I verily almost was of a mind that this was her very lip.

Fern. Lip!

D'Av. How constantly he dwells upon this traiture! [*Aside.*]—Nay, I'll assure your lordship there is no defect of cunning.—His eye is fix'd, if it were incorporated there. [*Aside.*]—Was not the party herself alive to witness that there is a creature composed of flesh and blood, as naturally enriched with such harmony of admirable beauty, as is here artificially counterfeited, a very curious eye might repute it as an imaginary rapture of some transported conceit, to aim at an impossibility; whose very first gaze is of force almost to persuade a substantial love in a settled heart.

Fern. Love! heart!

D'Av. My honour'd lord.

Fern. Oh heavens!

D'Av. I am confirmed. [*Aside.*]—What shall your lordship?

Fern. You need not praise it, sir; itself is praise. How near had I forgot myself! [*Aside.*]—I thank 'Tis such a picture as might well become you. The shrine of some famed Venus; I am dazzled With looking on't:—pray, sir, convey it hence.

D'Av. I am all your servant:—bless'd, blessed discovery! [*Aside.*]—Please you to command me?

Fern. No, gentle sir.—I am am lost beyond my senses.—

D'Av. Hear, sir? good, where dwells the picture-maker?

D'Av. By the castle's farthest drawbridge, near

Gializzo's statue; his name is Alphonso Trinitio.
—Happy above all fate!

[Aside.]
Fern. You say enough; my thanks t'ye! *[Exit D'Av.]*—Were that picture

But rated at my lordship, 'twere too cheap.
I fear I spoke or did I know not what;
All sense of providence was in mine eye.

Enter FERENTIS, MAURUCCIO, and GIACOCO.

Fer. Youth in three-score years and ten! *[Aside.]*
Trust me, my lord Mauruccio, you are now
younger in the judgment of those that compare
your former age with your latter, by seven-and-
twenty years, than you were three years ago;
by all my fidelity, 'tis a miracle! the ladies wonder
at you.

Maur. Let them wonder; I am wise as I am
courtly.

Gia. The ladies, my lord, call him the Green
Broom of the court, he sweeps all before him; and
swear he has a stabbing wit: it is a very clyster to
laughter.

Maur. Nay, I know I can tickle 'em at my plea-
sure; I am stiff and strong, Ferentes.

Gia. A radish root is a spear of steel in com-
parison of I know what. *[Aside.]*

Fer. The marquess doth love you.

Maur. She doth love me.

Fer. And begins to do you infinite grace, Mau-
ruccio, infinite grace.

Fern. I'll take this time. *[Comes forward.]*
Good hour, my lords, to both!

Maur. Right princely Fernando, the best of the
Fernandos; by the pith of generation, the man I
look for. His highness hath sent to find you out;
he is determined to weather his own proper indi-
vidual person, for two days space, in my lord
Nibrassa's forest, to hunt the deer, the buck, the
roe, and eke the barren doe.

Fern. Is his highness preparing to hunt?

Maur. Yes, my lord, and resolved to be forth
for the breviating the prolixity of some superfluous
transmigration of the sun's double cadence to the
western horizon, my most perspicuous good lord.

Fern. Oh, sir, let me beseech you to speak in
your own mother-tongue—two days absence, well—
[Aside.]—my lord Mauruccio, I have a suit to you.

Maur. My lord Fernando, I have a suit to you.

Fern. That you will accept from me a very
choice token of my love; will you grant it?

Maur. Will you grant mine?

Fern. What is't.

Maur. Only to know what the suit is you please
to prefer to me.

Fern. Why, 'tis, my lord, a fool.

Maur. A fool?

Fern. As very a fool as your lordship is—hope-
ful to see in any time of your life.

Gia. Now, good my lord, part not with the fool
on any terms.

Maur. I beseech you, my lord, has the fool
qualities?

Fern. Very rare ones: you shall not hear him
speak one wise word in a month's converse; pas-
sing temperate of diet, for, keep him from meat
four-and-twenty hours, and he will fast a whole
day and night together: unless you urge him to
swear, there seldom comes an oath from his mouth;
and of a fool, my lord, to tell you the plain truth,
had he but half as much wit as you, my lord, he

would be in short time three quarters as arrant
wise as your lordship.

Maur. Giacopo, these are very rare elements in
a creature of little understanding. Oh, that I long
to see him?

Enter PETRUCIO and ROSSILLI, dressed like a Fool.

Fern. A very harmless idiot; and, as you could
wish, look where he comes.

Pet. Nephew, here is the thing you sent for.
Come hither, fool; come, 'tis a good fool.

Fern. Here, my lord; I freely give you the fool,
pray use him well for my sake.

Maur. I take the fool most thankfully at your
hands, my lord.—Hast any qualities, my pretty
fool? wilt dwell with me?

Ros. A, a, a, a, aye.

Pet. I never beheld a more natural creature in
my life.

Fern. Uncle, the duke, I hear, prepares to hunt;
Let's in and wait. Farewell, Mauruccio.

[Exit FERN. and PET.]

Maur. Beast that I am, not to ask the fool's
name! 'tis no matter; fool is a sufficient title to
call the greatest lord in the court by, if he be no
wiser than he.

Gia. Oh my lord, what an arrant excellent
pretty creature 'tis! come, honey, honey, honey,
come.

Fer. You are beholding to my lord Fernando
for this gift.

Maur. True; oh, that he could but speak me-
thodically! Canst speak, fool?

Ros. Can speak; de e e e e—

Fer. 'Tis a present for an emperor. What an
excellent instrument were this to purchase a suit,
or a monopoly from the duke's ear!

Maur. I have it, I am wise and fortunate.
Giacopo, I will leave all conceits, and instead of
my picture, offer the lady marquess this mortal
man of weak brain.

Gia. My lord, you have most rarely bethought
you; for so shall she no oftener see the fool, but
she shall remember you better than by a thousand
looking-glasses.

Fer. She will most graciously entertain it.

Maur. I may tell you Ferentes, there's not a
great woman amongst forty, but knows how to
make sport with a fool.—Dost know how old thou
art, sirrah?

Ros. Dud—a clap cheek for nowne sake, gaffer;
hee e e e.

Fer. Alas, you must ask him no questions, but
clap him on the cheek; I understand his language:
your fool is the tender-hearted'st creature that is.

Enter FIORONDA and D'AVOLLO, in close conversation.

Fior. No more, thou hast, in this discovery,
Exceeded all my favours, D'Avollos.
Is't mistress madam duchess? brave revenge.

D'Av. But had your grace seen the infinite
appetite of lust in the piercing adultery of his eye,
you would—

Fior. Or change him, or confound him:—prompt
dissembler!

Is here the bond of his religious vow?
And that, "now when the duke is abroad,
My gentleman will stay behind, is sick—or so?"
D'Av. "Not altogether in health;"—it was the
excuse he made.

Maur. [Seeing them.] Most fit opportunity! her grace comes just i'th' nick; let me study.

Fer. Lose no time, my lord.

Gia. To ner, sir.

Maur. Vouchsafe to stay thy foot, most Cynthian hue,

And from a creature, ever vow'd thy servant,
Accept this gift; most rare, most fine, most new,
The earnest-penny of a love so fervent.

Fior. What means the jolly youth?

Maur. Nothing, sweet princess, but only to present your grace with this sweet-faced fool; please you to accept him to make you merry: I'll assure your grace he is a very wholesome fool.

Fior. A fool! you might as well have given Whence is he? [yourself.]

Maur. Now, just very now, given me out of special favour, by the lord Fernando, madam.

Fior. By him? well, I accept him; thank you for't;

And, in requital, take that tooth-picker;
'Tis yours.

Maur. A tooth-picker! I kiss your bounty: no quibble now?—And, madam,

If I grow sick, to make my spirits quicker,
I will revive them with this sweet tooth-picker.

Fior. Make use on't as you list; here, D'Avolos, Take in the fool.

D'Av. Come, sweetheart, wilt along with me?

Ros. U u umh,—u u umh,—wonnnot, wonnot—u u umh.

Fior. Wilt go with me, chick?

Ros. Will go, to e—go will go—

Fior. Come, D'Avolos, observe to-night; 'tis late:

Or I will win my choice, or curse my fate.

[Exit *Fior.*, *Ros.* and *D'Av.*
Fer. This was wisely done now. S'foot, you purchase a favour from a creature, my lord, the greatest king of the earth would be proud of.

Maur. Giacopo!

Gia. My lord.

Maur. Come behind me, Giacopo; I am big with conceit, and must be delivered of poetry, in the eternal commendation of this gracious tooth-picker:—but, first, I hold it a most healthy policy to make a slight supper—

For meat's the food that must preserve our lives,
And now's the time when mortals whet their knives—

On thresholds, shoe-soles, cart-wheels, &c. Away,
Giacopo. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Palace.—The Duchess's Apartment.

Enter *COLONA* with lights, *BIANCA*, *FLORENDA*, *JULIA*, *FERNANDO*, and *D'AVOLOS*; *COLONA* places the lights on a table, and sets down a chess-board.

Bian. 'Tis yet but early night, too soon to sleep; Sister, shall's have a mate at chess?

Fior. A mate!

No, madam, you are grown too hard for me;
My lord Fernando is a fitter match.

Bian. He's a well-practis'd gamester—well, I care not
How cunning so'er he be.—To pass an hour
I'll try your skill, my lord: reach here the chess-board.

D'Av. Are you so apt to try his skill, madam duchess? Very good! [Aside.]

Fern. I shall bewray too much my ignorance
In striving with your highness; 'tis a game
I lose at still, by oversight.

Bian. Well, well,
I fear you not; let's to't.

[*FERNANDO* and the Duchess play.]

Fior. You need not, madam!

D'Av. [Aside to *Fior.*] Marry needs she not; how gladly will she to't! 'tis a rook to a queen she heaves a pawn to a knight's place; by'r lady, if all be truly noted, to a duke's place; and that's beside the play, I can tell ye.

Fior. Madam, I must entreat excuse; I feel
The temper of my body not in case
To judge the strife.

Bian. Lights for our sister, sirs!
Good rest 'ye; I'll but end my game, and follow.

Fior. [Aside to *D'Av.*] Let 'em have time enough; and, as thou canst,

Be near to hear their courtship, D'Avolos.

D'Av. Madam, I shall observe them with all cunning secrecy.

Bian. Colona, attend our sister to her chamber.

Col. I shall, madam—

[Exit *Fior.*, followed by *Col.*, *JUL.* and *D'Av.*

Bian. Play.

Fern. I must not lose the advantage of the game; Madam, your queen is lost.

Bian. My clergy help me;
My queen! and nothing for it but a pawn?
Why then the game's lost too: but play.

Fern. What, madam? [*FERNANDO* often looks about.]

Bian. You must needs play well, you are so studious.—

Fie upon't! you study past patience:
What do you dream on? here's demurring
Would weary out a statue!—Good now, play.

Fern. Forgive me; let my knees for ever stick
[Kneels.]

Nail'd to the ground, as earthy as my fears,
Ere I arise, to part away so cruel
In my unbounded anguish, as the rage
Of flames, beyond all utterance of words,
Devour me, lighten'd by your sacred eyes.

Bian. What means the man?

Fern. To lay before your feet
In lowest vassalage, the bleeding heart
That sighs the tender of a suit disdain'd.
Great lady, pity me, my youth, my wounds;
And do not think that I have cull'd this time
From motion's swiftest measure, to unclasp
The book of lust: If purity of love
Have residence in virtue's breast, lo here,
Bent lower in my heart than on my knee,
I beg compassion to a love, as chaste
As softness of desire can intimate.

[Re-enter *D'AVOLOS* behind.]

D'Av. At it already! admirable haste.

Bian. Am I again betray'd? bad man—

Fern. Keep in,

Bright angel, that severer breath, to cool
That heat of cruelty, which sways the temple
Of your too stony breast: you cannot urge
One reason to rebuke my trembling plea,
Which I have not, with many nights' expense
Examined; but, oh, madam, still I find
No physic strong to cure a tortured mind,
But freedom from the torture it sustains.

D'Av. Not kissing yet? still on your knees?
O for a plump bed and clean sheets, to comfort the
aching of his shins! we shall have them clip anon,
and lip kisses; here's ceremony, with a vengeance!

Bian. Rise up, we charge you, rise: [*he rises*]
look on our face.

What see you there that may persuade a hope
Of lawless love? Know, most unworthy man,
So much we hate the baseness of thy lust,
As, were none living of thy sex but thee,
We had much rather prostitute our blood
To some envenom'd serpent, than admit
Thy bestial dalliance. Couldst thou dare to speak
Again, when we forbade? no, wretched thing,
Take this for answer: if thou henceforth open
Thy leprous mouth to tempt our ear again,
We shall not only certify our lord
Of thy disease in friendship, but revenge
Thy boldness with the forfeit of thy life.
Think on't.

D'Av. Now, now, now the game's a-foot! your
gray jennet with the white face is curried, forsooth;
—please your lordship leap up into the saddle,
forsooth?—Poor duke, how must thy head ache
now!

Fern. Stay, go not hence in choler, blessed
woman!

You have school'd me; lend me hearing: though
the float

Of infinite desires swell to a tide
Too high so soon to ebb, yet by this hand,

[*Kisses her hand.*]

This glorious, gracious hand of your's—

D'Av. Aye, marry, the match is made; clap
hands and to't, ho!

Fern. I swear,

Henceforth I never will as much in word,
In letter, or in syllable, presume
To make a repetition of my griefs.
Good night t'ye! if, when I am dead, you rip
This coffin of my heart, there shall you read
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,
Bianca's name cur'd out in bloody lines.
For ever, lady, now good night!

Bian. Good night!

Rest in your goodness; lights there.

Enter Attendants with lights.

Sir, good night.

[*Exeunt sundry ways.*]

D'Av. So, via!—To be cuckold'd (mercy and
providence) is as natural to a married man as to
eat, sleep, or wear a nightcap. Friends!—I will
rather trust mine arm in the throat of a lion, my
purse with a courtesan, my neck with the chance
on a dye, or my religion in a synagogue of Jews,
than my wife with a friend. Wherein do princes
exceed the poorest peasant that ever was yoked to
a sixpenny strumpet, but that the horns of the one
are mounted some two inches higher by a choppine
than the other? Oh Acteon! the goodliest headed
beast of the forest amongst wild cattle is a stag;
and the goodliest beast amongst tame fools in a
corporation is a cuckold.

Re-enter FERNANDO.

Fior. Speak, D'Avolos, how thrives intelligence?

D'Av. Above the prevention of fate, madam.
I saw him kneel, make pitiful faces, kiss hands
and forefingers, rise,—and by this time he is up,
up, madam. Doubtless the youth aims to be

duke, for he is gotten into the duke's seat an
hour ago.

Fior. Is't true?

D'Av. Oracle, oracle! siege was laid, parley
admitted, composition offered, and the fort en-
tered; there's no interruption. The duke will be
at home to-morrow, gentle animal!—what do you
resolve?

Fior. To stir up tragedies as black as brave,
And send the letcher panting to his grave.—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Bed-chamber in the same.*

*Enter BIANCA, her hair loose, in her night mantle. She
draws a curtain, FERNANDO is discovered in bed, sleeping.
She sets down the candle, and goes to the bed-side.*

Bian. Resolve, and do; 'tis done.—What! are
those eyes,

Which lately were so overdrawn'd in tears,
So easy to take rest? Oh happy man!
How sweetly sleep hath seal'd up sorrows here!
But I will call him.—What, my lord, my lord,
My lord Fernando!

Fern. Who calls me?

Bian. My lord,

Sleeping or waking?

Fern. Ha! who is't?

Bian. 'Tis I:

Have you forgot my voice? or is your ear
But useful to your eye?

Fern. Madam, the duchess!

Bian. She, 'tis she; sit up,

Sit up and wonder, whiles my sorrows swell:
The nights are short, and I have much to say.

Fern. Is't possible 'tis you?

Bian. 'Tis possible:

Why do you think I come?

Fern. Why? to crown joys,

And make me master of my best desires.

Bian. 'Tis true, you guess aright; sit up, and
listen.

With shame and passion now I must confess,
Since first mine eyes beheld you, in my heart
You have been only king: if there can be
A violence in love, then I have felt
That tyranny: be record to my soul,
The justice which I for this folly fear!
Fernando, in short words, howe'er my tongue
Did often chide thy love, each word thou spok'st
Was music to my ear; was never poor,
Poor wretched woman lived, that loved like me,
So truly, so unfeignedly.

Fern. Oh, madam!

Bian. To witness that I speak is truth,—look
here!

Thus singly I adventure to thy bed,
And do confess my weakness; if thou tempt'st
My bosom to thy pleasures, I will yield.

Fern. Perpetual happiness!

Bian. Now hear me out.

When first Caraffa, Pavy's duke, my lord,
Saw me, he loved me; and without respect
Of dower, took me to his bed and bosom:
Advanced me to the titles I possess,
Not mov'd by counsel, or removed by greatness;
Which to requite, betwixt my soul and heaven,
I vow'd a vow to live a constant wife;
I have done so: nor was there in the world
A man created, could have broke that truth

For all the glories of the earth, but thou;
But thou, Fernando!—Do I love thee now?

Fern. Beyond imagination.

Bian. True, I do,
Beyond imagination: if no pledge
Of love can instance what I speak is true,
But loss of my best joys; here, here, Fernando,
Be satisfied, and ruin me.

Fern. What do you mean?

Bian. To give my body up to thy embraces,
A pleasure that I never wish'd to thrive in,
Before this fatal minute: mark me now;
If thou dost spoil me of this robe of shame.
By my best comforts, here I vow again,
To thee, to heaven, to the world, to time,
Ere yet the morning shall new-christen day,
I'll kill myself!

Fern. How, madam, how!

Bian. I will:

Do what thou wilt, 'tis in thy choice; what say
you?

Fern. Pish! do you come to try me? tell me,
Will you but grant a kiss? [first,

Bian. Yes, take it; that,
Or what thy heart can wish: I am all thine.

[*Fern. kisses her.*]

Fern. Oh, me!—Come, come; how many
women, pray,

Were ever heard or read of, granted love,
And did as you protest you will?

Bian. Fernando,
Jest not at my calamity.—I kneel— [kneels

By these dishevell'd hairs, these wretched tears,
By all that's good, if what I speak, my heart
Vows not eternally, then think, my lord,
Was never man sued to me I denied;

Think me a common and most cunning whore,
And let my sins be written on my grave,
My name rest in reproof!—[*Rises*] Do as you
list.

Fern. I must believe you,—yet I hope, anon,
When you are parted from me, you will say
I was a good, cold, easy-spirited man,
Nay, laugh at my simplicity; say, will you?

Bian. No, by the faith I owe my bridal vows!
But ever hold thee much, much dearer far,
Than all my joys on earth, by this chaste kiss.

[*Kisses him.*]

Fern. You have prevail'd; and Heaven forbid
that I

Should by a wanton appetite profane
This sacred temple! 'tis enough for me
You'll please to call me servant.

Bian. Nay, be thine:
Command my power, my bosom; and I'll write
This love within the tables of my heart.

Fern. Enough; I'll master passion, and triumph
In being conquered; adding to it this,
In you my love, as it begun, shall end.

Bian. The latter I new-vow—but day comes on:
What now we leave unfinished'd of content,
Each hour shall perfect up: Sweet, let us part.

Fern. This kiss,—best life, good rest!

[*Kisses her.*]

Bian. All mine to thee!
Remember this, and think I speak thy words:
"When I am dead, rip up my heart, and read
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,
Fernando's name carv'd out in bloody lines."
Once more good rest, sweet!

Fern. Your most faithful servant.

[*The scene closes.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter NIBRASSA, followed by JULIA, weeping.

Nib. Get from me, strumpet, infamous whore,
leprosy of my blood! make thy woe to ballad-
singers and rhymers; they'll jig out thy wretched-
ness and abominations to new tunes: as for me, I
renounce thee; thou'rt no daughter of mine, I
disclaim the legitimation of thy birth, and curse
the hour of thy nativity.

Jul. Pray, sir, vouchsafe me hearing.

Nib. With child! shame to my grave! Oh whore,
wretched beyond utterance or reformation, what
would'st say?

Jul. Sir, by the honour of my mother's hearse,
He has protested marriage, pledg'd his faith;
If vows have any force, I am his wife.

Nib. His faith? Why, thou fool, thou wickedly
credulous fool, canst thou imagine luxury is observ-
ant of religion? no, no: it is with a frequent
letcher as usual to forswear as to swear; their
piety is in making idolatry a worship: their hearts
and their tongues are as different as thou, thou
whore! and a virgin.

Jul. You are too violent; his truth will prove
His constancy, and so excuse my fault.

Nib. Shameless woman! this belief will damn
thee How will thy lady marquess justly reprove

me, for preferring to her service a monster of so
lewd and impudent a life! look to't; if thy smooth
devil leave thee to thine infamy, I will never pity
thy mortal pangs, never lodge thee under my roof,
never own thee for my child; mercy be my wit-
ness!—

Enter PETRUCHIO leading COLONA.

Pet. Hide not thy folly by unwise excuse.
Thou art undone, Colona; no entreaties,
No warning, no persuasion, could put off
The habit of thy dotage on that man
Of much deceit, Ferrites. Would thine eyes
Had seen me in my grave, ere I had known
The stain of this thine honour!

Col. Good, my lord,
Reclaim your incredulity; my fault
Proceeds from lawful composition
Of wedlock, he hath seal'd his oath to mine,
To be my husband.

Nib. Husband! hey-day! is't even so? nay,
then, we have partners in affliction; if my jolly
gallant's long clapper have struck on both sides,
all is well. Petruccio, thou art not wise enough
to be a parator; come hither, man, come hither;
speak softly, is thy daughter with child?

Pet. With child, Nibrassa?

Nib. Foh! do not trick me off; I overheard

your gabbling. Hark in thine ear, so is mine too.

Pet. Alas, my lord, by whom?

Nib. Innocent! by whom? what an idle question is that? One cock hath trod both our hens. Ferentes, Ferentes, who else! how dost take it? methinks thou art wondrous patient, why, I am mad, stark mad.

Pet. How like you this, Colona? 'tis too true: Did not this man protest to be your husband?

Col. Ah me! to me he did.

Nib. What else, what else, Petrucchio! and, madam, my quondam daughter, I hope he has past some huge words of matrimony to you too.

Jul. Alas! to me he did.

Nib. And how many more, the great Lucibus of hell knows best. Petrucchio, give me your hand; mine own daughter in this arm, and yours, Colona, in this—there, there, sit ye down together. Never rise, as you hope to inherit our blessings, till you have plotted some brave revenge; think upon it to purpose, and you shall want no seconds to further it; be secret one to another. Come, Petrucchio, let 'em alone; the wenches will demur on't, and, for the process, we'll give 'em courage.

Pet. You counsel wisely, I approve your plot; Think on your shames, and who it was that wrought 'em.

Nib. Aye, aye, aye, leave them alone: to work, wenches, to work! [*Exit Nib. and Pet.*]

Col. We are quite ruin'd.

Jul. True, Colona, Betray'd to infamy, deceived, and mock'd, By an unconstant villain: what shall's do? I am with child.

Col. Hey-ho! and so am I;

But what shall's do now?

Jul. This: with cunning words First prove his love; he knows I am with child.

Col. And so he knows I am; I told him on't Last meeting in the lobby, and, in troth, The false deceiver laugh'd.

Jul. Now, by the stars, He did the like to me, and said, 'twas well I was so happily sped.

Col. Those very words He used to me, it fretted me to th' heart; I'll be revenged.

Jul. Peace! here's a noise, methinks. Let's rise; we'll take a time to talk of this.

[*They walk aside.*]

Enter FERENTES and MORONA.

Fer. Will you hold? death of my delights, have you lost all sense of shame? You were best roar about the court, that I have been your woman's barber, and trimm'd you, kind Morona.

Mor. Distance to thy kindness! thou hast robb'd me of my good name; did'st promise to love none but me, me, only me: swor'st, like an unconscionable villain, to marry me the twelfth day of the month, two months since; did'st make my bed thine own, mine house thine own, mine all and every thing, thine own: I will explain to the world on this, and beg justice of the gods himself, villain! I will.

Fer. You again! nay, an if you be in that mood, about up your fore-shop, I'll be your journeyman no longer. Why, wise madam Dry-as-t, could your mouldy brain be so a'dle, to imagine I would marry

a stale widow at six-and-forty? Marry gip! are there not varieties enough of thirteen! come, stop your clap-dish, or I'll purchase a carting for you. By this light, I have toiled more with this tough carrion hen, than with ten quails scarce grown into their first feathers.

Mor. O treason to all honesty or religion!—Speak, thou perjured, damnable, ungracious defiler of women, who shall father my child which thou hast begotten?

Fer. Why, thee, country-woman; thou'st a larger purse to pay for the nursing. Nay, if you'll needs have the world know how you, reputed a grave, matron-like, motherly-madam, kick'd up your heels like a jennet whose mark is new come into her mouth, e'en do, do! the worst can be said of me is, that I was ill-advised to dig for gold in a coal-pit. Are you answer'd?

Mor. Answer'd?

Jul. Let's fall amongst 'em.—[*Comes forward with Col.*—] Love—how is't, chick? ha?

Col. My dear Ferentes, my betrothed lord.

Fer. Excellent! oh, for three Barbary stone-horses to top three Flanders mares!—[*Aside.*—] Why, how now, wenches! what means this?

Mor. Out upon me! here's more of his trulls.

Jul. Love, you must go with me.

Col. Good love, let's walk.

Fer. I must rid my hands of them, or they'll ride on my shoulders.—By your leave, ladies; here's none but is of common counsel one with another. In short there are three of ye with child, you tell me, by me; all of you I cannot satisfy, nor, indeed, handsomely any of you. You all hope I should marry you; which, for that it is impossible to be done, I am content to have neither of you: for your looking big on the matter, keep your own counsels, I'll not bewray ye; but for marriage,—heaven bless you, and me from you! this is my resolution.

Col. How, not me!

Jul. Not me!

Mor. Not me!

Fer. Nor you, nor you, nor you; and to give you some satisfaction, I'll yield you reasons. You, Colona, had a pretty art in your dalliance, but your fault was, you were too suddenly won; you, madam Morona, could have pleased well enough some three or four-and-thirty years ago, but you are too old: you, Julia, were young enough; but your fault is, you have a scurvy face. Now, every one knowing her proper defect, thank me that I ever vouchsafed you the honour of my bed once in your lives. If you want clouts, all I'll promise, is to rip up an old shirt or two; so, wishing a speedy deliverance to all your burdens, I commend you to your patience. [*Exit.*]

Mor. Excellent!

Jul. Notable!

Col. Unmatch'd villain!

Jul. Madam, though strangers, yet we understand Your wrongs do equal ours; which to revenge, Please but to join with us, and we'll redeem Our loss of honour by a brave exploit.

Mor. I embrace your motion, ladies, with gladness, and will strive by any action to rank with you in any danger.

Col. Come, gentlemen, let's together then. Thrice happy maids that have trusted men!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The State-room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, BIANCA, supported by FERNANDO, FLORENDA, PETRUCHIO, NIBBASSA, FERENTES, and D'AVOLAS.

Duke. Roselli will not come then! will not? well;

His pride shall ruin him.—Our letters speak
The duchess' uncle will be here to-morrow:
To-morrow, D'Avolos.

D'Av. To-morrow night, my lord, but not to make more than one day's abode here; for his holiness has commanded him to be at Rome the tenth of this month, the conclave of cardinals not being resolved to sit till his coming.

Duke. Your uncle, sweetheart, at his next return, Must be saluted cardinal. Ferentes, Be it your charge to think on some device To entertain the present with delight.

Fern. My lord, in honour to the court of Pavy, I'll join with you. Ferentes, not long since, I saw in Brussels, at my being there, The duke of Brabant welcome the archbishop Of Meutz with rare conceit, even on a sudden Perform'd by knights and ladies of his court, In nature of an antic; which methought, (For that I ne'er before saw women-antics) Was for the newness strange, and much commended.

Bian. Now good, my lord Fernando, further In any wise; it cannot but content. [this

Fior. If she entreat, 'tis ten to one the man Is won beforehand. [Aside.

Duke. Friend, thou honour'st me; But can it be so speedily perform'd?

Fern. I'll undertake it, if the ladies please, To exercise in person only that: And we must have a fool, or such a one As can with art well act him.

Fior. I shall fit ye; I have a natural.

Fern. Best of all, madam; Then, nothing wants: you must make one, Ferentes.

Fer. With my best service and dexterity, My lord.

Pet. [Aside to Nin.] This falls out happily, Nibbassa.

Nib. We could not wish it better: Heaven is an unbribed justice.

Duke. We'll meet our uncle in a solemn grace Of zealous presence, as becomes the church: See all the choir be ready, D'Avolos.

D'Av. I have already made your highness' pleasure known to them.

Bian. Your lip, my lord!

Fern. Madam.

Bian. Perhaps your teeth have bled; wipe it with my handkerchief: give me, I'll do't myself—speak, shall I steal a kiss? believe me, my lord, I long. [Apart to Fern.

Fern. Not for the world.

Fior. Apparent impudence!

D'Av. Beahrew my heart, but that's not so good.

Duke. Ha, what's that thou mislikest, D'Avolos?

D'Av. Nothing, my lord;—but I was hammering a conceit of mine, which cannot, I find, in so short a time be put, as a day's practice.

Fior. Well put off, secretary. [Aside.

Duke. We are too sad; methinks, the life of mirth Should still be fed where we are; where's Mauruccio?

Fer. An't please your highness, he's of late grown so affectionately inward with my lady ma- quessa's fool, that I presume he is confident there are few wise men worthy of his society, who are not as innocently harmless as that creature. 'Tis almost impossible to separate them, and 'tis a question which of the two is the wiser man.

Duke. 'Would he were here! I have a kind of dulness

Hangs on me since my hunting, that I feel, As 'twere, a disposition to be sick; My head is ever aching.

D'Av. A shrewd ominous token; I like not that neither.

Duke. Again! what is't you like not?

D'Av. I beseech your highness excuse me; I am so busy with this frivolous project, and can bring it to no shape, that it almost confounds my capacity.

Bian. My lord, you were best to try to set a I and your friend, to pass away the time, [maw; Will undertake your highness and your sister.

Duke. The game's too tedious.

Fior. 'Tis a peevish play,

Your knave will heave the queen out, or your king; Besides, 'tis all on fortune.

Enter MAURUCCIO with ROSSELLI, and GIACOPO.

Maur. Bless thee, most excellent Duke; I here present thee as worthy and learned a gentleman, as ever I (and yet I have lived threescore years) convers'd with. Take it from me, I have tried him, and [he] is worthy to be privy-counsellor to the greatest Turk in Christendom; of a most apparent and deep understanding, slow of speech, but speaks to the purpose. Come forward, sir, and appear before his highness in your own proper elements.

Ros. Will—tye—to da new tonte sure la now.

Gia. A very senseless gentleman, and, please your highness, one that has a great deal of little wit, as they say.

Maur. Oh, sir, had you heard him as I did, deliver whole histories in the Tangay tongue, you would swear there were not such a linguist breath'd again; and did I but perfectly understand his language, I would be confident, in less than two hours, to distinguish the meaning of bird, beast, or fish, naturally, as I myself speak Italian, my lord.—Well, he has rare qualities.

Duke. Now, prithee, question him, Mauruccio.

Maur. I will, my lord.

Tell me, rare scholar, which, in thy opinion, Doth cause the strongest breath—garlic or onion?

Gia. Answer him, brother fool; do, do, speak thy mind, chuck, do.

Ros. Have bid seen all da fine knack, and de, e, naghtye tat-tle of da knave dad la have so.

Duke. We understand him not.

Maur. Admirable, I protest, duke; mark, oh duke, mark! What did I ask him, Giacoopo?

Gia. What caused the strongest breath, garlic or onions, I take it, sir.

Maur. Right, right by Helicon! and his answer is, that a knave has a stronger breath than any of

them : wisdom (or I am an ass) in the highest ; a direct figure ; put it down, *Giacopo*.

Duke. How happy is that idiot, whose ambition is but to eat, and sleep, and shun the rod ! Men that have more of wit, and use it ill, Are fools in proof.

Bian. True, my lord, there's many Who think themselves most wise, that are most fools.

D'Av. Bitter girls, if all were known ;—but—

Duke. But what ? speak out ; plague on your muttering, grumbling !

I hear you, sir, what is't ?

D'Av. Nothing, I protest, to your highness, pertinent to any moment.

Duke. Well, sir, remember.—Friend, you promised study.

I am not well in temper ; come, *Bianca* : Attend our friend, *Ferentes*.

(Exit all but FERN. ROS. FEN. and MAUR.)

Fern. *Ferentes*, take *Mauruccio* in with you, He must be one in action.

Fer. Come, my lord,

I shall entreat your help.

Fern. I'll stay the fool,

And follow instantly.

Maur. Yes, pray, my lord.

(Exit FERN. and MAUR.)

Fern. How thrives your hopes now, cousin ?

Ros. Are we safe ?

Then let me cast myself beneath thy foot, True, virtuous lord. Know then, sir, her proud Is only fix'd on you in such extremes [heart Of violence and passion, that I fear, Or she'll enjoy you, or she'll ruin you.

Fern. Me, coz ? by all the joys I wish to taste, She is as far beneath my thought, as I In soul above her malice.

Ros. I observ'd

Even now, a kind of dangerous pretence, In an unjointed phrase from *D'Avolos*. I know not her intent ; but this I know, He has a working brain, is minister To all my lady's counsels ; and, my lord, Pray heaven there have not anything befallen Within the knowledge of his subtle art, To do you mischief !

Fern. Pish ! should he or hell

Affront me in the passage of my fate, I'd crush them into atoms.

Ros. I do admit you could ; meantime, my lord, Be nearest to yourself ; what I can learn, You shall be soon inform'd of : here is all We fools can catch the wise in ; to unknott, By privilege of cuckombs, what they plot.

(Exit.)

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter DUKE and D'AVOLOS.

Duke. Thou art a traitor : do not think the gloss Of smooth evasion, by your cunning jests, And coinage of your politician's brain, Shall jig me off ; I'll know 'em ! I vow I will. Did not I note your dark abrupted ends Of words half spoke ? your "wells, if all were known ?"

Your short, "I like not that ?" your girls and "buts ?"

Yes, sir, I did !—such broken language argues More matter than your subtlety shall hide ; Tell me, what is't ? by honour's self, I'll know.

D'Av. What would you know, my lord ? I confess I owe my life and service to you, as to my prince ; the one you have, the other you may take from me at your pleasure. Should I devise master to feed your distrust, or suggest likelihoods without appearance ?—what would you have me say ? I know nothing.

Duke. Thou liest, dissembler ; on thy brow I read Distracted horrors figured in thy looks.

On thy allegiance, *D'Avolos*, as e'er

Thou hop'st to live in grace with us, unfold

What by the party-halting of thy speech

Thy knowledge can discover. By the faith

We bear to sacred justice, we protest,

Be it or good or evil, thy reward

Shall be our special thanks, and love unterm'd :

Speak, on thy duty ; we, thy prince, command.

D'Av. Oh my disaster ! my lord, I am so charmed by those powerful repetitions of love and duty, that I cannot conceal what I know of your dishonour.

Duke. "Dishonour !" then my soul is cleft with I half presage my misery ; say on, [fear ; Speak it at once, for I am great with grief.

D'Av. I trust your highness will pardon me ; yet I will not deliver a syllable which shall be less innocent than truth itself.

Duke. By all our wish of joys, we pardon thee.

D'Av. Get from me, cowardly servility ! my service is noble, and my loyalty an armour of brass : in short, my lord, and plain discovery, you are a cuckold.

Duke. Keep in the word,—a cuckold !

D'Av. *Fernando* is your rival, has stolen your duchess's heart, murder'd friendship ; horns your head, and laughs at your horns.

Duke. My heart is split.

D'Av. Take courage, be a prince in resolution : I knew it would nettle you in the fire of your composition, and was loth to have given the first report of this more than ridiculous blemish to all patience or moderation ; but, oh my lord, what would not a subject do to approve his loyalty to his sovereign ? Yet, good sir, take it as quietly as you can ; I must needs say 'tis a foul fault, but what man is he under the sun, that is free from the career of his destiny ? May be she will in time reclaim the errors of her youth ; or 'twere a great happiness in you, if you could not believe it ; that's the surest way, my lord, in my poor counsel.

Duke. The icy current of my blood

Is kindled up in agonies as hot

As flames of burning sulphur. Oh my fate !

A cuckold ? had my dukedom's whole inheritance

Been rent, mine honours level'd in the dust

So she, that wicked woman, might have slept

Chaste in my bosom, 't had been all a sport.—

And he, that villain, viper to my heart,

That he should be the man ! death above utter.— Take heed you prove this true. [snuff !—

D'Av. My lord.

Duke. If not,

I'll tear their joint by joint.—Phew ! methinks

It should not be.—*Bianca* : why, I took her

From lower than a bondage ;—hell of hells !

See that you make it good.

D'Av. As for that, 'would it were as good as I

would make it! I can, if you will temper your distractions, out bring you where you shall see it; no more.

Duke. See it?

D'Av. Aye, see it, if that be proof sufficient. I, for my part, will slack no service that may testify my simplicity.

Enter FERNANDO.

Duke. Enough.—What news, Fernando?

Fern. Sir, the abbot

Is now upon arrival: all your servants Attend your presence.

Duke. We will give him welcome As shall befit our love and his respect; Come, mine own best Fernando, my dear friend.

[Exit with FERN.

D'Av. Excellent! now for a horned moon.

[Music within.

But I hear the preparation for the entertainment of this great abbot. Let him come and go, that matters nothing to this; whilst he rides abroad in hope to purchase a purple hat, our duke shall as earnestly heat the pericranium of his noddle with a yellow hood at home.—I hear them coming.

LOUD MUSIC.

Enter Servants with Torches, then the DUKE, followed by FERNANDO, BIANCA, FORMOSA, PETRUCHIO, and NIBBANS, at one door, two PRIORS, the Abbot, and Attendants, at the other. The DUKE and Abbot meet and salute, BIANCA and the rest salute, and are saluted; they rank themselves and pass over the Stage; the Choir singing.

D'Av. On to your victuals; some of you, I know,
Feed upon wormwood. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Another Apartment in the same.

Enter PETRUCHIO and NIBBANS with Napkins.

Pet. The duke's on rising; are you ready? ho! *[Within.]* All ready.

Nib. Then, Petruccio, arm thyself with courage and resolution; and do not shrink from being stayed on thy own virtue.

Pet. I am resolved:—fresh lights! I hear 'em coming.

Enter Attendants with Lights, before the DUKE, Abbot, BIANCA, FORMOSA, FERNANDO, and D'AVOLES.

Duke. Right reverend uncle, though our minds be scanted

In giving welcome as our hearts would wish, Yet we will strive to show how much we joy Your presence, with a courtly shew of mirth. Please you to sit?

Abbot. Great duke, your worthy honours To me, shall still have place in my best thanks: Since you in me so much respect the church, Thus much I'll promise; at my next return, His Holiness shall grant [you] an indulgence Both large and general.

Duke. Our humble duty.

Seat you, my lords; now let the masquers enter.

Enter, in an antick fashion, FERENTES, ROSKILL, and MAURICIO, at several doors: they dance a short time. Suddenly enter to them COLONA, JULIA, and MORONA; in odd shapes, and dance: the men gaze at them, and at a stand, and are invited by the women to dance. They dance together sundry changes; at last they close FERENTES in.—MAURICIO and ROSKILL bring shook off, and standing at several ends of the Stage gazing. The women hold hands and dance about FERENTES in divers complimentary offers of courtship; at length they suddenly fall upon him and stab him; he falls, and they run out at several doors. The Music ceases.

Fer. Uncase me; I am slain in jest. A pox upon your outlandish feminine anticks! pull off my visor: I shall bleed to death ere I have time to feel where I am hurt. *Duke.* I am slain: off with my visor, for heaven's sake, off with my visor!

Duke. Slain? take his visor off:—*(they unmask him)*—we are betray'd;

Seize on them! two are yonder: hold Ferentes; Follow the rest: apparent treachery!

Abbot. Holy St. Bennet, what a sight is this!

Re-enter JULIA, COLONA, and MORONA, unmasked, each with a Child in her arms.

Jul. Be not amaz'd, great princes, but vouchsafe Your audience; we are they have done this deed. Look here, the pledges of this false man's lust, Betray'd in our simplicities: he swore, And pawn'd his truth, to marry each of us; Abused us all; unable to revenge Our public shames, but by his public fall, Which thus we have contrived: nor do we blush To call the glory of this murder ours; We did it, and we'll justify the deed, For when in sad complaints we claim'd his vows, His answer was reproach; villain, is't true?

Col. I was too quickly won, you slave.

Mor. I was too old, you dog.

Jul. I (and I never shall forget the wrong)

I was not fair enough; not fair enough

For thee, thou monster! let me cut his gall.

Not fair enough! oh scorn! not fair enough!

[Stabs him.]

Fer. O, O, oh!—

Duke. Forbear, you monstrous women! do not add

Murder to lust; your lives shall pay this forfeit.

Fer. Pox upon all cod-piece extravagancy! I am pepper'd;—oh, oh, oh!—*Duke,* forgive me! Had I rid any tame beasts but Barbary wild colts, I had not thus been jerk'd out of the saddle. My forfeit was in my blood; and my life hath answer'd it. Vengeance on all wild whores, I say!—oh 'tis true—farewell, generation of hocknies,—oh!

[Dies.]

Duke. He is dead.

To prison with those monstrous strumpets.

Pet. Stay,

I'll answer for my daughter.

Nib. And I for mine.

Oh well done, girls!

Fern. I for you gentlewoman, sir.

Maur. Good my lord, I am an innocent in the business.

Duke. To prison with him! Bear the body hence.

Abbot. Herr's fatal sad presages; but 'tis just, He dies by murder that hath lived in lust.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter DUKE, FIORMONDA, and D'AVOLOS.*

Fior. Art thou Caraffa? is there in thy veins
One drop of blood that issued from the loins
Of Pavy's ancient dukes? or dost thou sit
On great Lorenzo's seat, our glorious father.
And canst not blush to be so far beneath
The spirit of heroic ancestors?
Canst thou ingross a slavish shame, which men,
Far, far below the region of thy state,
Not more abhor, than study to revenge?
Thou an Italian! I could burst with rage,
To think I have a brother so befoo'd.
In giving patience to a harlot's lust.

D'Av. One, my lord, that doth so palpably, so
apparently make her adulteries a trophy, whiles
the puting-stick to her unsatiate and more than
goutish abomination jeers at, and flouts your sleep-
ish, and more than sleepish security.

Fior. What is she, but the swallow-colour'd brat
Of some unlanded bankrupt, taught to catch
The easy fancy of young prodigal bloods,
In springes of her stew-instructed art?
Here's your most virtuous duchess! your rare
piece!

D'Av. More base in the infiniteness of her sen-
suality than corruption can infect:—to clip and
inveigle your friend too! oh unsufferable!—a
friend! how of all men are you most unfortunate:
—to pour out your soul into the bosom of such a
creature, as holds it religion to make your own
trust a key to open the passage to your own wife's
womb, to be drunk in the privacies of your bed!
—think upon that, sir.

Duke. Be gentle in your tortures, e'en for
pity;

For pity's cause, I beg it.

Fior. Be a prince!

Thou hadst better, duke, thou hadst, been born a
peasant.

Now boys will sing thy scandal in the streets,
Tune ballads to thy infamy, get money
By making pageants of thee, and invent
Some strangely-shaped man-beast, that may for
Resemble thee, and call it Pavy's duke. [horns]

Duke. Endless immortal plague!

D'Av. There's the mischief, sir: in the mean-
time you shall be sure to have a bastard (of whom
you did not so much as beget a little toe, a left ear,
or half the farther side of an upper lip) inherit
both your throne and name; this would kill the
soul of very patience itself.

Duke. Forbear; the ashy paleness of my cheek
Is scarletted in ruddy flakes of wrath;
And like some bearded meteor shall suck up,
With swiftest terror, all those dusky mists
That overcloud compassion in our breast.
You have rous'd a sleeping lion, whom no art,
No fawning smoothness shall reclaim; but blood.
And sister thou, thou Roderico, thou,
From whom I take the surfeit of my bane,
Henceforth no more so eagerly pursue,
To what my dulness; you shall see Caraffa
Equal his birth, and matchless in revenge.

Fior. Why, now I hear you speak in majesty.

D'Av. And it becomes my lord most princely.

Duke. Does it? come hither, sister; thou art
near

In nature, and as near to me in love.

I love thee, yes, by yon bright firmament,

I love thee dearly; but observe me well:

If any private grudge, or female spleen,

Malice or envy, or such woman's frailty,

Have spurr'd thee on to set my soul on fire,

Without apparent certainty; I vow,

And vow again, by all [our] princely blood,

Hadst thou a double soul, or were the lives

Of fathers, mothers, children, or the hearts

Of all our tribes in thine, I would unrip

That womb of bloody mischief with these nails,

Where such a cursed plot as this was hatch'd.

But, D'Avolos, for thee—no more; to work

A yet more strong impression in my brain,

You must produce an instance to mine eye,

Both present and apparent—nay, you shall—or—

Fior. Or what? you will be mad? be rather
wise;

Think on Ferentes first, and think by whom

The harmless youth was slaughter'd; had he liv'd,

He would have told you tales: Fernando fear'd it;

And to prevent him, under shew, forsooth,

Of rare device, most trimly cut him off.

Have you yet eyes, duke?

Duke. Shrewdly urged,—'tis piercing.

Fior. For looking on a sight shall split your
soul.

You shall not care; I'll undertake myself

To do't some two days hence; for need, to-night—

But that you are in court.

D'Av. Right. Would you desire, my lord, to
see them exchange kisses, sucking one another's
lips, nay, begetting an heir to the dukedom, or
practising more than the very act of adultery itself?
Give but a little way by a feign'd absence, and
you shall find 'em—I blush to speak doing what;
I am mad to think on't, you are most shamefully,
most sinfully, most scornfully corrupted.

Duke. D'ye play upon me? as I am your prince,
There's some shall roar for this! Why, what
was I,

Both to be thought or made so vile a thing?

Stay—madam marquess:—ho, Roderico, you, sir,

Bear witness that if ever I neglect

One day, one hour, one minute, to wear out

With toil of plot, or practice of conceit,

My busy skull, till I have found a death

More horrid than the bull of Phalaris,

Or all the fabling poets' dreaming whips;

If ever I take rest, or force a smile

Which is not borrowed from a royal vengeance,

Before I know which way to satisfy

Fury and wrong,—nay, kneel down—[*They kneel.*]
let me die

More wretched than despair, reproach, contempt,

Laughter, and poverty itself can make me!

Let's rise on all sides, friends;—[*They rise.*]
now all's agreed:

If the moon serve, some that are safe shall bleed.

Enter FERNANDO, BIANCA, and MORONA.

Bian. My lord the duke.

Duke. Bianca! ha, how is't?

How is't, Bianca? what, Fernando! come,

Shall's shake hands, sirs?—'faith, this is kindly done.

Here's three as one; welcome, dear wife, sweet friend!

D'Av. I do not like this now; it shews scurvily to me.

[*Aside* to *Fior*.]

Bian. My lord, we have a suit, Your friend and I—

Duke. She puts my friend before, most kindly still.

[*Aside*.]

Bian. Must join—

Duke. What, must?

Bian. My lord!

Duke. Must join, you say—

Bian. That you will please to set Mauruccio At liberty; this gentlewoman here,

Hath, by agreement made betwixt them two, Obtain'd him for her husband: good, my lord, Let me entreat; I dare engage mine honour, He's innocent in any wilful fault.

Duke. Your honour, madam! now heshrew you T'engage your honour on so slight aground: [for't, Honour's a precious jewel, I can tell you:

Nay 'tis, Bianca; go to.—*D'Avolos*, Bring us Mauruccio hither.

D'Av. I shall, my lord.—

[*Exit*.]

Mor. I humbly thank your grace.

Fern. And, royal sir, since Julia and Colona, Chief actors in *Ferentes'* tragic end, Were, through their ladies' mediation, Freed by your gracious pardon: I, in pity, Tender'd this widow's friendless misery; For whose reprieve I shall, in humblest duty, Be ever thankful.

Re enter D'AVOLOS with MAURUCCIO in rags, and GIACOMO weeping.

Maur. Come you my learned counsel, do not If I must hang, why then lament therefore; [roar; You may rejoice, and both, no doubt, be great To serve your prince, when I am turn'd worms: I fear my lands, and all I have, is begg'd. [weat, Else, woe is me, why should I be so ragg'd?

D'Av. Come on, sir, the duke stays for you.

Maur. O how my stomach doth begin to puke, When I do hear that only word, the duke!

Duke. You, sir, look on that woman; are you If we remit your body from the jail, [pleased To take her for your wife?

Maur. On that condition, prince, with all my heart.

Mor. Yes, I warrant your grace, he is content.

Duke. Why, foolish man, hast thou so soon The public shame of her abused womb, [forgot Her being mother to a bastard's birth? Or can'st thou but imagine she will be True to thy bed, who to herself was false?

Gia. [To *MAUR.*] Phew, sir, do not stand upon that; that's a matter of nothing, you know.

Maur. Nay, an't shall please your good grace, and it come to that, I care not; as good men as I have lain in foul sheets, I am sure; the linen has not been much the worse for the wearing a little: I will have her with all my heart.

• *Duke.* And shalt *Fernando*, thou shalt have the grace

To join their hands: put them together, friend.

Bian. Yes, do, my lord; bring you the bride—I'll give the bride myself. [groom hither,

D'Av. Here's argument to jealousy, as good as

drink to the dropsy; she will share any disgrace with him: I could not wish it better. [*Aside*.]

Duke. Even so; well, do it.

Fern. Here, Mauruccio; Long live a happy couple!

[*He and BIAN. join their hands.*]

Duke. 'Tis enough;

Now know our pleasure henceforth: 'tis our will, If ever thou, Mauruccio, or thy wife, Be seen within a dozen miles o' th' court, We will recall our mercy; no entreat Shall warrant thee a minute of thy life: We'll have no servile slavery of lust Shall breathe near us; dispatch, and get ye hence. Bianca, come with me.—[Oh my cleft soul!

[*Exit DUKE and BIAN.*]

Maur. How's that? must I come no more near the court?

Gia. O pitiful! not near the court, sir?

D'Av. Not by a dozen miles, indeed, sir. Your only course I can advise you, is to pass to Naples, and set up a house of carnality; there are very fair and frequent suburbs, and you need not fear the contagion of any pestilent disease, for the worst is, very proper to the place.

Fern. 'Tis a strange sentence.

Fior. 'Tis, and sudden too,

And not without some mystery.

D'Av. Will you go, sir?

Maur. Not near the court!

Mor. What matter is it, sweet-heart; fear nothing, love, you shall have new change of apparel, good diet, wholesome attendance; and we will live like pigeons, my lord.

Maur. Wilt thou forsake me, Giacomo?

Gia. I forsake you! no, not as long as I have a whole ear on my head, come what will come.

Fior. Mauruccio, you did once proffer true love To me, but since you are more thrifter sped, For old affection's sake here take this gold; Spend it for my sake.

Fern. Madam, you do nobly;

And that's for me, Mauruccio.

[*They give him money.*]

D'Av. Will you go, sir?

Maur. Yes, I will go, and humbly thank your lordship and ladyship. Pavy, sweet Pavy, farewell! Come, wife, come, Giacomo;

Now is the time that we away must lag, And march in pomp with baggage and with bag. O poor Mauruccio! what hast thou misdone, To end thy life when life was new begun?

Adieu to all; for lords and ladies see My woeful plight, and squires of low degree!

D'Av. Away, away, sirs—

[*Exit all but Fior. and Fern*]

Fior. My lord Fernando.

Fern. Madam.

Fior. Do you note

My brother's odd distractions? You were wont To bosom in his counsels; I am sure You know the ground of it.

Fern. Not I, in troth.

Fior. Is't possible? What would you say, my If he, out of some melancholy spleen, [lord, Edged on by some thank-picking parasite, Should now prove jealous? I mistrust it shrewdly.

Fern. What, madam? jealous?

Fior. Yes; for but observe;

A prince, whose eye is choosier to his heart,

Is seldom steady to the lists of love.
Unless the party's affects do match
His rank in equal portion, or in friends :
I never yet, out of report, or else
By warrant'd description, have observ'd
The nature of fantastic jealousy,
If not in him ; yet on my conscience now
He has no cause.

Fern. Cause, madam ! by this light,
I'll pledge my soul against a useless rash.

Fior. I never thought her less ; yet trust me,
No merit can be greater than your praise : [Sir,
Whereat I strangely wonder, how a man
Vow'd, as you told me, to a single life,
Should so much deify the saints, from whom
You have disclaim'd devotion.

Fern. Madam, 'tis true ;
From them I have, but from their virtues never.

Fior. You are too wise, Fernando. To be plain,
You are in love : nay, shrink not, man, you are ;
Bianca is your aim : why do you blush ?
She is, I know she is.

Fern. My aim ?

Fior. Yes, yours ;

I hope I talk no news. Fernando, know
Thou runn'st to thy confusion, if, in time,
Thou dost not wisely shun that Circe's charm,
Unkindest man ! I have too long conceal'd
My hidden flames, when still in silent signs
I courted thee for love, without respect
To youth or state ; and yet thou art unkind ;
Fernando, leave that sorcery, if not
For love of me, for pity of thyself.

Fern. [Walks aside.] Injurious woman, I defy
thy lust.

'Tis not your subtle sifting [that] shall creep

Into the secrets of a heart unsoil'd —

You are my prince's sister, else your malice

Had rail'd itself to death ; but as for me,

Be record, all my fate ! I do detest
Your fury or affection—judge the rest. [Exit.

Fior. What, gone ! well, go thy ways ; I see the
I humble my firm love, the more he shuns [more
Both it and me. So plain ! then 'tis too late
To hope ; change, peevish passion, to contempt :
Whatever rages in my blood I feel,
Fool, he shall know, I was not born to kneel.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter D'AVOLOS and JULIA.

D'Av. Julia, mine own—speak softly. What,
hast thou learn'd out anything of this pale widgeon ?
speak soft ; what does she say ?

Jul. Foh, more than all ; there's not an hour
shall pass,

But I shall have intelligence, she swears.
Whole nights—you know my mind ; I hope you'll
The gown you promised me. [give

D'Av. Honest Julia, peace ; thou art a woman
worth a kingdom. Let me never be believed now,
but I think it will be my destiny to be thy husband
at last : what though thou have a child,—or per-
haps two !

Jul. Never but one, I swear.

D'Av. Well, one ; is that such a matter ? I
like thee the better for't ; it shows thou hast a good
tenantable and fertile womb, worth twenty of your

barren, dry, bloodless devourers of youth :—but
come, I will talk with thee more privately ; the
duke has a journey in hand, and will not be long
absent : see, he is come already—let's pass away
easily. [Exit.

Enter DUKE and BIANCA.

Duke. Troubled ? yes, I have cause.—O Bianca !
Here was my fate engraven in thy brow,
This smooth, fair, polish'd table ! in thy cheeks
Nature supm'd up thy dower : 'twas not wealth.
The miser's god, or royalty of blood,
Advanced thee to my bed ; but love, and hope
Of virtue, that might equal those sweet looks :
If then thou should'st betray my trust, thy faith,
To the pollution of a base desire,
Thou wert a wretched woman.

Bian. Speaks your love,
Or fear, my lord ?

Duke. Both, both ; Bianca, know,
The nightly languish of my dull unrest,
Hath stamp'd a strong opinion ; for, methought—
Mark what I say—as I in glorious pomp
Was sitting on my throne, while I had hemm'd
My best belov'd Bianca in mine arms,
She reach'd my cap of state, and cast it down
Beneath her foot, and spurn'd it in the dust ;
While I—oh, 'twas a dream too full of fate !—
Was stooping down to reach it, on my head,
Fernando, like a traitor to his vows,
Clapt, in disgrace, a coronet of horns.
But by the honour of anointed kings,
Were both of you hid in a rock of fire,
Guarded by ministers of flaming hell,
I have a sword—('tis here)—should make my
way

Through fire, through darkness, death, [and hell]
and all,

To hew your lust-engender'd flesh to shreds,
Pound you to mortar, cut your throats, and mince
Your flesh to mites ; I will,—start not—I will.

Bian. Mercy protect me, will you murder me ?

Duke. Yes.—Oh ! I cry thee mercy.—How the
rage

Of my own dream'd of wrongs, made me forget
All sense of sufferance !—Blame me not, Bianca ;
One such another dream, would quite distract
Reason and self-humanity : yet tell me,
Was't not an ominous vision ?

Bian. 'Twas, my lord,
Yet but a vision ; for did such a guilt
Hang on mine honour, 'twere no blame in you,
If you did stab me to the heart.

Duke. The heart ?
Nay, strumpet, to the soul ; and tear it off
From life, to damn it in immortal death.

Bian. Alas ! what do you mean, sir ?

Duke. I am mad.—
Forgive me, good Bianca ; still methinks
I dream, and dream anew : now, prithee chide me
Sickness, and these divisions, so distract
My senses, that I take things possible
As if they were ; which to remove, I mean
To speed me straight to Lucca, where, perhaps,
Absence and bathing in those healthful springs
May soon recover me ; meantime, dear sweet,
Pity my troubled heart ; griefs are extreme :
Yet, sweet, when I am gone, think on my dream.—
Who waits without, ho ! is provision ready,
To pass to Lucca !

Enter PETRUCHIO, NERISSA, FIROMONDA, D'AVOLOS, ROSELLI, and FERNANDO.

Pet. It attends your highness.

Duke. Friend, hold; take here from me this jewel, this: *[Gives him BIANCA.]*

Be she your care till my return from Lucca, Honest Fernando.—Wife, respect my friend.

Let's go; but hear you, wife, think on my dream. *[Exeunt all but Ros. and Pet.]*

Pet. Cousin, one word with you; doth not this cloud

Acquaint you with strange novelties? The duke Is lately much distemper'd; what he means By journeying now to Lucca, is to me A riddle; can you clear my doubt?

Ros. Oh, sir,

My fears exceed my knowledge, yet I note No less than you infer; all is not well, Would 'twere! whoever thrive, I shall be sure Never to rise to my unhop'd desires: But, cousin, I shall tell you more anon; Meantime, pray send my lord Fernando to me, I covet much to speak with him.

Enter FERNANDO.

Pet. And see, He comes himself; I'll leave you both together. *[Exit.]*

Fern. The duke is hors'd for Lucca: how now, How prosper you in love? *[Coz.]*

Ros. As still I hoped.—

My lord, you are undone.

Fern. Undone! in what?

Ros. Lost; and I fear your life is bought and sold;

I'll tell you how: late in my lady's chamber, As I by chance lay slumbering on the mats, In comes the lady marquess, and with her, Julia and D'Avolos; where sitting down,

Not doubting me, "Madam," quoth D'Avolos, "We have discover'd now the nest of shame."— In short, my lord, *[for you already know]* As much as they reported, there was told The circumstance of all your private love. And meetings with the duchess; when, at last, False D'Avolos confuted with an oath, "We'll make," quoth he, "his heart-strings crack for this."

Fern. Speaking of me?

Ros. Of you; "aye," quoth the marquess, "Were not the duke a baby, he would seek Swift vengeance; for he knew it long ago."

Fern. Let him know it; yet I vow She is as loyal in her plighted faith, As is the sun in heaven: but put case She were not, and the duke did know she were not; This sword lift up, and guided by this arm, Shall guard her from an armed troop of fiends, And all the earth beside.

Ros. You are too safe

In your destruction.

Fern. Damn him!—he shall feel— But peace, who comes?

Enter COLONA.

Col. My lord, the duchess craves a word with *Fern.* Where is she? *[you.]*

Col. In her chamber.

Ros. Here, have a plum for e'en—

Col. Come, fool, I'll give thee plums enow; come, fool.

Fern. Let slaves in mind be servile to their fears, Our heart is high instarr'd in brighter spheres. *[Exeunt FERN. and COL.]*

Ros. I see him lost already. If all prevail not, we shall know too late, No toil can shun the violence of fate. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Palace.—The Duchess's Bed-chamber.

BIANCA in her Night Attire, leaning on a Cushion at a Table, holding FERNANDO by the hand.—Enter above FIROMONDA.

Fior. Now fly, revenge, and wound the lower That I insphered above, may cross the race [earth, Of love despised, and triumph o'er their graves, Who scorn the low-bent thralldom of my heart!]

Bian. Why should'st thou not be mine? why The iron laws of ceremony, bar [should the laws, Mutual embraces? what's a vow? a vow?]

Can there be sin in unity? could I As well dispense with conscience, as renounce The outside of my titles, the poor style Of duchess, I had rather change my life With any waiting-woman in the land, To purchase one night's rest with thee, Fernando, Than be Caraffa's spouse a thousand years.

Fior. Treason to wedlock! this would make you sweat.

Fern. Lady, of all * * * as before,

* * * what I am, * * *

* * *

To survive you, or I will see you first Or widowed or buried: if the last, By all the comfort I can wish to taste, By your fair eyes, that sepulchre that holds Your coffin, shall in coffin me alive; I sign it with this seal. *[Kisses her.]*

Fior. Ignoble strumpet!

Bian. You shall not swear; take off that oath again,

Or thus I will enforce it. *[Kisses him.]*

Fern. Use that force, And make me perjured; for whilst your lips Are made the book, it is a sport to swear, And glory to forswear.

Fior. Here's fast and loose! Which, for a ducat, now the game's on foot?

[Whilst they are kissing, the Duke and D'Avolos, with their swords drawn, appear at the door.]

Col. *[Within.]* Help, help! madam, you are betrayed, madam; help, help!

D'Av. Is there confidence in credit, now, ei? belief in your own eyes? do you see? do you see, sir? can you behold it without lightning?

Col. *[Within.]* Help, madam, help!

Fern. What noise is that? I heard one cry.

Duke. [*Comes forward.*] Ha! did you?
Know you who I am?

Fern. Yes; thou art Pavy's duke,
Drest like a hangman: see, I am unarm'd,
Yet do not fear thee; though the coward doubt
Of what I could have done hath made thee steal
The advantage of this time, yet, duke, I dare
Thy worst, for murder sits upon thy cheeks:
To't, man.

Duke. I am too angry in my rage,
To scourge thee unprovided; [*Enter PETRUCHIO
and NIGRASSA with a guard*] take him
hence:

Away with him. [*They seize FERN.*]

Fern. Unhand me!

D'Av. You must go, sir.

Fern. Duke, do not shame thy manhood to lay
On that most innocent lady. [*hands*]

Duke. Yet again!

Confine him to his chamber.

[*Exeunt D'Av. and the guard with FERN.*]

Leave us all;

None stay, not one; shut up the doors.

[*Exeunt PET. and NIG.*]

Fior. Now show thyself my brother, brave
Caraffa.

Duke. Woman, stand forth before me;—wretch-
What canst thou hope for? [*ed whore,*]

Bian. Death; I wish no less.

You told me you had dreamt; and, gentle duke,
Unless you be mistook, you are now awaked.

Duke. Strumpet, I am; and in my hand hold up
The edge that must uncut thy twist of life:

Dost thou not shake?

Bian. For what? to see a weak,
Faint, trembling arm advance a leaden blade?
Alas, good man! put up, put up; thine eyes
Are likelier much to weep, than arms to strike;
What would you do now, pray?

Duke. What? shameless harlot!
Rip up the cradle of thy cursed womb,
In which the mixture of that traitor's lust
Impostumes for a birth of bastardy.
Yet come, and if thou think'st thou canst deserve
One mite of mercy, ere the boundless spleen
Of just-consuming wrath o'erswell my reason,
Tell me, bad woman, tell me what could move
Thy heart to crave variety of youth.

Bian. I'll tell you, if you needs would be re-
I held Fernando much the properer man. [*solv'd:*]

Duke. Shameless, intolerable whore!

Bian. What ails you?

Can you imagine, sir, the name of duke
Could make a crooked leg, a scrambling foot,
A tolerable face, a wearish hand,
A bloodless lip, or such an untrimm'd beard
As your's, fit for a lady's pleasure? no;
I wonder you could think 'twere possible,
When I had once but look'd on your Fernando,
I ever could love you again; fie, fie!
Now, by my life, I thought that long ago
You'd known it; and been glad you had a friend
Your wife did think so well of.

Duke. O my stars!

Here's impudence above all history.
Why, thou detested reprobate in virtue,
Dar'st thou, without a blush, before mine eyes,
Speak such immodest language?

Bian. Dare? yes, 'faith,

You see I dare: I know what you would say now;

You would fain tell me how exceeding much
I am beholding to you, that vouchsafed
Me, from a simple gentlewoman's place,
The honour of your bed: 'tis true, you did;
But why? 'twas but because you thought I had
A spark of beauty more than you had seen.
To answer this, my reason is the like;
The self-same appetite which led you on
To marry me, led me to love your friend:

O, he's a gallant man! if ever yet
Mine eyes beheld a miracle, composed
Of flesh and blood, Fernando has my voice.
I must confess, my lord, that, for a prince,
Handsome enough you are, [and—] and no more;
But to compare yourself with him! trust me,
You are too much in fault. Shall I advise you?
Hark, in your ear; thank heaven he was so slow,
As not to wrong your sheets; for as I live,
The fault was his, not mine.

Fior. Take this, take all.

Duke. Excellent, excellent! the pangs of death
Are music to this.—

Forgive me, my good Genius, I had thought
I match'd a woman, but I find she is
A devil, worse than the worst in hell.
Nay, nay, since we are in, e'en come, say on;

I mark you to a syllable: you say,
The fault was his, not your's; why, virtuous mis-
Can you imagine you have so much art [*tress,*]
Which may persuade me, you and your close
Did not a little traffic in my right! [*markman*]

Bian. Look, what I said, 'tis true; for, know it
now:

I must confess I miss'd no means, no time,
To win him to my bosom; but so much,
So holily, with such religion,
He kept the laws of friendship, that my suit
Was held but, in comparison, a jest;
Nor did I offer urge the violence
Of my affection, but as oft he urged
The sacred vows of faith 'twixt friend and friend:
Yet be assured, my lord, if ever language
Of cunning servile flatteries, entreaties,
Or what in me is, could procure his love,
I would not blush to speak it.

Duke. Such another

As thou art, miserable creature, would
Sink the whole sex of women: yet confess
What witchcraft used the wretch, to charm the
heart

Of the once spotless temple of thy mind?
For without witchcraft it could ne'er be done.

Bian. Phew!—an you be in these tunes, sir,
I'll leave [you]:

You know the best, and worst, and all.

Duke. Nay, then

Thou tempt'st me to thy ruin. Come, black angel,
Fair devil, in thy prayers reckon up
The sum in gross of all thy veined follies;
There, amongst other, weep in tears of blood,
For one above the rest, adultery!
Adultery, Bianca! such a guilt,
As, were the sluices of thine eyes let up,
Tears cannot wash it off: 'tis not the tide
Of trivial wantonness from youth to youth,
But thy abusing of thy lawful bed,
Thy husband's bed; his, in whose breast thou
sleep'st,

His, that did prize thee more than all the trash
Which hoarding worldlings make an idol of.

When thou shalt find the catalogue enroll'd
Of thy misdeeds, there shall be writ in text.
Thy bastarding the issues of a prince.
Now turn thine eyes into thy hovering soul,
And do not hope for life; would angels sing
A requiem at my hearse, but to dispense
With my revenge on thee, 'twere all in vain:
Prepare to die!

Bian. (*opens her bosom.*) I do: and to the point

Of thy sharp sword, with open breast, I'll run
Half way thus naked; do not shrink, Caraffa,
This daunts not me: but in the latter act
Of thy revenge, 'tis all the suit I ask—
At my last gasp,—to spare thy noble friend;
For life to me, without him, were a death.

Duke. Not this, I'll none of this; 'tis not so fit.—

Why should I kill her? she may live and change,
Or— [Throws down his sword.

Fior. (*above.*) Dost thou halt? faint coward,
dost thou wish

To blemish all thy glorious ancestors?
Is this thy courage?

Duke. Ha! say you so too?
Give me thy hand, Bianca.

Bian. Here.

Duke. Farewell;
Thus go in everlasting sleep to dwell!
[Draws his dagger and stabs her.

Here's blood for lust, and sacrifice for wrong.

Bian. 'Tis bravely done; thou hast struck home
at once:

Live to repent too late. Commend my love
To thy true friend, my love to him that owes it;
My tragedy to thee; my heart to—to—Fernando,
O—oh! [Dies.

Duke. Sister, she's dead.

Fior. Then, while thy rage is warm,
Pursue the causer of her trespasses.

Duke. Good:
I'll slack no time whilst I am hot in blood.

[Takes up his sword, and exit.
Fior. Here's royal vengeance! this becomes the
state
Of his disgrace, and my unbounded hate. [Exit.

SCENE II.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter FERDINAND, NIBRANSA, and PETRUCHIO.

Pet. May we give credit to your words, my lord?
Speak, on your honour.

Fern. Let me die accurst,
If ever, through the progress of my life,
I did as much as reap the benefit
Of any favour from her save a kiss:
A better woman never blest the earth.

Nib. Beshrew my heart, young lord, but I be-
lieve thee: alas, kind lady, 'tis a lordship to
a dozen of points, but the jealous madman will in
his fury offer her some violence.

Pet. If it be thus, 'twere fit you rather kept
A guard about you for your own defence,
Than to be guarded for security
Of his revenge; he is extremely moved.

Nib. Passion of my body, my lord, if he come
in his odd fits to you, in the case you are, he
might cut your throat ere you could provide a
weapon of defence: nay, rather than it shall be so,

hold, take my sword in your hand; 'tis none of
the sprucest, but 'tis a tough fox will not fail his
master, come what will come. Take it; I'll
answer't, I: in the mean time, Petruchio and I
will back to the duchess's lodging.

[Gives Fern. the sword.

Pet. Well thought on;—and in despite of all
Rescue the virtuous lady. [his rage,

Nib. Look to yourself, my lord! the duke
comes.

Enter the DUKE, a sword in one hand, and a bloody dagger
in the other.

Duke. Stand, and behold thy executioner,
Thou glorious traitor! I will keep no form
Of ceremonious law to try thy guilt:
Look here, 'tis written on my poniard's point,
The bloody evidence of thy untruth,
Wherein thy conscience, and the wrathful rod
Of heaven's scourge for lust, at once give up
The verdict of thy crying villanies.

I see thou art arm'd; prepare, I crave no odds,
Greater than is the justice of my cause;
Fight, or I'll kill thee.

Fern. Duke, I fear thee not:
But first I charge thee, as thou art a prince,
Tell me, how hast thou used thy duchess?

Duke. How?
To add affliction to thy trembling ghost,
Look on my dagger's crimson dye, and judge.

Fern. Not dead?

Duke. Not dead? yes, by my honour's truth:
why, fool,

Dost think I'll hug my injuries? no, traitor!
I'll mix your souls together in your deaths,
As you did both your bodies in her life.—
Haste at thee!

Fern. Stay; I yield my weapon up.

[He drops his sword.

Here, here's my bosom; as thou art a duke,
Dost honour goodness, if the chaste Bianca
Be murder'd, murder me.

Duke. Faint-hearted coward,
Art thou so poor in spirit! rise and fight:
Or by the glories of my house and name,
I'll kill thee basely.

Fern. Do but hear me first:
Unfortunate Caraffa, thou hast butcher'd
An innocent, a wife as free from lust
As any terms of art can deify.

Duke. Fish, this is stale dissimulation;
I'll hear no more.

Fern. If ever I unshrined
The altar of her purity, or tasted
More of her love, than what, without controul
Or blame, a brother from a sister might,
Rack me to atoms. I must confess
I have too much abused thee; did exceed
In lawless courtship; 'tis too true, I did:
But by the honour which I owe to goodness,
For any actual folly, I am free.

Duke. 'Tis false: as much, in death, for thee
she spake.

Fern. By yonder starry roof, 'tis true. O duke!
Couldst thou rear up another world like this,
Another like to that, and more, or more,
Herein thou art most wretched; all the wealth
Of all those worlds could not redeem the loss
Of such a spotless wife. Glorious Bianca,
Reign in the triumph of thy martyrdom,
Earth was unworthy of thee!

Nib. Pet. Now, on our lives, we both believe him.

Duke. Fernando, dar'st thou swear upon my To justify thy words? [sword,

Fern. I dare; look here. [Kisses the sword.

'Tis not the fear of death doth prompt my tongue,
For I would wish to die; and thou shalt know,
Poor miserable duke, since she is dead,
I'll hold all life a hell.

Duke. Bianca chaste?

Fern. As virtue's self is good.

Duke. Chaste, chaste, and kill'd by me! to her
I offer up this remnant of my—

[Offers to stab himself, and is stayed by FERN.

Fern. Hold!

Be gentler to thyself.

Pet. Alas, my lord,

Is this a wise man's carriage?

Duke. Whither now

Shall I run from the day, where never man,
Nor eye, nor eye of heaven may see a dog
So hateful as I am? Bianca chaste!
Had not the fury of some hellish rage
Blinded all reason's sight, I must have seen
Her clearness in her confidence to die.
Your leave—

[Kneels, holds up his hands, and, after speaking to himself a little, rises.

'Tis done: come, friend, now for her love,
Her love that prais'd thee in the pangs of death,
'I'll hold thee dear; lords, do not care for me,
I am too wise to die yet.—Oh, Bianca!

Enter D'AVOLOS.

D'Av. The lord Abbot of Monaco, sir, is in his return from Rome, lodged last night late in the city very privately; and hearing the report of your journey, only intends to visit your duchess to-morrow.

Duke. Slave, torture me no more! Note him, my If you would choose a devil in the shape [lords,
Of man, an arch-arch-devil, there stands one.—
We'll meet our uncle.—Order straight, Petruccio,
Our duchess may be coffin'd; 'tis our will
She forthwith be interr'd with all the speed
And privacy you may, 't' th' college church,
Amongst Caraffa's ancient monuments.
Some three days hence we'll keep her funeral.—
Damn'd villain! bloody villain!—Oh, Bianca!
No counsel from our cruel wills can win us,
But ill's once done, we bear our guilt within us.

[Exit all but D'AVOLOS.

D'Av. Good b'ye! Arch-arch-devil! why, I am paid. Here's bounty for good service! beshrew my heart, it is a right princely reward. Now must I say my prayers, that I have lived to so ripe an age to have my head stricken off. I cannot tell; it may be my lady Fiormonda will stand on my behalf to the duke: that's but a single hope; a disgraced courtier oftener finds enemies to sink him when he's falling, than friends to relieve him. I must resolve to stand to the hazard of all brunts now. Come what may, I will not die like a cow, and the world shall know it. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Another Apartment in the same.

Enter FIORMONDA, and ROSELLI discovering himself.

Ros. Wouder not, madam; here behold the man Whom your disdain hath metamorphosed.

'Thus long have I been clouded in this shape,
Led on by love; and in that love, despair:
If not the sight of our distracted court,
Nor pity of my bondage, can reclaim
The greatness of your scorn, yet let me know
My latest doom from you.

Fior. Strange miracle!

Roseilli, I must honour thee; thy truth,
Like a transparent mirror, represents
My reason with my errors. Noble lord,
That better dost deserve a better fate,
Forgive me; if my heart can entertain
Another thought of love, it shall be thine.

Ros. Blessed, for ever blessed be the words!
In death you have revived me.

Enter D'AVOLOS.

D'Av. Whom have we here? Roseilli, the supposed fool? 'tis he; nay, then help me a brazen face!—My honourable lord.

Ros. Bear off, blood-thirsty man! come not near me.

D'Av. Madam, I trust the service—

Fior. Fellow, learn to new live: the way to thrift,

For thee, in grace, is a repentant shift.

Ros. Ill has thy life been, worse will be thy end;
Men flesh'd in blood know seldom to amend.

Enter Servant

Ser. His highness commends his love to you, and expects your presence; he is ready to pass to the church, only staying for my lord abbot to associate him. Withal, his pleasure is, that you, D'Avolos, forbear to rank in this solemnity in the place of secretary; else to be there as a private man. Pleaseth you to go? [Exit all but D'Av.

D'Av. As a private man! what remedy? This way they must come, and here I will stand to fall amongst 'em in the rear.

A solemn strain of soft Music. The Scene opens, and discovers the Church, with a Tomb in the back ground.

Enter Attendants with Torches, after them Two Friars; then the DUKE in mourning manner; after him the Abbot, FIORMONDA, COLOVA, JULIA, ROSELLI, PETRUCCIO, NUNANZA, and a Guard.—D'AVOLOS following. When the Procession approaches the Tomb they all kneel. The DUKE goes to the Tomb, and lays his hand on it. The Music ceases.

Duke. Peace and sweet rest sleep here! Let not the touch

Of this my impious hand profane the shrine
Of fairest purity, which hovers yet
About these blessed bones inhears'd within.
If in the bosom of this sacred tomb,
Bianca, thy disturbed ghost doth range,
Behold, I offer up the sacrifice
Of bleeding tears, shed from a faithful spring;
Pouring oblations of a mourning heart
To thee, offended spirit! I confess
I am Caraffa, he, that wretched man,
That butcher, who, in my enraged spleen,
Slaughter'd the life of innocence and beauty.
Now come I to pay tribute to those wounds
Which I digg'd up, and reconcile the wrongs
My fury wrought; and my contrition mourns.
So chaste, so dear a wife was never man,
But I, enjoyed; yet in the bloom and pride
Of all her years, untimely took her life.—

Enough : set ope the tomb, that I may take
My last farewell, and bury griefs with her.

[The Tomb is opened, out of which rises FERNANDO in his winding-sheet, and, as CARAFFA is going in, puts him back.]

Fern. Forbear ! what art thou that dost rudely
Into the confines of forsaken graves ? *[press]*
Hath death no privilege ? Com'st thou, Caraffa,
To practise yet a rape upon the dead ?
Inhuman tyrant !—

What's'er thou intendest, know this place
Is pointed out for my inheritance ;
Here lies the monument of all my hopes.
Had eager lust intrunk'd my conquer'd soul,
I had not buried living joys in death :
Go, revel in thy palace, and be proud
To boast thy famous murders ; let thy smooth,
Low-fawning parasites renew thy act ;
Thou com'st not here.

Duke. Fernando, man of darkness,
Never till now, before these dreadful sights,
Did I abhor thy friendship ; thou hast robb'd
My resolution of a glorious name.
Come out, or by the thunder of my rage,
Thou diest a death more fearful than the scourge
Of death can whip thee with.

Fern. Of death ? poor duke !
Why that's the aim I shoot at ; 'tis not threats
(Maugre thy power, or the spite of hell)
Shall rend that honour ; let life-hugging slaves,
Whose hands imbued in butcheries like thine,
Shake terror to their souls, be loath to die !
See, I am cloath'd in robes that fit the grave :
I pity thy defiance.

Duke. Guard—lay hands,
And drag him out.

Fern. Yes, let 'em, here's my shield ;
Here's health to victory !—

[He drinks off a phial of poison.]

Now do thy worst.
Farewell, duke, once I have out-tripp'd thy plots ;
Not all the cunning antidotes of art
Can warrant me twelve minutes of my life :
It works, it works already, bravely ! bravely !—
Now, now I feel it tear each several joint.
O royal poison ! trusty friend ! split, split
Both heart and gall asunder, excellent bane !—
Roseilli, love my memory.—Well search'd out,
Swift, nimble venom ! torture every vein.—
I come, Bianca—cruel torment, feast,
Feast on, do !—duke, farewell. Thus I—hot
flames !—

Conclude my love,—and seal it in my bosom !—
oh ! *[Dies.]*

Abbot. Most desperate end !

Duke. None stir ;

Who steps a foot, steps to his utter ruin.
And art thou gone, Fernando ? art thou gone ?
Thou wert a friend unmatch'd ; rest in thy fame.
Sister, when I have finished my last days,
Lodge me, my wife, and this unequal'd friend,
All in one monument. Now to my vows.
Never henceforth let any passionate tongue
Mention Bianca's and Caraffa's name,
But let each letter in that tragic sound
Beget a sigh, and every sigh a tear :
Children unborn, and widows, whose lean cheeks
Are furrow'd up by age, shall weep whole nights,
Repeating but the story of our fates ;

What is the period, closing up their tale,
They must conclude. Now for Bianca's love.
Caraffa, in revenge of wrongs to her,
Thus on her altar sacrificed his life. *[Slabs himself.]*

Abbot. Oh, hold the duke's hand !

Fior. Save my brother, save him !

Duke. Do, do ; I was too willing to strike home
To be prevented. Fools, why, could you dream
I would outlive my outrage ? sprightly flood,
Run out in rivers ! Oh, that these thick streams
Could gather head, and make a standing pool.
That jealous husbands here might bathe in blood !
So, I grow sweetly empty ; all the pipes
Of life unvessel'd life ;—now, heavens, wipe out
The writing of my sin ! Bianca, thus
I creep to thee—to thee—to thee, Bi—an—ca.

[Dies.]

Ros. He's dead already, madam.
D'Av. Above hope ? here's labour saved ; I
could bless the destinies. *[Aside.]*

Abbot. 'Would I had never seen it !

Fior. Since 'tis thus,

My lord Roseilli, in the true requital
Of your continued love, I here possess
You of the dukedom ; and with it, of me,
In presence of this holy abbot.

Abbot. Lady, then

From my hand take your husband ; long enjoy
[Joins their hands.]

Each to each other's comfort and content !

All. Long live Roseilli !

Ros. First ; thanks to heaven, next, lady, to
your love ;

Lastly, my lords, to all : and that the entrance
Into this principality may give
Fair hopes of being worthy of our place,
Our first work shall be justice.—D'Avolos,
Stand forth.

D'Av. My gracious lord.

Ros. No, graceless villain !

I am no lord of thine. Guard, take him hence,
Convey him to the prison's top ; in chains
Hang him alive ; whoever lends a bit
Of bread to feed him, dies : speak not against it,
I will be deaf to mercy.—Bear him hence !

D'Av. Mercy, new duke ! here's my comfort, I
make but one in the number of the tragedy of
princes. *[He is led off.]*

Ros. Ma'am, a second charge is to perform
Your brother's testament ; we'll rear a tomb
To those unhappy lovers, which shall tell
Their fatal loves to all posterity.—

Thus, then, for you ; henceforth I here dismiss
The mutual comforts of our marriage-bed ;
Learn to new-live, my vows unmov'd shall stand ;
And since your life hath been so much uneven,
Bethink, in time, to make your peace with heaven.

Fior. Oh me ! is this your love ?

Ros. 'Tis your desert ;
Which no persuasion shall remove.

Abbot. 'Tis fit ;

Purge frailty with repentance.

Fior. I embrace it.

Happy too late, since lust hath made me foul,
Henceforth I'll dress my bride-bed in my soul.

Ros. Please you to walk, lord Abbot ?

Abbot. Yes, set on :

No age hath heard, no chronicle can say,
That ever here befel a sadder day. *[Exeunt.]*

PERKIN WARBECK.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM CAVENDISH,
EARL OF NEWCASTLE, VISCOUNT MANSFIELD, LORD BOLSOVER AND OGLE.

MY LORD,—Out of the darkness of a former age, (enlightened by a late both learned and an honourable pen,) I have endeavoured to personate a great attempt, and in it, a greater danger. In other labours you may read actions of antiquity discredited; In *this abridgment*, find the actors themselves discoursing; in some kind practised as well *what* to speak, as speaking *why* to do. Your lordship is a most competent judge, in expressions of such credit; commissioned by your known ability in examining, and enabled by your knowledge in determining, the monuments of Time. Eminent titles may, indeed, inform *who* their owners are, not often *what*. To your's the addition of that information in both, cannot in any application be observed flattery, the authority being established by truth. I can only acknowledge the errors in writing, mine own, the worthiness of the subject written being a perfection in the story, and of it. The custom of your lordship's entertainments (even to strangers) is rather an example than a fashion: in which consideration I dare not profess a curiosity; but am only studious that your lordship will please, amongst such as best honour your goodness, to admit into your noble construction,

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY VII.
LORD DAWIKENY.
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *Lord Chamberlain*.
EARL OF OXFORD.
EARL OF SURREY.
FOX, *Bishop of Durham*.
URSWICK, *Chaplain to the King*.
SIR ROBERT CLIFFORD.
LAMBERT SIMNEL.
HIALAS, *a Spanish Agent*.

JAMES IV., *King of Scotland*.
EARL OF HUNTLEY.
EARL OF CRAWFORD.
LORD DALVELL.

MARCHMONT, *a Herald*.

PERKIN WARBECK.
STEPHEN PRION, *his Secretary*.
JOHN A-WATER, *Mayor of Cork*.
HERON, *a Mercer*.
SKETON, *a Tailor*.
ASTLEY, *a Scribever*.

LADY KATHERINE GORDON.
COUNTESS OF CRAWFORD.
JANE DOUGLAS, *Lady KATHERINE'S Attendant*.

Sheriff, Constables, Officers, Guards, Serving-Men, Masquers, and Soldiers.

SCENE,—PARTLY IN ENGLAND, PARTLY IN SCOTLAND.

PROLOGUE.

STUDIES have, of this nature, been of late,
So out of fashion, so unfollowed, that
It is become more justice, to revive
The antic follies of the times, than strive
To countenance wise industry: no want
Of art doth render wit, or lame, or scant,
Or slothful, in the purchase of fresh bays;
But want of truth in them, who give the praise
To their self-love, presuming to out-do
The writer, or (for need) the actors too.
But such the author's silence best befits,
Who bids them be in love with their own wits.
From him, to clearer judgments, we can say
He shows a History, couch'd in a play:

A history of noble mention, known,
Famous, and true; most noble, 'cause our own:
Not forged from Italy, from France, from Spain,
But chronicled at home; as rich in strain
Of brave attempts, as ever fertile rage,
In action, could beget to grace the stage.
We cannot limit scenes, for the whole land
Itself appear'd too narrow to withstand
Competitions for kingdoms: nor is there
Unnecessary birth forced, to endure
A multitude, where these two rests the fate
Of world, of nation, Truth and State.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—WESTMINSTER. *The Royal Presence-Chamber.*

Enter King HENRY supported to the Throne by the Bishop of DURHAM and Sir WILLIAM STANLEY. Earl of OXFORD, Earl of SURREY, and Lord DAWBENEY.—A Guard.

K. Hen. Still to be haunted, still to be pursued,
Still to be frighted with false apparitions
(Of pageant majesty, and new-coin'd greatness,
As if we were a mockery king in state,
Only ordain'd to lavish sweat and blood,
In scorn and laughter, to the ghosts of York,
Is all below our merits; yet, my lords,
My friends and counsellors, yet we sit fast
In our own royal birth-right: the rent face
And bleeding wounds of England's slaughter'd
people,

Have been by us, as by the best physician,
At last both thoroughly cured, and set in safety;
And yet, for all this glorious work of peace,
Ourselves is scarce secure.

Dur. The rage of malice
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of York.
For ninety years ten English kings and princes,
Threescore great dukes and earls, a thousand lords,
And valiant knights, two hundred fifty thousand
Of English subjects have, in civil wars,
Been sacrificed to an uncivil thirst
(Of discord and ambition: this hot vengeance
Of the just Powers above, to utter ruin
And desolation, had reign'd on, but that
Mercy did gently sheath the sword of justice,
In lending to this blood-shrunk commonwealth
A new soul, new birth, in your sacred person.

Daw. Edward the Fourth, after a doubtful for-
yielded to nature, leaving to his sons, [tune,
Edward and Richard, the inheritance
Of a most bloody purchase; these young princes,
Richard the tyrant, their unnatural uncle,
Forced to a violent grave; so just is Heaven!
Him hath your majesty, by your own arm
Divinely strengthen'd, pull'd from his Boar's sty,
And struck the black usurper to a carcase.
Nor doth the house of York decay in honours,
Though Lancaster doth repossess his right;
For Edward's daughter is king Henry's queen:
A blessed union, and a lasting blessing
For this poor panting island, if some shreds,
Some useless remnant of the house of York
Grudge not at this content.

Oxf. Margaret of Burgundy
Blows fresh coals of division.

Sur. Painted fires,
Without or heat to scorch, or light to cherish.

Daw. York's headless trunk, her father; Ed-
ward's fate,

Her brother, king; the smothering of her nephews
By tyrant Gloster, brother to her nature,
Nor Gloster's own confusion, (all decrees
Sacred in heaven) can move this woman-monster,
But that she still, from the unbottom'd mine
Of devilish policies, doth vent the ore
Of troubles and sedition.

Oxf. In her age,—

Great sir, observe the wonder,—she, whose womb
Who, in her strength of youth, was always barren:
Nor are her births as other women's.

At nine or ten months' end; she has been with
child

Eight, or seven years at least; whose twins being
(A prodigy in nature,) even the youngest [born,
Is fifteen years of age at his first entrance,
As soon as known i' th' world, tall striplings, strong
And able to give battle unto kings;
Idols of Yorkish malice.

[*Daw.*] And but idols;
A steely hammer crushes them to pieces.

K. Hen. Lambert, the eldest, lords, is in our
Preferr'd by an officious care of duty [service,
From the scullery to a falconer; strange example!
Which shows the difference between noble natures
And the base-born: but for the upstart duke,
The new-revived York, Edward's second son,
Murder'd long since i' th' Tower; he lives again,
And vows to be your king.

Stan. The throne is fill'd, sir.

K. Hen. True, Stanley; and the lawful heir sits
A guard of angels, and the holy prayers [on it:
Of loyal subjects are a sure defence
Against all force and counsel of intrusion.—
But now, my lords, put case, some of our nobles,
Our Great Ones, should give countenance and
courage

To trim duke Perkin; you will all confess
Our bounties have unthankfully been scatter'd
Amongst unthankful men.

Daw. Unthankful beasts,
Dogs, villains, traitors!

K. Hen. Dawboney, let the guilty
Keep silence; I accuse none, though I know
Foreign attempts against a state and kingdom
Are seldom without some great friends at home.

Stan. Sir, if no other abler reasons else
Of duty or allegiance could divert
A headstrong resolution, yet the dangers
So lately past by men of blood and fortunes
In Lambert Simmel's party, must command
More than a fear, a terror to conspiracy.
The high-born Lincoln, son to De la Pole,
The earl of Kildare, ([the] lord Geraldine.)
Francis lord Lovell, and the German baron,
Bold Martin Swart, with Broughton and the rest,
(Most spectacles of ruin, some of mercy)
Are precedents sufficient to forewarn
The present times, or any that live in them,
What folly, nay, what madness 'twere to lift
A finger up in all defence but your's,
Which can be but impostorous in a title.

K. Hen. Stanley, we know thou lov'st us, and
thy heart

Is figured on thy tongue; nor think we less
Of any's here.—How closely we have hunted
This cub (since he unlodg'd) from hole to hole,
Your knowledge is our chronicle; first Ireland,
The common stage of novelty, presented
This gewgaw to oppose us; there the Geraldines
And Butlers once again stood in support
Of this colossal statue: Charles of France
Thence call'd him into his protection,
Dissembled him the lawful heir of England;
Yet this was all but French dissimulation,
Aiming at peace with us; which, being granted
On honourable terms on our part, suddenly
This smoke of straw was pack'd from France again,

T' infect some grosser air : and now we learn
(Maugre the malice of the bastard Nevill,
Sir Taylor, and a hundred English rebels)
They're all retired to Flanders, to the dan
That nurs'd this eager whelp, Margaret of Bur-
gundy.

But we will hunt him there too ! we will hunt him,
Hunt him to death, even in the beldam's closet,
Though the archduke were his buckler !

Sur. She has styled him,
" The fair white rose of England."

Dave. Jolly gentleman !
More fit to be a swabber to the Flemish,
After a drunken surfeit.

Enter URSWICK.

Urs. Gracious sovereign,
Please you peruse this paper. [*The King reads.*]

Dur. The king's countenance
Gathers a sprightly blood.

Daw. Good news ; believe it.

K. Hen. Urswick, thine ear.—Thou hast lodged
Urs. Strongly safe, sir. [*him ?*]

K. Hen. Enough,—is Harley come too ?

Urs. No, my lord.

K. Hen. No matter—phew ; he's but a running
weed,

At pleasure to be pluck'd up by the roots ;
But more of this anon.—I have bethought me.
My lords, for reasons which you shall partake,
It is our pleasure to remove our court
From Westminster to the Tower : we will lodge
This very night there ; give, lord chamberlain,
A present order for it.

Stan. The Tower !—[*Aside.*]—I shall, sir.

K. Hen. Come, my true, best, fast friends, these
clouds will vanish,

The sun will shine at full ; the heavens are clearing.
[*Flourish.—Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—EDINBURGH.—*An Apartment in
Lord HUNTLEY'S House.*

Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.

Hunt. You trifle time, sir.

Dal. Oh, my noble lord,
You construe my griefs to so hard a sense,
That where the text is argument of pity,
Matter of earnest love, your gloss corrupts it
With too much ill-placed mirth.

Hunt. " Much mirth," lord Dalzell !
Not so, I vow. Observe me, sprightly gallant.
I know thou art a noble lad, a handsome,
Descended from an honourable ancestry,
Forward and active, dost resolve to wrestle,
And ruffle in the world by noble actions,
For a brave mention to posterity :
I scorn not thy affection to my daughter,
Not I, by good Saint Andrew ; but this bugbear,
This whorson tale of honour,—honour, Dalzell !—
So hourly chats and tattles in mine ear,
The piece of royalty that is stitch'd up
In my Kate's blood, that 'tis as dangerous
For thee, young lord, to perch so near an eaglet,
As foolish for my gravity to admit it :
have spoke all at once.

Dal. Sir, with this truth,
You mix such wormwood, that you leave no hope
For my disorder'd palate e'er to relish

A wholesome taste again : alas ! I know, sir,
What an unequal distance lies between
Great Huntley's daughter's birth and Dalzell's
fortunes ;

She's the king's kinswoman, placed near the crown,
A princess of the blood, and I a subject.

Hunt. Right ; but a noble subject ; put in that
too.

Dal. I could add more ; and in the rightest line,
Derive my pedigree from Adam Mure,
A Scottish knight ; whose daughter was the mother
To him who first begot the race of Jameses,
That away the sceptre to this very day.

But kindreds are not ours, when once the date
Of many years have swallow'd up the memory
Of their originals ; so pasture-fields,
Neighbouring too near the ocean, are supp'd up
And known no more : for stood I in my first
And native greatness, if my princely mistress
Vouchsafed me not her servant, 'twere as good
I were reduced to clownery, to nothing,
As to a throne of wonder.

Hunt. Now, by Saint Andrew,
A spark of metal ! he has a brave fire in him.
I would he had my daughter, so I knew 't not.
But 't must not be so, must not—[*Aside.*]—Well,
young lord,

This will not do yet ; if the girl be headstrong,
And will not hearken to good counsel, steal her,
And run away with her ; dance galliards, do,
And frisk about the world to learn the languages :
'Twill be a thriving trade ; you may set up by't.

Dal. With pardon, noble Gordon, this disdain
Suits not your daughter's virtue, or my constancy

Hunt. You're angry—would he would beat me,
I deserve it. [*Aside.*]

Dalzell, thy hand, we are friends : follow thy
courtship,

Take thine own time and speak ; if thou prevail'st
With passion, more than I can with my counsel,
She's thine ; nay, she is thine : 'tis a fair match,
Free and allow'd. I'll only use my tongue,
Without a father's power, use thou thine :
Self do, self have—no more words ; win and wear
her.

Dal. You bless me ; I am now too poor in thanks
To pay the debt I owe you.

Hunt. Nay, thou'rt poor enough.—
I love his spirit infinitely.—Look ye,
She comes : to her now, to her, to her !

Enter KATHERINE and JANE.

Kath. The king commands your presence, sir.

Hunt. The gallant—
This, this, this lord, this servant, Kate, of yours,
Desires to be your master.

Kath. I acknowledge him
A worthy friend of mine.

Dal. Your humblest creature.

Hunt. So, so ; the game's a-foot, I'm in cold
hunting,

The hare and hounds are parties. [*Aside*]

Dal. Princely lady,
How most unworthy I am to employ
My services, in honour of your virtues,
How hopeless my desires are to enjoy
Your fair opinion, and much more your love ;
Are only matters of despair, unless
Your goodness gives large warrants to my boldness,
My feeble-wing'd ambition.

Hunt. This is scurvy.

Kath. My lord, I interrupt you not.

Hunt. Indeed!

Now on my life she'll court him—*[Aside]*.—Nay, nay, on, sir.

Dal. Oft have I tuned the lesson of my sorrows
To sweeten discord, and enrich your pity,
But all in vain: here had my comforts sunk
And never ris'n again, to tell a story
Of the despairing lover, had not now,
Even now, the earl your father—

Hunt. He means me sure.

Dal. After some fit disputes of your condition,
Your highness and my lowness, given a licence
Which did not more embolden, than encourage
My faulting tongue.

Hunt. How, how? how's that? embolden?

Encourage? I encourage ye! d'ye hear, sir?

A subtle trick, a quaint one.—Will you hear, man?

What did I say to you? come, come, to th' point.

Kath. It shall not need, my lord.

Hunt. Then hear me, Kate!

Keep you on that hand of her; I on this.—
Thou stand'st between a father and a suitor,
Both striving for an interest in thy heart:
He courts thee for affection, I for duty;
He as a servant pleads; but by the privilege
Of nature, though I might command, my care
Shall only counsel what it shall not force.
Thou canst but make one choice; the ties of
marriage

Are tenures, not at will, but during life.
Consider whose thou art, and who; a princess,
A princess of the royal blood of Scotland,
In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beauty.
The king that sits upon the throne is young,
And yet unmarried, forward in attempts
On any least occasion, to endanger
His person; wherefore, Kate, as I am confident
Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education
By yielding to a common servile rage
Of female wantonness, so I am confident
Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side
Thy equals, if not equal thy superiors.
My lord of Dalryell, young in years, is old
In honours, but nor eminent in titles
[N]or in estate, that may support or add to
The expectation of thy fortunes. Settle
Thy will and reason by a strength of judgment,
For, in a word, I give thee freedom; take it.
If equal fates have not ordain'd to pitch
Thy hopes above my height, let not thy passion
Lead thee to shrink mine honour in oblivion:
Thou art thine own; I have done.

Dal. Oh! You are all oracle.

The living stock and root of truth and wisdom.

Kath. My worthiest lord and father, the indulgence

Of your sweet composition, thus commands
The lowest of obedience; you have granted
A liberty so large, that I want skill
To choose without direction of example:
From which I daily learn, by how much more
You take off from the roughness of a father,
By so much more I am engaged to tender
The duty of a daughter. For respects
Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,
I nor admire nor slight them; all my studies
Shall ever aim at this perfection only,

To live and die so, that you may not blush
In any course of mine to own me yours.

Hunt. Kate, Kate, thou grow'st upon my heart,
like peace,

Creating every other hour a jubilee.

Kath. To you, my lord of Dalryell, I address
Some few remaining words: the general fame
That speaks your merit, even in vulgar tongues,
Proclaims it clear; but in the best, a precedent.

Hunt. Good wench, good girl, i' faith!

Kath. For my part, trust me,
I value mine own worth at higher rate,
'Cause you are pleas'd to prize it: if the stream
Of your protested service (as you term it)
Run in a constancy, more than a compliment,
It shall be my delight, that worthy love
Leads you to worthy actions; and these guide you
Richly to wed an honourable name:
So every virtuous praise, in after ages,
Shall be your heir, and I, in your brave mention,
Be chronicled the mother of that issue,
That glorious issue.

Hunt. Oh, that I were young again!
She'd make me court proud danger, and suck spirit
From reputation.

Kath. To the present motion,
Here's all that I dare answer: when a ripeness
Of more experience, and some use of time,
Resolves to treat the freedom of my youth
Upon exchange of troths, I shall desire
No surer credit of a match with virtue
Than such as lives in you; mean time, my hopes
are

Preserv[er]'d secure, in having you a friend.

Dal. You are a blessed lady, and instruct
Ambition not to soar a farther flight,
Than in the perfum'd air of your soft voice.—
My noble lord of Huntley, you have lent
A full extent of bounty to this parley;
And for it shall command your humblest servant.

Hunt. Enough: we are still friends, and will
continue

A hearty love.—Oh, Kate! thou art mine own.—
No more;—my lord of Crawford.

Enter CRAWFORD.

Craw. From the king
I come, my lord of Huntley, who in council
Requires your present aid.

Hunt. Some weighty business?

Craw. A secretary from a duke of York,
The second son to the late English Edward,
Conceal'd, I know not where, these fourteen years,
Craves audience from our master; and 'tis said
The duke himself is following to the court.

Hunt. Duke upon duke! 'tis well, 'tis well;
here's bustling

For majesty;—my lord, I will along with you.

Craw. My service, noble lady.

Kath. Please you walk, sir?

Dal. "Times have their changes; sorrow makes
men wise;

The sun itself must set as well as rise;"

Then, why not I? Fair madam, I wait on you.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III.—LONDON. An Apartment in the Tower.

Enter the Bishop of Durham, Sir ROBERT CLIFFORD, and URSWICK.—Lights.

Dur. You find, Sir Robert Clifford, how securely

King Henry, our great master, doth commit His person to your loyalty; you taste His bounty and his mercy even in this; That at a time of night so late, a place So private as his closet, he is pleas'd To admit you to his favour: do not falter In your discovery; but as you covet A liberal grace, and pardon for your follies, So labour to deserve it, by laying open All plots, all persons, that contrive against it.

Urs. Remember not the witchcrafts, or the magic,

The charms and incantations, which the sorceress Of Burgundy hath cast upon your reason: Sir Robert, be your own friend now, discharge Your conscience freely; all of such as love you, Stand sureties for your honesty and truth. Take heed you do not dally with the king, He is wise as he is gentle.

Clif. I am miserable, If Henry be not merciful.

Urs. The king comes.

Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. Clifford!

Clif. (*Kneels.*) Let my weak knees rot on the earth,

If I appear as lep'rous in my treacheries, Before your royal eyes, as to my own I seem a monster, by my breach of truth.

K. Hen. Clifford, stand up; for instance of thy safety,

I offer thee my hand.

Clif. A sovereign balm For my bruise'd soul, I kiss it with a greediness.

(*Kisses the King's hand, and rises.*)

Sir, you are a just master, but I—

K. Hen. Tell me, Is every circumstance thou hast set down With thine own hand, within this paper, true? Is it a sure intelligence of all The progress of our enemies' intents, Without corruption?

Clif. True, as I wish heaven; Or my infected honour white again.

K. Hen. We know all, Clifford, fully, since this meteor,

This airy apparition first discredul'd From Tournay into Portugal; and thence Advanced his fiery blaze for adoration To th' superstitious Irish; since the beard Of this wild comet, conjured into France, Sparkled in antick flames in Charles his court; But shrunk again from thence, and, hid in darkness, Stole into Flanders *

* * * * * flooding the rags Of painted power on the shore of Kent, Whence he was beaten back with shame and scorn, Contempt, and slaughter of some naked outlaws; But tell me, what new course now shapes duke Perkin?

Clif. For Ireland, mighty Henry; so instructed By Stephen Frion, sometimes secretary

In the French tongue unto your sacred excellence, But Perkin's tutor now.

K. Hen. A subtle villain

That Frion, Frion,—you, my lord of Durham, Knew well the man.

Dur. French, both in heart and actions.

K. Hen. Some Irish heads work in this mine of Speak them. [treason;

Clif. Not any of the best; your fortune Hath dull'd their spleens. Never had counterfeit Such a confused rabble of lost bankrupts For counsellors: first Heron, a broken mercer, Then John a-Water, sometimes mayor of Cork, Sketon a taylor, and a scrivener Call'd Astley: and whate'er these list to treat of, Perkin must hearken to; but Frion, cunning Above these dull capacities, still prompts him To fly to Scotland, to young James the Fourth; And sue for aid to him: this is the latest Of all their resolutions.

K. Hen. Still more Frion! Pestilent adder, he will hiss out poison. As dangerous as infectious—we must natch 'em. Clifford, thou hast spoke home, we give thee life. But, Clifford, there are people of our own Remain behind untold; who are they, Clifford? Name those, and we are friends, and will to rest: 'Tis thy last task.

Clif. Oh, sir, here I must break A most unlawful oath to keep a just one.

K. Hen. Well, well, be brief, be brief.

Clif. The first in rank Shall be John Ratcliffe, Lord Fitzwater, then Sir Simon Mountford, and Sir Thomas Thwaites. With William Dawbeney, Chessoner, Astwood, Worsley, the dean of Paul's, two other friars. And Robert Ratcliffe.

K. Hen. Churchmen are turn'd devils. These are the principal?

Clif. One more remains Unnam'd, whom I could willingly forget.

K. Hen. Ha, Clifford! one more?

Clif. Great sir, do not bray him; For when Sir William Stanley, your lord enam— Shall come into the list, as he is chief, [belain, I shall lose credit with you; yet this lord, Last named, is first against you.

K. Hen. Urrswick, the light! View well my face, sirs, is there blood left in it?

Dur. You alter strangely, sir.

K. Hen. Alter, lord bishop! Why, Clifford stabb'd me, or I dream'd he stabb'd! Sirrah, it is a custom with the guilty [me. To think they set their own stains off, by laying Aspersions on some nobler than themselves: Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here. Thy life again is forfeit: I recal My word of mercy, for I know thou dar'st Repeat the name no more.

Clif. I dare, and once more, Upon my knowledge, name Sir William Stanley, Both in his counsel and his purse, the chief Assistant to the feigned duke of York.

Dur. Most strange!

Urs. Most wicked!

K. Hen. Yet again, once more.

Clif. Sir William Stanley is your secret enemy, And if time fit, will openly profess it.

K. Hen. Sir William Stanley! Who? Sir William Stanley!

My chamberlain, my counsellor, the love,
The pleasure of my court, my bosom friend,
The charge, and the controulment of my person ;
The keys and secrets of my treasury ;
The all of all I am ! I am unhappy.

Misery of confidence,—let me turn traitor
To my own person, yield my sceptre up
To Edward's sister, and her bastard duke !

Dur. You lose your constant temper.

K. Hen. Sir William Stanley !

O do not blame me ; he, 'twas only he
Who, having rescued me in Bosworth field
From Richard's bloody sword, snatch'd from his
head

The kingly crown, and placed it first on mine.

He never fail'd me ; what have I deserv'd

To lose this good man's heart, or he his own ?

Urs. The night doth waste, this passion ill be-
comes you ;

Provide against your danger.

K. Hen. Let it be so.

Urswick, command straight Stanley to his chamber.

'Tis well we are i' th' Tower ; set a guard on him
(Clifford, to bed ; you must lodge here to-night ;
We'll talk with you to-morrow. My sad soul
Divines strange troubles.

Daw. (within.) Ho ! the king, the king !
I must have entrance.

K. Hen. Dawbeney's voice ; admit him.
What new combustions huddle next, to keep
Our eyes from rest ?—the news ?

Enter DAWBENEY.

Daw. Ten thousand Cornish,
Grudging to pay your subsidies, have gather'd
A head ; led by a blacksmith and a lawyer,
They make for London, and to them is join'd
Lord Audley : as they march, their number daily
Increases ; they are—

K. Hen. Rascals !—talk no more ;
Such are not worthy of my thoughts to-night.
To bed—and if I cannot sleep,—I'll wake.—
When counsels fail, and there's in man no trust,
Even then, an arm from heaven fights for the just.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—EDINBURGH. *The Presence- Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter above, the Countess of CRAWFORD, Lady KATHERINE,
JANE, and other Ladies.*

Countess. Come, ladies, here's a solemn pre-
paration

For entertainment of this English prince ;

The king intends grace more than ordinary ;

'Twere pity now, if he should prove a counterfeit.

Kath. Bless the young man, our nation would
be laugh'd at

For honest souls through Christendom ! my father
Hath a weak stomach to the business, madam,
But that the king must not be cross'd.

Countess. He brings

A goodly troop, they say, of gallants with him ;

But very modest people, for they strive not

To fame their names too much ; their godfathers

May be beholding to them, but their fathers

Scarce owe them thanks : they are disguised
princes,

Brought up it seems to honest trades ; no matter,
They will break forth in season.

Jane. Or break out ;

For most of them are broken by report.—*[Music.*
The king !

Kath. Let us observe them and be silent.

*A Flourish.—Enter King JAMES, HUNTLEY, CRAWFORD,
DALYELL, and other Noblemen.*

K. Ja. The right of kings, my lords, extends
To the safe conservation of their own, [not only
But also to the aid of such allies,

As change of time and state hath oftentimes

Hurl'd down from careful crowns, to undergo

An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes ;

So English Richard, surnam'd Cœur-de-Lion,

So Robert Bruce, our royal ancestor,

Forced by the trial of the wrongs they felt,

Bothsought, and found supplies from foreign kings,

To repossess their own ; then grudge not, lords,

A much distressed prince : king Charles of France,

And Maximilian of Bohemia both,
Have ratified his credit by their letters ;
Shall we then be distrustful ? No ; compassion
Is one rich jewel that shines in our crown,
And we will have it shine there.

Hunt. Do your will, sir.

K. Ja. The young duke is at hand ; Dalyell
from us

First greet him, and conduct him on ; then Craw-
Shall meet him next, and Huntley, last of all,
Present him to our arms.—*(Exit DAL.)*—Sound
sprightly music,

Whilst majesty encounters majesty. *[Flourish.*

*Re-enter DALYELL, with PERKIN WARBECK, followed at
a distance by FRION, HERB, BERTON, ANLEY, and
JOHN A-WATER. CRAWFORD advances and salutes
PERKIN at the door, and afterwards HUNTLEY, who
presents him to the King : they embrace ; the Nobles-
men slightly salute his followers.*

War. Most high, most mighty king ! that now
there stands

Before your eyes, in presence of your peers,

A subject of the rarest kind of pity

That hath in any age touch'd noble hearts,

The vulgar story of a prince's ruin,

Hath made it too apparent : Europe knows,

And all the western world, what persecution

Hath rag'd in malice against us, sole heir

To the great throne of th' old Plantagenets.

How, from our nursery, we have been hurried

Unto the sanctuary, from the sanctuary

Forced to the prison, from the prison haled

By cruel hands, to the tormentor's fury,

Is register'd already in the volume

Of all men's tongues ; whose true relation draws

Compassion, melted into weeping eyes,

And bleeding souls : but our misfortunes since,

Have rang'd a larger progress thro' strange lands,

Protected in our innocence by Heaven.

Edward the Fifth, our brother, in his tragedy

Quench'd their hot thirst of blood, whose hire to
murder

Paid them their wages of despair and horror ;
The softness of my childhood smiled upon
The roughness of their task, and robb'd them
farther
Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute.
Great king, they spared my life; the butchers
spared it !

Return'd the tyrant, my unnatural uncle,
A truth of my dispatch ; I was convey'd
With secrecy and speed to Tournay ; foster'd
By obscure means, taught to unlearn myself :
But as I grew in years, I grew in sense
Of fear and of disdain ; fear of the tyrant
Whose power sway'd the throne then : when dis-
Of living so unknown, in such a servile [dain
And abject lowness, prompted me to thoughts
Of recollecting who I was, I shook off
My bondage, and made haste to let my aunt
Of Burgundy acknowledge me her kinsman ;
Heir to the crown of England, snatch'd by Henry
From Richard's head ; a thing scarce known i'th'
world.

K. Ja. My lord, it stands not with your coun-
sel now

To fly upon invectives ; if you can
Make this apparent what you have discours'd,
In every circumstance, we will not study
An answer, but are ready in your cause.

War. You are a wise and just king, by the
Above reserv'd, beyond all other aids, [powers
To plant me in mine own inheritance :
To marry these two kingdoms in a love
Never to be divorced, while time is time.
As for the manner, first of my escape,
Of my conveyance next, of my life since,
The means, and persons who were instruments,
Great sir, 'tis fit I over-pass in silence ;
Reserving the relation to the secrecy
Of your own princely ear, since it concerns
Some great ones living yet, and others dead.
Whose issue might be question'd. For your bounty.
Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,
We vow hereafter to demean ourself,
As if we were your own and natural brother ;
Omitting no occasion in our person,
To express a gratitude beyond example.

K. Ja. He must be more than subject who can
utter

The language of a king, and such is thine.
Take this for answer ; be whate'er thou art,
Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put
Thy cause and person into my protection.
Cousin of York, thus once more we embrace thee ;
Welcome to James of Scotland ! for thy safety,
Know, such as love thee not shall never wrong
thee.

Come, we will taste a while our court-delights,
Dream hence afflictions past, and then proceed
To high attempts of honour. On, lead on !
Both thou and thine are ours, and we will guard
you.

Lead on— *[Exit all but the ladies.]*

Countess. I have not seen a gentleman
Of a more brave aspect, or goodlier carriage ;
His fortunes move not him—Madam, you are
passionate.

Kath. Beshrew me, but his words have touch'd
me home,

As if his cause concern'd me ; I should pity him,
If he should prove another than he seems.

Enter CRAWFORD.

Craw. Ladies, the king commands your pre-
sence instantly,
For entertainment of the duke.

Kath. "The duke"
Must then be entertain'd, the king obey'd ;
It is our duty.

Countess. We will all wait on him. *[Exit]*

SCENE II.—LONDON. *The Tower.*

*A Flourish.—Enter King HENRY, OXFORD, DURHAM,
SURREY.*

K. Hen. Have ye communic'd my chamberlain ?
Dur. His treasons
Condemn'd him, sir ; which were as clear and
manifest,

As foul and dangerous : besides, the guilt
Of his conspiracy prest him so nearly,
That it drew from him free confession,
Without an importunity.

K. Hen. Oh, lord bishop,
This argued shame and sorrow for his folly,
And must not stand in evidence against
Our mercy, and the softness of our nature ;
The rigour and extremity of law
Is sometimes too too bitter ; but we carry
A Chancery of pity in our bosom.
I hope we may relieve him from the sentence
Of death ; I hope we may.

Dur. You may, you may :
And so persuade your subjects that the title
Of York is better, nay, more just and lawful,
Than yours of Lancaster ! so Stanley holds :
Which if it be not treason in the highest,
Then we are traitors all, perjured, and false,
Who have took oath to Henry, and the justice
Of Henry's title ; Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney,
With all your other peers of state and church,
Forsworn, and Stanley true alone to Heaven,
And England's lawful heir !

Oxf. By Vere's old honours,
I'll cut his throat dares speak it.

Sur. 'Tis a quarrel
To engage a soul in.

K. Hen. What a coil is here
To keep my gratitude sincere and perfect !
Stanley was once my friend, and came in time
To save my life : yet, to say truth, my lords,
The man staid long enough t' endanger it :—
But I could see no more into his heart,
Than what his outward actions did present ;
And for them have rewarded him so fully,
As that there wanted nothing in our gift
To gratify his merit, as I thought,
Unless I should divide my crown with him,
And give him half : though now I well perceive
'Twould scarce have serv'd his turn, without the
But I am charitable, lords : let justice. *[whole.]*
Proceed in execution, whilst I mourn
The loss of one whom I esteem'd a friend.

Dur. Sir, he is coming this way.

K. Hen. If he speak to me,
I could deny him nothing ; to prevent it.
I must withdraw. Pray, lords, commend my fa-
vours

To his last peace, which, with him, I will pray for :
That done, it doth concern us to consult
Of other following troubles. *[Exit.]*

Orf. I am glad
He's gone; upon my life he would have pardon'd
The traitor, had he seen him.

Sur. 'Tis a king
Composed of gentleness.

Dur. Rare and unheard of:
But every man is nearest to himself,
And that the king observes; 'tis fit he should.

*Enter STANLEY, Executioner, Confessor, UNSWICK and
DAWBENEY.*

Stan. May I not speak with Clifford, ere I shake
This piece of frailty off?

Daw. You shall; he's sent for.

Stan. I must not see the king?

Dur. From him, sir William,
These lords, and I am sent; he bade us say
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts;
Wishing the laws of England could remit
The forfeit of your life, as willingly
As he would, in the sweetness of his nature,
Forget your trespass; but how'er your body
Fall into dust, he vows, the king himself
Doth vow, to keep a requiem for your soul,
As for a friend, close treasured in his bosom.

Orf. Without remembrance of your errors past,
I come to take my leave, and wish you heaven.

Sur. And I; good angels guard you!

Stan. Oh, the king,
Next to my soul, shall be the nearest subject
Of my last prayers. My grave lord of Durham,
My lords of Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney, all,
Accept from a poor dying man a farewell.
I was, as you are, once great, and stood hopeful
Of many flourishing years; but fate and time
Have wheel'd about, to turn me into nothing.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Daw. Sir Robert Clifford comes, the man, sir
You so desire to speak with. [*William,*

Dur. Mark their meeting.

Clif. Sir William Stanley, I am glad your con-
science

Before your end, hath emptied every burden
Which charg'd it, as that you can clearly witness,
How far I have proceeded in a duty
That both concern'd my truth, and the state's
safety.

Stan. Mercy, how dear is life to such as hug it!
Come hither—by this token think on me!

[*Makes a cross on CLIFFORD's face with his finger.*

Clif. This token? What! am I abus'd?

Stan. You are not.

I wet upon your cheeks a holy sign,
The cross, the Christian's badge, the traitor's
infamy;

Wear, Clifford, to thy grave this painted emblem:
Water shall never wash it off, all eyes
That gaze upon thy face, shall read there written,
A state informer's character; more ugly,
Stamp'd on a noble name, than on a base.
The heavens forgive thee!—pray, my lords, no
change

Of word; this man and I have used too many.

Clif. Shall I be disgraced
Without reply?

Dur. Give losers leave to talk;
His loss is irrecoverable.

Stan. Once more,
To all a long farewell! The best of greatness
Preserve the king! my next suit is, my lords,

To be remember'd to my noble brother,
Derby, my much griev'd brother. Oh, persuade
That I shall stand no blemish to his house, [*him,*
In chronicles writ in another age.
My heart doth bleed for him, and for his sighs:
Tell him, he must not think the style of Derby,
Nor being husband to king Henry's mother,
The league with peers, the smiles of fortune, can
Secure his peace above the state of man.
I take my leave to travel to my dust;
Subjects deserve their deaths whose kings are just.
Come, confessor! On with thy axe, friend, on.

[*He is led off to execution.*

Clif. Was I call'd hither by a traitor's breath
To be upbraided! Lords, the king shall know it.

Re-enter King HENRY with a white staff.

K. Hen. The king doth know it, sir; the king
hath heard

What he or you could say. We have given credit
To every point of Clifford's information,
The only evidence 'gainst Stanley's head:
He dies for it; are you pleas'd?

Clif. I pleas'd, my lord?

K. Hen. No echos: for your service, we dismiss
Your more attendance on the court; take ease,
And live at home; but, as you love your life,
Stir not from London without leave from us.
We'll think on your reward; away!

Clif. I go, sir.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Die all our griefs with Stanley! Take
this staff

Of office, Dawbeney; henceforth be our chamber-
Daw. I am your humblest servant. [*lain.*

K. Hen. We are follow'd

By enemies at home, that will not cease
To seek their own confusion; 'tis most true,
The Cornish under Audley are march'd on
As far as Winchester;—but let them come,
Our forces are in readiness, we'll catch them
In their own toils.

Daw. Your army, being muster'd,
Consists in all, of horse and foot, at least
In number, six-and-twenty thousand; men
Daring and able, resolute to fight,
And loyal in their truths.

K. Hen. We know it, Dawbeney:
For them we order thus; Oxford in chief,
Assisted by bold Essex, and the earl
Of Suffolk, shall lead on the first battalia;
Be that your charge.

Orf. I humbly thank your majesty.

K. Hen. The next division we assign to Daw-
These must be men of action, for on those [beney:
The fortune of our fortunes must rely.
The last and main, ourself commands in person;
As ready to restore the fight at all times,
As to consummate an assured victory.

Daw. The king is still oraculous.

K. Hen. But, Surrey,
We have employment of more toil for thee:
For our intelligence comes swiftly to us,
That James of Scotland late hath entertain'd
Perkin the counterfeit, with more than common
Grace and respect; nay, courts him with rare
favours.

The Scot is young and forward, we must look for
A sudden storm to England from the north;
Which to withstand, Durham shall post to Norham,
To fortify the castle, and secure

The frontiers against an invasion there.
Surrey shall follow soon, with such an army
As may relieve the bishop, and encounter,
On all occasions, the death-daring Scots.
You know your charges all; 'tis now a time
To execute, not talk; Heaven is our guard still.
War must breed peace, such is the fate of kings.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—EDINBURGH.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter CRAWFORD and DALYELL.

Craw. 'Tis more than strange; my reason cannot answer

Such argument of fine imposture, couch'd
In witchcraft of persuasion, that it fashions
Impossibilities, as if appearance
Could cozen truth itself; this dukeling mushroom
Hath doubtless charm'd the king.

Dal. He courts the ladies,
As if his strength of language chain'd attention
By power of prerogative.

Craw. It maddens
My very soul to hear our master's motion;
What surety both of amity and honour
Must of necessity ensue upon
A match betwixt some noble of our nation,
And this brave prince, forsooth!

Dal. 'Twill prove too fatal;
Wise Huntley fears the threat'ning. Bless the lady
From such a ruin!

Craw. How the counsel privy
Of this young Phaeton do screw their faces
Into a gravity, their trades, good people,
Were never guilty of! the meanest of them
Dreams of at least an office in the state.

Dal. Sure not the hangman's, 'tis bespoke already
For service to their rogueries,—silence!

Enter King JAMES and HUNTLEY.

K. Ja. Do not
Argue against our will; we have descended
Somewhat (as we may term it) too familiarly
From justice of our birthright, to examine
The force of your allegiance,—sir, we have;—
But find it short of duty!

Hunt. Break my heart,
Do, do, king! Have my services, my loyalty,
(Heaven knows untainted ever) drawn upon me
Contempt now in mine age, when I but wanted
A minute of a peace not to be troubled,
My last, my long one! Let me be a dotard,
A bedlam, a poor sot, or what you please
To have me, so you will not stain your blood,
Your own blood, royal sir, though mixt with mine,
By marriage of this girl to a straggler!—
Take, take my head, sir; whilst my tongue can
It cannot name him other. [wag.]

K. Ja. Kings are counterfeits
In your repute grave oracle, not presently,
Set on their thrones, with sceptres in their fists!
But use your own detraction; 'tis our pleasure
To give our cousin York for wife our kinswoman,
The lady Katherine: Instinct of sovereignty
Designs the honour, though her peevish father
Usurps our resolution.

Hunt. Oh, 'tis well,
Exceeding well! I never was ambitious
Of using conjurers to my daughter queen—

A queen! perhaps a queen! Forgive me, Dalyell,
Thou honourable gentleman;—none here
Dare speak one word of comfort?

Dal. Cruel misery!

Craw. The lady, gracious prince, may be hath
Affection on some former choice. [settled]

Dal. Enforcement
Would prove but tyranny.

Hunt. I thank thee heartily.

Let any yeoman of our nation challenge
An interest in the girl, then the king
May add a jointure of ascent in titles,
Worthy a free consent; now he pulls down
What old desert hath builded.

K. Ja. Cease persuasions.

I violate no pawns of faith, intrude not
On private loves; that I have play'd the orator
For kingly York to virtuous Kate, her grant
Can justify, referring her contents
To our provision: the Welsh Harry, henceforth,
Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,
That not the painted idol of his policy
Shall fright the lawful owner from a kingdom.—
We are resolv'd.

Hunt. Some of thy subjects' hearts,
King James, will bleed for this!

K. Ja. Then shall their bloods
Be nobly spent: no more disputes; he is not
Our friend who contradicts us.

Hunt. Farewell, daughter!
My care by one is lessen'd, thank the king for't!
I and my griefs will dance now.—

*Enter WARBECK, complimenting with Lady KATHERINE;
Countess of CRAWFORD, JANE DOUGLAS, FRION, JOHN
A-WATER, ARTLEY, HEMON, and SKETON.*

Look, lords, look;
Here's hand in hand already!

K. Ja. Peace, old frenzy.
How like a king he looks! Lords, but observe
The confidence of his aspect; dross cannot
Cleave to so pure a metal—royal youth!
Plantagenet undoubted!

Hunt. [Aside.] Ho, brave! Youth;
But no Plantagenet, by'r lady, yet,
By red rose or by white.

War. An union this way,
Settles possession in a monarchy
Establish'd rightly, as is my inheritance:
Acknowledge me but sovereign of this kingdom,
Your heart, fair princess,—and the hand of provi-
dence

Shall crown you queen of me, and my best fortunes.

Kath. Where my obedience is, my lord, a duty,
Love owes true service.

War. Shall I?

K. Ja. Cousin, yes,
Enjoy her; from my hand accept your bride;
[He joins their hands.]

And may they live at enmity with comfort,
Who grieve at such an equal pledge of troths!
You are the prince's wife now.

Kath. By your gift, sir.

War. Thus, I take seizure of mine own.

Kath. I miss yet
A father's blessing. Let me find it;—humbly
Upon my knees I seek it.

Hunt. I am Huntley,
Old Alexander Gordon, a plain subject,
Nor more nor less; and, lady, if you wish for
A blessing, you must bend your knees to heaven;

For heaven did give me you. *Alas, alas!*
What would you have me say? may all the happi-
My prayers ever sued to fall upon you, *[kneels]*
Preserve you in your virtues! Prithee, Dalyell,
Come with me; for I feel thy griefs as full
As mine; let's steal away and cry together.

Dal. My hopes are in their ruins.

[Exeunt HUNT. and DAL.]

K. Ja. Good, kind Huntley
Is overjoy'd: a fit solemnity
Shall perfect these delights; Crawford, attend
Our order for the preparation.

[Exeunt all but FRION, HER. SKET. J. A-WAT. and AST.]

Fri. Now, worthy gentlemen, have I not follow'd
My undertakings with success? Here's entrance
Into a certainty above a hope.

Her. Hopes are but hopes; I was ever confi-
dent, when I traded but in remnants, that my stars
had reserv'd me to the title of a Viscount at least:
honour is honour, though cut out of any stuffs.

Sket. My brother Heron hath right wisely deli-
ver'd his opinion: for he that threads his needle
with the sharp eyes of industry, shall in time go
thorough-stitch with the new suit of preferment.

Asl. Spoken to the purpose, my fine witted
brother Sketon; for as no indenture but has its
counterpane; *no naverint* but his condition or de-
feisance; so no right but may have claim, no claim
but may have possession, any act of parliament to
the contrary notwithstanding.

Fri. You are all read in mysteries of state,
And quick of apprehension, deep in judgment,
Active in resolution; and 'tis pity
Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity.
But why, in such a time and cause of triumph,
Stands the judicious mayor of Cork so silent?
Believe it, sir, as English Richard prospers,
You must not miss employment of high nature.

J. a-Wat. If men may be credited in their mor-
tality, which I dare not peremptorily aver but they
may, or not be; presumptions by this marriage are
then, in sooth, of fruitful expectation. Or else I
must not justify other men's belief, more than other
should rely on mine.

Fri. Pith of experience! those that have borne
office,

Weigh every word before it can drop from them.
But, noble counsellors, since now the present
Requires, in point of honour, (pray mistake not,)
Some service to our lord; 'tis fit the Scots
Should not engross all glory to themselves,
At this so grand and eminent solemnity.

Sket. The Scots? the motion is defied: I had
rather, for my part, without trial of my country,
suffer persecution under the pressing-iron of re-
proach; or let my skin be punch'd full of oylet-
holes with the bodkin of derision.

Asl. I will sooner lose both my ears on the pil-
lory of forgery.

Her. Let me first live a bankrupt, and die, in
the lousy hole, of hunger, without compounding for
sixpence in the pound.

J. a-Wat. If men fail not in their expectations,
there may be spirits also that digest no rude affronts,
master secretary Frion, as I am cozen'd; which is
possible, I grant.

Fri. Resolv'd like men of knowledge! at this
feast, then,

In honour of the bride, the Scots, I know,
Will in some shew, some masque, or some device,
Prefer their duties: now, it were uncomely,
That we be found less forward for our prince,
Than they are for their lady; and by how much
We outshine them in persons of account,
By so much more will our endeavours meet with
A livelier applause. Great emperors
Have, for their recreations, undertook
Such kind of pastimes; as for the conceit,
Refer it to my study; the performance
You all shall share a thanks in: 'twill be grateful.

Her. The motion is allow'd; I have stole to a
dancing-school when I was a apprentice.

Asl. There have been Irish hubbubs, when I
have made one too.

Sket. For fashioning of shapes, and cutting a
cross-caper, turn me off to my trade again.

J. a-Wat. Surely, there is, if I be not deceived,
a kind of gravity in merriment; as there is, or per-
haps ought to be, respect of persons in the quality
of carriage, which is, as it is construed, either so,
or so.

Fri. Still you come home to me; upon occasion,
I find you relish courtship with discretion;
And such are fit for statesmen of your merits.
Pray ye wait the prince, and in his ear acquaint him
With this design; I'll follow and direct you.

Oh the toil *[Exeunt all but FRION.]*
Of humouring this abject scum of mankind!
Muddy-brain'd peasants! princes feel a misery
Beyond in partial sufferance, whose extremes
Must yield to such abettors:—yet our tide
Runs smoothly without adverse winds; run on!
Flow to a full sea! time alone debates
Quarrels forewritten in the book of fates. *[Exit.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—WESTMINSTER. The Palace.

*Enter King HENRY. with his Gorgel on, his Sword, Plume
of Feathers, and leading-staff. (truncheon) followed by
URSWICK.*

K. Hen. How runs the time of day?

Urs. Past ten, my lord.

K. Hen. A bloody hour will it prove to some,
Whose disobedience, like the sons o' th' earth,
Throws a defiance 'gainst the face of heaven.
Oxford, with Essex, and stout De la Pole,
Have quieted the Londoners, I hope,
And set them safe from fear.

Urs. They are all silent.

K. Hen. From their own battlements, they may
behold

Saint George's fields o'erspread with armed men;
Amongst whom our own royal standard threatens
Confusion to opposers: we must learn
To practise war again in time of peace,
Or lay our crown before our subjects' feet;
Ha, Urrswick, must we not?

Urs. The powers, who seated
King Henry on his lawful throne, will ever
Rise up in his defence.

K. Hen. Rage shall not fright
The bosom of our confidence; in Kent
Our Cornish rebels, cozen'd of their hopes,
Met brave resistance by that country's earl,
George Abergeny, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford,
And other loyal hearts; now, if Blackheath
Must be reserv'd the fatal tomb to swallow
Such stiff-neck'd abjects, as with weary marches
Have travell'd from their homes, their wives, and
children,

To pay, instead of subsidies, their lives,
We may continue sovereign! Yet, Urswick,
We'll not abate one penny, what in parliament
Hath freely been contributed; we must not;
Money gives soul to action. Our competitor,
The Flemish counterfeit, with James of Scotland,
Will prove what courage need and want can nourish,

Without the food of fit supplies:—but, Urswick,
I have a charm in secret, that shall loose
The witchcraft, wherewith young King James is
bound,

And free it at my pleasure without bloodshed.

Urs. Your majesty's a wise king, sent from
Protector of the just. [heaven,

K. Hen. Let dinner cheerfully
Be serv'd in; this day of the week is ours,
Our day of providence; for Saturday
Yet never fail'd, in all my undertakings,
To yield me rest at night.—[*A Flourish.*—]—What
means this warning?

Good fate, speak peace to Henry!

Enter DAWBENEY, OXFORD, and Attendants.

Daw. Live the king,
Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies!

Oxf. The head of strong rebellion is cut off,
The body hew'd in pieces.

K. Hen. Dawbeney, Oxford,
Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands
The comfort of your wishes?

Daw. Briefly thus:
The Cornish under Audley, disappointed
Of flatter'd expectation, from the Kentish
(Your majesty's right trusty liegemen) flew
Feather'd by rage, and hearten'd by presumption,
To take the field even at your palace-gates,
And face you in your chamber-royal: arrogance
Improv'd their ignorance; for they supposing,
Mised by rumour, that the day of battle
Should fall on Monday, rather brav'd your forces,
Than doubted any onset; yet this morning,
When in the dawning I, by your direction,
Strove to get Deptford-Strand-bridge, there I
found

Such a resistance, as might shew what strength
Could make: here arrows hail'd in showers upon
us,

A full yard long at least; but we prevail'd.
My lord of Oxford with his fellow-peers,
Environing the hill, fell fiercely on them
On the one side, I on the other, till, great sir,
(Pardon the oversight,) eager to doing
Some memorable act, I was engaged
Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon
As sensible of danger: now the fight
Began in heat, which, quenched in the blood of
Two thousand rebels, and as many more
Reserv'd to try your mercy, have return'd
A victory with safety.

K. Hen. Have we lost
An equal number with them?

Oxf. In the total
Scarcely four hundred. Audley, Flammock, Joseph,
The ringleaders of this commotion,
Railed in ropes, fit ornaments for traitors
Wait your determinations.

K. Hen. We must pay
Our thanks where they are only due: Oh lords!
Here is no victory, nor shall our people
Conceive that we can triumph in their falls.
Alas, poor souls! let such as are escaped
Steal to the country back without pursuit:
There's not a drop of blood spilt, but hath drawn
As much of mine; their swords could have wrought
wonders

On their king's part, who faintly were unsheath'd
Against their prince, but wounded their own
breasts.

Lords, we are debtors to your care; our payment
Shall be both sure, and fitting your deserts.

Daw. Sir, will you please to see those rebels,
Of this wild monster multitude? [heads

K. Hen. Dear friend,
My faithful Dawbeney, no; on them our justice
Must frown in terror, I will not vouchsafe
An eye of pity to them: let false Audley
Be drawn upon an hurdle from the Newgate
To Tower-hill in his own coat of arms
Painted on paper, with the arms revers'd,
Defaced, and torn; there let him lose his head.
The lawyer and the blacksmith shall be hang'd,
Quarter'd, their quarters into Cornwall sent,
Examples to the rest, whom we are pleas'd
To pardon, and dismiss from further quest.
My lord of Oxford, see it done.

Oxf. I shall, sir.

K. Hen. Urswick.

Urs. My lord?

K. Hen. To Dinham, our high-treasurer,
Say, we command commissions be new granted,
For the collection of our subsidies
Through all the west, and that [right] speedily.
Lords, we acknowledge our engagements due
For your most constant services.

Daw. Your soldiers
Have manfully and faithfully acquitted
Their several duties.

K. Hen. For it, we will throw
A largess free amongst them, which shall hearten
And cherish up their loyalties. More yet
Remains of like employment; not a man
Can be dismiss'd, till enemies abroad,
More dangerous than these at home, have felt
The puissance of our arms. Oh, happy kings,
Whose thrones are raised in their subjects' hearts!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—EDINBURGH. *The Palace.*

Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.

Hunt. Now, sir, a modest word with you, sad
gentleman;
Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,
To hear the jigs, observe the frisks, be enchanted
With the rare discord of bells, pipes, and tabours,
Hodge-podge of Scotch and Irish twingle-twangies,
Like to so many choristers of Bedlam
Trowling a catch! The feasts, the manly stomachs,

The healths in usquebaugh and bonny-clabber,
The ale in dishes never fetch'd from China.
The hundred thousand knacks not to be spoken of,
And all this for king Oberon, and queen Mab,
Should put a soul into you. Look ye, good man,
How youthful I am grown ! but by your leave,
This new queen-bride must henceforth be no more
My daughter ; no, by'r Lady, 'tis unfit !
And yet you see how I do bear this change ;
Methinks courageously : then shake off care
In such a time of jollity.

Dal. Alas, sir,
How can you cast a mist upon your griefs ?
Which howsoever you shadow, but present
To [any] judging eye, the perfect substance
Of which mine are but counterfeits.

Hunt. Foh, Dalyell !
Thou interrupt'st the part I bear in music
To this rare bridal feast ; let us be merry,
Whilst flattering calms secure us against storms :
Tempests, when they begin to roar, put out
The light of peace, and cloud the sun's bright eye
In darkness of despair ; yet we are safe.

Dal. I wish you could as easily forget
The justice of your sorrows, as my hopes
Can yield to destiny.

Hunt. Pish ! then I see
Thou dost not know the flexible condition
Of my [tough] nature ! I can laugh, laugh heartily,
When the gout cramps my joints ; let but the
stone

Stop in my bladder, I am straight a-singing ;
The quartan fever shrinking every limb,
Sets me a-capering straight ; do [but] betray me,
And bind me a friend ever : what ! I trust
The losing of a daughter, though I doated
On every hair that grew to trim her head,
'Admits not any pain like one of these.—
Come, thou'rt deceiv'd in me ; give me a blow,
A sound blow on the face, I'll thank thee for't ;
I love my wrongs : still thou'rt deceiv'd in me.

Dal. Deceiv'd ? oh, noble Huntley, my few years
Have learnt experience of too ripe an age,
To forfeit fit credulity ; forgive
My rudeness, I am bold.

Hunt. Forgive me first
A madness of ambition ; by example
Teach me humility, for patience scorns
Lectures, which schoolmen use to read to boys
Incapable of injuries : though old,
I could grow tough in fury, and disclaim
Allegiance to my king, could fall at odds
With all my fellow-peers, that durst not stand
Defendants 'gainst the rape done on mine honour :
But kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling
With their anointed bodies ; for their actions
They only are accountable to heaven.
Yet in the puzzle of my troubled brain,
One antidote's reserv'd against the poison
Of my distractions : 'tis in thee to apply it.

Dal. Name it ; oh, name it quickly, sir !

Hunt. A pardon
For my most foolish slighting thy deserts ;
I have cull'd out this time to beg it : prithee,
Be gentle ; had I been so, thou hadst own'd
A happy bride, but now a cast-away,
And never child of mine more.

Dal. Say not so, sir ;

It is not fault in her.

Hunt. The world would prate

How she was handsome ; young I know she was,
Tender, and sweet in her obedience,
But, lost now ; what a bankrupt am I made
Of a full stock of blessings !—must I hope
A mercy from thy heart ?

Dal. A love, a service,
A friendship to posterity.

Hunt. Good angels
Reward thy charity ! I have no more
But prayers left me now.

Dal. I'll lend you mirth, sir,
If you will be in consort.

Hunt. Thank you truly :
I must, yes, yes, I must ;—here's yet some ease,
A partner in affliction : look not angry.

Dal. Good, noble sir ! [Music.]

Hunt. Oh, hark ! we may be quiet,
The king, and all the others come ; a meeting
Of gaudy sights : this day's the last of revels ;
To-morrow sounds of war ; then new exchange ;
Fiddles must turn to swords.—Unhappy marriage !

A Flourish.—Enter KING JAMES, WARBECK leading KATHARINE, CRAWFORD and his Countess ; JANE DOUGLAS, and other Ladies. HUNTLEY and DALYELL fall among them.

K. Ja. Cousin of York, you and your princely
Have liberally enjoy'd such soft delights, [bride
As a new-married couple could forethink ;
Nor has our bounty shorten'd expectation :
But after all those pleasures of repose,
Or amorous safety, we must round the ease
Of dalliance with achievements of more glory
Than sloth and sleep can furnish : yet, for farewell,
Gladly we entertain a truce with time,
To grace the joint endeavours of our servants.

War. My royal cousin, in your princely favour,
The extent of bounty hath been so unlimited,
As only an acknowledgment in words
Would breed suspicion in our state and quality.
When we shall, in the fulness of our fate,
(Whose minister, Necessity, will perfit)
Sit on our own throne ; then our arms, laid open
To gratitude, in sacred memory
Of these large benefits, shall twine them close,
Even to our thoughts and heart, without distinc-
Then James and Richard, being in effect [tion.
One person, shall unite and rule one people,
Divisible in titles only.

K. Ja. Seat you.
Are the presenters ready ?

Craw. All are entering.

Hunt. Dainty sport toward, Dalyell ! sit, come
Sit and be quiet ; here are kingly bug-words ! [sit,
*Enter at one door four Scotch Anticks, accordingly
habited ; at another, WARBECK's followers, disguised
as four Wild Irish in trowers, long-haired, and accord-
ingly habited.—Music.—A Dance by the Masquers.*

K. Ja. To all a general thanks !

War. In the next room
Take your own shapes again ; you shall receive
Particular acknowledgment. [Exeunt the Masquers.]

K. Ja. Enough
Of merriments. Crawford, how far's our army
Upon the march ?

Craw. At Hedon-hall, great king ;
Twelve thousand, well prepared.

K. Ja. Crawford, to-night
Post thither. We, in person, with the prince.
By four o'clock to-morrow after dinner,
Will be wi' you ; speed away !

Crisp. I fly, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Ja. Our business grows to head now; where's That he attends you not to serve? [your secretary,
War. With Marchmont,

Your herald.

K. Ja. Good: the proclamation's ready;
By that it will appear how the English stand
Affected to your title. Huntley, comfort
Your daughter in her husband's absence; fight
With prayers at home for us, who, for your
Must toil in fight abroad. [honours,

Hunt. Prayers are the weapons

Which men, so near their graves as I, do use;
I've little else to do.

K. Ja. To rest, young beauties!
We must be early stirring; quickly part:
A kingdom's rescue craves both speed and art.
Cousins, good night. [*A flourish.*]

War. Rest to our cousin king.

Kath. Your blessing, sir.

Hunt. Fair blessings on your highness! sure
you need them.

[*Exeunt all but WAR, KATH, and JANE.*]

War. Jane, set the lights down, and from us
return

To those in the next room, this little purse;
Say, we'll deserve their loves.

Jane. It shall be done, sir.

[*Exit.*]

War. Now, dearest, ere sweet sleep shall seal
those eyes,

Love's precious sleepers, give me leave to use
A parting ceremony: for to-morrow
It would be sacrilege to intrude upon
The temple of thy peace: swift as the morning,
Must I break from the down of thy embraces,
To put on steel, and trace the paths which lead
Through various hazards to a careful throne.

Kath. My lord, I'd fain go with you; there's
In staying here behind. [small fortune]

War. The churlish brow

Of war, fair dearest, is a sight of horror
For ladies' entertainment: if thou hear'st
A truth of my sad ending by the hand
Of some unnatural subject, thou withall
Shalt hear, how I died worthy of my right,
By falling like a king; and in the close,
Which my last breath shall sound, thy name, thou
Shall sing a requiem to my soul, unwilling; fairest,
Only of greater glory, 'cause divided
From such a heaven on earth, as life with thee.
But these are chimes for funerals; my business
Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph;
For love and majesty are reconciled,
And vow to crown thee Empress of the West.

Kath. You have a noble language, sir; your
Is me without question, and however [right
Events of time may shorten my deserts
In others' pity, yet it shall not stagger
Or constancy, or duty in a wife.
You must be king of me; and my poor heart
Is all I can call mine.

War. But we will live,
Live, beauteous virtue, by the lively test
Of our own blood, to let the counterfeit
Be known the world's contempt.

Kath. Pray do not use

That word, it carries fate in't: the first suit
I ever made, I trust your love will grant.

War. Without denial, dearest.

Kath. That hereafter,

If you return with safety, no adventure
May sever us in tasting any fortune:
I ne'er can stay behind again.

War. You are lady
Of your desires, and shall command your will;
Yet 'tis too hard a promise.

Kath. What our destinies
Have ruled out in their books, we must not search,
But kneel to.

War. Then to fear when hope is fruitless,
Were to be desperately miserable;
Which poverty our greatness dares not dream of,
And much more scorns to stoop to: some few
minutes

Remain yet, let's be thrifty in our nopes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Palace at Westminster.

Enter KING HENRY, HIALAS, and URSWICK

K. Hen. Your name is Pedro Hialas, a Spaniard?
Hial. Sir, a Castillian born.

K. Hen. King Ferdinand,
With wise queen Isabel his royal consort,
Write you a man of worthy trust and candour.
Princes are dear to heaven, who meet with subjects
Sincere in their employments; such I find
Your commendation, sir. Let me deliver
How joyful I repute the amity,
With your most fortunate master, who almost
Comes near a miracle in his success
Against the Moors, who had devour'd his country,
Entire now to his sceptre. We, for our part,
Will imitate his providence, in hope
Of partage in the use on't; we repute
The privacy of his advisement to us
By you, intended an ambassador
To Scotland, for a peace between our kingdoms,
A policy of love, which well becomes
His wisdom and our care.

Hial. Your majesty
Doth understand him rightly.

K. Hen. Else
Your knowledge can instruct me; wherein, sir,
To fall on ceremony, would seem useless,
Which shall not need; for I will be as studious
Of your concealment in our conference,
As any council shall advise.

Hial. Then, sir,
My chief request is, that on notice given
At my dispatch in Scotland, you will send
Some learned man of power and experience
To join entreaty with me.

K. Hen. I shall do it,
Being that way well provided by a servant,
Which may attend you ever.

Hial. If king James,
By any indirection, should perceive
My coming near your court, I doubt the issue
Of my employment.

K. Hen. Be not your own herald:
I learn sometimes without a teacher.

Hial. Good days
Guard all your princely thoughts!

K. Hen. Urswick, no further
Than the next open gallery attend him—
A hearty love go with you!

Hial. Your vow'd beadsman.

[*Exeunt URS. and HIAL.*]

K. Hen. King Ferdinand is not so much a fox,
But that a cunning huntsman may in time
Fall on the scent; in honourable actions
Safe imitation best deserves a praise.

Re-enter Unawick.

What, the Castilian's past away?

Urs. He is,
And undiscover'd; the two hundred marks
Your majesty convey'd, he gently purs'd
With a right modest gravity.

K. Hen. What was't
He mutter'd in the earnest of his wisdom?
He spoke not to be heard; 'twas about—

Urs. Warbeck;
"How if king Henry were but sure of subjects,
Such a wild runagate might soon be caged,
No great ado withstanding."

K. Hen. Nay, nay; something
About my son prince Arthur's match.

Urs. Right, right sir—
He humm'd it out, how that king Ferdinand
Swore, that the marriage 'twixt the lady Kath-
rine,

His daughter, and the prince of Wales your son,
Should never be consummated, as long
As any earl of Warwick lived in England,
Except by new creation.

K. Hen. I remember,
'Twas so indeed: the king his master swore it?

Urs. Directly, as he said.

K. Hen. An earl of Warwick!
Provide a messenger for letters instantly
To bishop Fox. Our news from Scotland creeps;
It comes too slow; we must have airy spirits.
Our time requires dispatch.—The earl of War-
wick.

Let him be son to Clarence, younger brother
To Edward! Edward's daughter is, I think,
Mother to our prince Arthur—[*Aside.*—Get a
messenger. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Before the Castle of Norham.

*Enter King JAMES, WARBECK, CRAWFORD, DALYELL,
HURON, ASLEY, JOHN A-WATER, SKETON, and Soldiers.*

K. Ja. We trifle time against these castle-walls,
The English prelate will not yield; once more
Give him a summons! [A parley is sounded.

*Enter on the walls the Bishop of Durham, armed, a
truncheon in his hand, with soldiers.*

War. See the jolly clerk
Appears, trimm'd like a ruffian.

K. Ja. Bishop, yet
Set ope the ports, and to your lawful sovereign,
Richard of York, surrender up this castle,
And he will take thee to his grace; else Twined
Shall overflow his banks with English blood,
And wash the sand that cements those hard stones,
From their foundation.

Dur. Warlike king of Scotland,
Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforced
To lay his book aside, and clap on arms,
Unsuitable to my age, or my profession.
Courageous prince, consider on what grounds,
You rend the face of peace, and break a league
With a confederate king that courts your amity;
For whom too? for a vagabond, a straggler,

Not noted in the world by birth or name,
An obscure peasant, by the rage of hell
Loos'd from his chains, to set great kings at strife.
What nobleman, what common man of note,
What ordinary subject hath come in,
Since first you footed on our territories,
To only feign a welcome? children laugh at
Your proclamations, and the wiser pity
So great a potentate's abuse, by one
Who juggles merely with the fawns and youth
Of an instructed compliment: such spoils,
Such slaughters as the rapine of your soldiers
Already have committed, is enough
To shew your zeal in a conceited justice.
Yet, great king, wake not yet my master's ven-
geance;

But shake that viper off which gnaws your entrails—
I, and my fellow-subjects are resolv'd,
If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,
Till our last blood drop from us.

War. O sir, lend
No ear to this traducer of my honour!—
What shall I call thee, thou grey-bearded scandal,
That kick'st against the sovereignty to which
Thou owest allegiance?—Treason is hold-faced,
And eloquent in mischief; sacred king,
Be deaf to his known malice.

Dur. Rather yield
Unto those holy motions which inspire
The sacred heart of an anointed body!
It is the surest policy in princes,
To govern well their own, than seek encroachment
Upon another's right.

Craw. The king is serious,
Deep in his meditation[s].

Dal. Lift them up
To heaven, his better genius!

War. Can you study,
While such a devil raves? Oh, sir.

K. Ja. Well,—bishop,
You'll not be drawn to mercy?

Dur. Construe me
In like case by a subject of your own.
My resolution's fix'd; king James, be counsel'd,
A greater fate waits on thee.

[Exeunt DURHAM and Soldiers, from the walls.

K. Ja. Forage through
The country; spare no prey of life or goods.

War. Oh, sir, then give me leave to yield to
nature:

I am most miserable; had I been
Born what this clergyman would, by defame,
Baffle belief with, I had never sought
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes
Of women, or of infants murder'd; virgins
Deflower'd; old men butcher'd; dwellings fired;
My land depopulated, and my people
Afflicted with a kingdom's devastation:
Shew more remorse, great king, or I shall never
Endure to see such havoc with dry eyes;
Spare, spare, my dear, dear England!

K. Ja. You fool your piety,
Ridiculously careful of an interest
Another man possesseth. Where's your faction?
Shrewdly the bishop guess'd of your adherents,
When not a petty burgher of some town,
No, not a villager hath yet appear'd,
In your assistance: that should make you whine,
And not your country's sufferance as you term it.

Dal. The king is angry.

Craw. And the passionate duke,
Effeminately dolent.

War. The experience
In former trials, sir, both of mine own
Or other princes, cast out of their thrones,
Hath so acquainted me, how misery
Is destitute of friends, or of relief,
That I can easily submit to taste
Lowest reproof, without contempt or words.

Enter FRION

K. Ja. An humble-minded man!—Now, what
intelligence

Speaks master secretary Frion.

Fri. Henry
Of England hath in open field o'erthrown
The armies who opposed him, in the right
Of this young prince.

K. Ja. His subsidies you mean—
More, if you have it?

Fri. Howard earl of Surrey,
Back'd by twelve earls and barons of the north,
An hundred knights and gentlemen of name.

And twenty thousand soldiers, is at hand
To raise your siege. Brooke, with a goodly navy,
Is admiral at sea; and Dawbeney follows
With an unbroken army for a second.

War. 'Tis false! they come to side with us.

K. Ja. Retreat;

We shall not find them stones and walls to cope
with.

Yet, duke of York, for such thou say'st thou art,
I'll try thy fortune to the height; to Surrey,
By Marchmont, I will send a brave defiance
For single combat. Once a king will venture
His person to an earl, with condition
Of spilling lesser blood. Surrey is bold,
And James resolv'd.

War. Oh, rather, gracious sir,
Create me to this glory; since my cause
Doth interest this fair quarrel; valued least,
I am his equal.

K. Ja. I will be the man.

March softly off; where victory can reap
A harvest crown'd with triumph, toil is cheap.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp near AYTON, on the Borders.*

*Enter SURREY, DURHAM, Soldiers, with Drums and
Colours.*

Sur. Are all our braving enemies shrunk back,
Hid in the fogs of their distemper'd climate,
Not daring to behold our colours wave
In spite of this infected air? Can they
Look on the strength of Cundrestine defaced?
The glory of Heydon-hall devastated? that
Of Edington cast down? the pile of Falden
O'erthrown, and this, the strongest of their forts,
Old Ayton-Castle, yielded and demolish'd,
And yet not peep abroad? The Scots are bold,
Hardy in battle; but it seems the cause
They undertake, considered, appears
Unjointed in the frame on't.

Dur. Noble Surrey,
Our royal master's wisdom is at all times
His fortune's harbinger; for when he draws
His sword to threaten war, his providence
Settles on peace, the crowning of an empire.

[*A trumpet without.*]

Sur. Rank all in order: 'tis a herald's sound;
Some message from king James. Keep a fix'd
station.

Enter MARCHMONT and another, in Herald's coats.

March. From our king's awful majesty we come
Unto the English general.

Sur. To me?

Say on.

March. Thus, then; the waste and prodigal
Effusion of so much guiltless blood,
As in two potent armies, of necessity,
Must glut the earth's dry womb, his sweet com-
passion
Hath studied to prevent; for which to thee,
Great earl of Surrey, in a single fight,
He offers his own royal person; fairly

Proposing these conditions only, that
If victory conclude our master's right,
The earl shall deliver for his ransom
The town of Berwick to him, with the Fishgarths;
If Surrey shall prevail, the king will pay
A thousand pounds down present for his freedom.
And silence further arms: so speaks king James.

Sur. So speaks king James! so like a king he
Heralds, the English general returns [speaks.

A sensible devotion from his heart,
His very soul, to this unfellow'd grace.
For let the king know, gentle heralds, truly,
How his descent from his great throne, to honour
A stranger subject with so high a title
As his compeer in arms, hath conquer'd more
Than any sword could do; for which (my loyalty
Respected) I will serve his virtues ever
In all humility: but Berwick, say,
Is none of mine to part with. In affairs
Of princes, subjects cannot traffic rights
Inherent to the crown. My life is mine,
That I dare freely hazard; and (with pardon
To some unbribed vain-glory) if his majesty
Shall taste a change of fate, his liberty
Shall meet no articles. If I fall, falling
So bravely, I refer me to his pleasure
Without condition; and for this dear favour,
Say, if not countermanded, I will cease
Hostility, unless provoked.

March. This answer

We shall repeat unpartially.

Dur. With favour,

Pray have a little patience.—[*Apart to SURREY.*]

Sir, you find

By these gay flourishes, how wearied travail
Inclines to willing rest; here's but a prologue,
However confidently utter'd, meant

For some ensuing acts of peace: consider
The time of year, unseasonableness of weather,
Charge, barrenness of profit; and occasion,
Presents itself for honourable treaty,

Which we may make good use of; I will back As sent from you, in point of noble gratitude Unto king James, with these his heralds; you Shall shortly hear from me, my lord, for order Of breathing or proceeding; and king Henry, Doubt not, will thank the service.

Sur. To your wisdom, Lord bishop, I refer it.

Dur. Be it so then.

Sur. Heralds, accept this chain, and these few *March.* Our duty, noble general. [crowns.

Dur. In part

Of retribution for such princely love, My lord the general is pleased to shew The king your master his sincerest zeal, By further treaty, by no common man; I will myself return with you.

Sur. You oblige

My faithfullest affections to you, lord bishop.

March. All happiness attend your lordship!

Sur. Come, friends,

And fellow-soldiers; we, I doubt, shall meet No enemies but woods and hills, to fight with; Then 'twere as good to feed and sleep at home: We may be free from danger, not secure. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Scottish Camp.*

Enter WARBECK and FRION.

War. Frion, oh Frion, all my hopes of glory Are at a stand! the Scottish king grows dull, Frosty, and wayward, since this Spanish agent Hath mix'd discourses with him; they are private, I am not call'd to council now;—confusion On all his crafty shrouds! I feel the fabric Of my designs are tottering.

Fri. Henry's policies

Stir with too many engines.

War. Let his mines,

Shaped in the bowels of the earth, blow up Works rais'd for my defence, yet can they never Toss into air the freedom of my birth, Or disavow my blood Plantagenet's! I am my father's son still. But, oh Frion, When I bring into count with my disasters, My wife's companionship, my Kate's, my life's, Then, then my frailty feels an earthquake. *Mis-*
chief

Damn Henry's plots! I will be England's king, Or let my aunt of Burgundy report My fall in the attempt deserv'd our ancestors!

Fri. You grow too wild in passion; if you will Appear a prince indeed, confine your will To moderation.

War. What a saucy rudeness

Prompts this distrust? If? If I will appear?

Appear a prince? death throttle such deceptions Even in their birth of utterance! cursed cozenage Of trust! You make me mad; 'twere best, it seems, That I should turn impostor to myself, Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed Of a prince murder'd, and a living baffled!

Fri. Nay, if you have no ears to hear, I have No breath to spend in vain.

War. Sir, sir, take heed!

Gold, and the promise of promotion, rarely Fail in temptation.

Fri. Why to me this!

War. Nothing.

Speak what you will; we are not sunk so low But your advice may piece again the heart Which many cares have broken: you were wont In all extremities to talk of comfort; Have you none left now. I'll not interrupt you. Good, bear with my distractions! If king James Deny us dwelling here, next, whither must I? I prither, be not angry.

Fri. Sir, I told you

Of letters come from Ireland; how the Cornish Stomach their last defeat, and humbly sue That with such forces, as you could partake, You would in person land in Cornwall, where Thousands will entertain your title gladly.

War. Let me embrace thee, hug thee! thou'st reviv'd

My comforts; if my cousin king will fail, Our cause will never—

Enter JOHN A WALKER, HARRIS, ANSTLEY, SKETON.

Welcome, my tried friends,

You keep your brains awake in our defence.

Frion, advise with them of these affairs.

In which be wondrous secret: I will listen

What else concerns us here. be quick and wary.

[Exit.

Asl. Ah, sweet young prince! Secretaire, my fellow-counsellors and I have consulted, and jump all in one opinion directly, and if these Scotch garboils do not fadge to our minds, we will pellmell run amongst the Cornish choughs presently, and in a trice.

Sket. 'Tis but going to sea and leaping ashore, cut ten or twelve thousand unnecessary throats, bre seven or eight towns, take half a dozen citus, get into the market-place, crown him Richard the Fourth, and the business is finished.

J. a-Wal. I grant you, quoth I, so far forth, as men may do, no more than men may do. for it is good to consider, when consideration may be to the purpose, otherwise—still you shall pardon me—"little said is soon amended."

Fri. Then you conclude the Cornish action surest?

Herr. We do so; and doubt not but to thrive abundantly. Ho, my masters, had we known of the commotion when we set sail out of Ireland, the land had been ours ere this time.

Sket. Pish, pish! 'tis but forbearing being an earl or a duke a month or two longer. I say, and say it again, if the work go not on apace, let me never see new fashion more. I warrant you, I warrant you; we will have it so, and so it shall be.

Asl. This is but a cold phlegmatic country; not stirring enough for men of spirit. Give me the heart of England for my money!

Sket. A man may batten there in a week only, with hot loaves and butter, and a lusty cup of muscadine and sugar at breakfast, though he make never a meal all the month after.

J. a-Wal. Surely, when I bore office, I found by experience, that to be much troublesome, was to be much wise and busy; I have observed, how filching and bragging has been the best service in these last wars; and therefore conclude peremptorily on the design in England. If things and things may fall out, as who can tell what or how—but the end will shew it.

Fri. Resolved like men of judgment! Here to linger
More time, is but to lose it; cheer the prince,
And haste him on to this; on this depends,
Fame in success, or glory in our ends. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the same.*

Enter KING JAMES, DURHAM, and HIALAS.

Hial. France, Spain, and Germany combine a
Of amity with England; nothing wants *[league]*
For settling peace through Christendom, but love
Between the British monarchs, James, and Henry.

Dur. The English merchants, sir, have been
With general procession into Antwerp; *¶* received
The emperor confirms the combination.

Hial. The king of Spain resolves a marriage
For Katherine his daughter, with prince Arthur.

Dur. France courts this holy contract.

Hial. What can hinder
A quietness in England? —
Dur. But your suffrage

As such a silly creature, mighty sir,
As is but in effect an apparition,
A shadow, a mere trifle?

Hial. To this union
The good of both the church and commonwealth
Invite you.

Dur. To this unity, a mystery
Of providence points out a greater blessing
For both these nations, than our human reason
Can search into. King Henry hath a daughter,
The princess Margaret; I need not urge,
What honour, what felicity can follow
On such affinity 'twixt two Christian kings.
Inleagu'd by ties of blood; but sure I am,
If you, sir, ratify the peace proposed,
I dare both motion and effect this marriage
For weal of both the kingdoms.

K. Ja. Dar'st thou, lord bishop?

Dur. Put it to trial, royal James, by sending
Some noble personage to the English court
By way of embassy.

Hial. Part of the business
Shall suit my meditation.

K. Ja. Well; what Heaven
Hath pointed out to be, must be; you two
Are ministers, I hope, of blessed fate.
But herein only I will stand acquitted,
No blood of innocents shall buy my peace.
For Warbeck, as you nick him, came to me,
Commended by the states of Christendom.
A prince, tho' in distress; his fair demeanour,
Lowly behaviour, unappalled spirit,
Spoke him not base in blood, however clouded.
The brute beasts have their rocks and caves to fly
And men the altars of the church; to us *¶* [to,
He came for refuge: "Kings come near in nature
Unto the gods, in being touch'd with pity."
Yet, noble friends, his mixture with our blood,
Even with our own, shall no way interrupt
A general peace; only I will dismiss him
From my protection, throughout my dominions,
In safety; but not ever to return.

Hial. You are a just king.

Dur. Wise, and herein happy.

K. Ja. Nor will we dally in affairs of weight:
Huntley, lord bishop, shall with you to England

Ambassador from us: we will throw down
Our weapons; peace on all sides! now, repair
Unto our council; we will soon be with you.

Hial. Delays shall question no dispatch: Heaven
ven crown it! *[Exeunt DURHAM and HIALAS.]*

K. Ja. A league with Ferdinand! a marriage
With English Margaret! a free release
From restitution for the late affronts!
Cessation from hostility, and all
For Warbeck, not deliver'd, but dismiss'd!
We could not wish it better. — *Dalyell!* —

Enter DALYELL.

Dal. Here, sir.

K. Ja. Are Huntley and his daughter sent for?

Dal. Sent for,

And come, my lord.

K. Ja. Say to the English prince,
We want his company.

Dal. He is at hand, sir.

*Enter WARBECK, KATHERINE, JANE, KRION, HERON,
SKERTON, JOHN A-WATER, AND GREY.*

K. Ja. Cousin, our bounty, favours, gentleness,
Our benefits, the hazard of our person,
Our people's lives, our land, hath evidenced
How much we have engag'd on your behalf:
How trivial, and how dangerous our hopes
Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war,
How windy, rather smoky, your assurance
Of party, shews, we might in vain repeat.
But now, obedience to the mother church,
A father's care upon his country's weal,
The dignity of state directs our wisdom,
To seal an oath of peace through Christendom;
To which we are sworn already: it is you
Must only seek new fortunes in the world,
And find an harbour elsewhere. As I promis'd
On your arrival, you have met no usage
Deserves repentance in your being here;
But yet I must live master of mine own:
However, what is necessary for you
At your departure, I am well content
You be accommodated with; provided
Delay prove not my enemy.

War. It shall not,
Most glorious prince. The fame of my designs
Soars higher, than report of ease and sloth
Can aim at; I acknowledge all your favours
Boundless and singular; am only wretched
In words as well as means, to thank the grace
That flow'd so liberally. Two empires firmly
You are lord of, Scotland and duke Richard's heart.
My claim to mine inheritance shall sooner
Fail, than my life to serve you, best of kings;
And, witness Edward's blood in me! I am
More loath to part with such a great example
Of virtue, than all other mere respects.
But, sir, my last suit is, you will not force
From me, what you have given, this chaste lady,
Resolved on all extremes.

Kath. I am your wife,
No human power can or shall divorce
My faith from duty.

War. Such another treasure
The earth is bankrupt of.

K. Ja. I gave her, cousin,
And must avow the gift; will add withall
A furniture becoming her high birth,
And unsuspected constancy; provide

For your attendance. we will part good friends.

[Exit with DALYELL.]

War. The Tudor hath been cunning in his plots; His Fox of Durham would not fail at last.

But what? our cause and courage are our own:

Be men, my friends, and let our cousin king

See how we follow fate as willingly

As malice follows us. You are all resolved

For the west parts of England?

All. Cornwall, Cornwall!

Fri. The inhabitants expect you daily.

War. Cheerfully

Draw all our ships out of the harbour, friends;

Our time of stay doth seem too long, we must

Prevent intelligence; about it suddenly.

All. A prince, a prince, a prince!

[Enter HIRON, SKETON, ASKEV, and JOHN A WATER.]

War. Dearest, admit not into thy pure thoughts

The least of scruples, which may charge their soft-

ness

• With burden of distrust. Should I prove wanting

To noble courage now, here were the trial:

But I am perfect, sweet, I fear no change,

More than thy being partner in my sufferance.

Kath. My fortunes, sir, have arm'd me to en-

counter

What chance so'er they meet with. — Jane, 'tis fit

Thou stay behind, for whither wilt thou wander?

Jane. Never till death will I forsake my mistress,

Nor then in wishing to die with you gladly.

Kath. Alas, good soul!

Fri. Sir, to your aunt of Burgundy

I will relate your present undertakings:

From her expect, on all occasions, welcome.

You cannot find me idle in your services.

War. Go, Frien, go! wise men know how to

sooth

Adversity, not serve it: thou hast wanted

Too long on expectation: never yet

Was any nation read of, so besotted

In reason, as to adore the setting sun.

Fly to the archduke's court; say to the duchess,

Her nephew, with fair Katherine, his wife,

Are on their expectation to begin

The raising of an empire. If they fail,

Yet the report will never: farewell, Frien!

[Exit FRION.]

This man, Kate, has been true, though now of late,
I fear, too much familiar with the Fox.

Re-enter DALYELL with HUNTLEY.

Hunt. I come to take my leave: you need not doubt

My interest in this some-time child of mine.

She's all yours now, good sir. Oh, poor lost creature!

Heaven guard thee with much patience; if thou

Forget thy title to old Huntley's family, [canst

As much of peace will settle in thy mind

As thou canst wish to taste, but in thy grave.

Accept my tears yet, prithee; they are tokens

Of charity, as true as of affection.

Kath. This is the cruellest farewell!

Hunt. Love, young gentleman,

This model of my griefs; she calls you husband:

Then be not jealous of a parting kiss,

It is a father's, not a lover's offering;

Take it, my last.—[Kisses her]—I am too much a

Exchange of passion is to little use, [child.

So I should grow too foolish: goodness guide thee!

[Exit.]

Kath. Most miserable daughter!—Have you
To add, sir, to our sorrows? [sought

Dal. I resolve,

Fair lady, with your leave, to wait on all

Your fortunes in my person, if your lord

Vouchsafe me entertainment.

War. We will be bosom friends, most noble

For I accept this tender of your love [Dalyell;

Beyond ability of thanks to speak it.—

Clear thy drown'd eyes, my fairest; time and
industry

Will shew us better days, or end the worst.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Palace at Westminster.

• Enter OXFORD and DAWBENEY.

Orf. No news from Scotland yet, my lord?

Daw. Not any

But what king Henry knows himself, I thought

Our armies should have march'd that way; his

It seems, is alter'd. [mind,

Orf. Victory attends

His standard everywhere.

Daw. Wise princes, Oxford,

Fight not alone with forces. Providence

Directs and tutors strength; else elephants,

And barbed horses, might as well prevail,

As the most subtle stratagems of war.

Orf. The Scottish king shew'd more than com-

mon bravery,

In proffer of a combat hand to hand

With Surrey.

Daw. And but shew'd it: northern bloods

Are gallant being fired; but the cold climate,

Without good store of fuel, quickly freezeth

The glowing flames.

Orf. Surrey, upon my life,

Would not have shrunk a hair's breadth.

Daw. May he forget

The honour of an English name, and nature,

Who would not have embraced it with a greediness,

As violent as hunger runs to food!

'Twas an addition, any worthy spirit

Would covet, next to immortality,

Above all joys of life; we all miss'd shares

In that great opportunity.

Enter King HENRY, in chat. Conversation with URSWICK.

Orf. The king!

See he comes smiling.

Daw. Oh, the game runs smooth

On his side then, believe it; cards well shuffled,

And dealt with cunning, bring some gamester thrift;

But others must rise losers.

K. Hen. The train takes:

Urs. Most prosperously.

K. Hen. I knew it could not miss.

He fondly angles who will hurl his bait

Into the water, 'cause the fish at first

Plays round about the line, and dares not bite.—

Lords, we may reign your king yet: Dawboney,

Oxford,

Urswick, must Perkin wear the crown?

Daw. A slave!

Orf. A vagabond!

Urs. A glow-worm!

K. Hen. Now, if Frien,

His practised politician, wear a brain

Of proof, king Perkin will in progress ride
Through all his large dominions; let us meet him,
And tender homage: ha, sirs! liegemen ought
To pay their fealty.

Daw. Would the rascal were,
With all his rabble, within twenty miles
Of London!

K. Hen. Farther off is near enough
To lodge him in his home: I'll wager odds,
Surrey and all his men are either idle,
Or hasting back; they have not work, I doubt,
To keep them busy.

Daw. 'Tis a strange conceit, sir.

K. Hen. Such voluntary favours as our people
In duty aid us with, we never scatter'd
On cobweb parasites, or lavish'd out
In riot, or needless hospitality:
No undeserving favourite doth hoist
His issues from our treasury; our charge
Flows through all Europe, proving us but steward
Of every contribution, which provides
Against the creeping canker of disturbance.
Is it not rare then, in this toil of state
Wherein we are embark'd, with breach of sleep,
Cares, and the noise of trouble, that our mercy
Returns not thanks, nor comfort? Still the West
Murmur and threaten innovation,
Whisper our government tyrannical,
Deny us what is ours, nay, spurn their lives,
Of which they are but owners by our gift:
It must not be.

Oxf. It must not, should not.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. So then
To whom?

Mess. This packet to your sacred majesty.

K. Hen. Surah, attend without. [*Exit Mess.*]

Oxf. News from the North, upon my life

Daw. Wise Henry
Divines beforehand of events; with him
Attempts and execution are one act.

K. Hen. Urswick, thine ear; Frien is caught!
the man

Of cunning is out-reach'd; we must be safe:
Should reverend Morton, our archbishop, move
To a translation higher yet, I tell thee,
My Durham owes a brain deserves that See.
He's nimble in his industry, and mounting—
Thou hear'st me?

Urs. And conceive your highness fitly.

K. Hen. Dawbeney and Oxford, since our army
Entire, it were a weakness to admit [*stands*]
The rust of laziness to eat amongst them:
Set forward toward Salisbury; the plains
Are most commodious for their exercise.
Ourself will take a muster of them there;
And, or disband them with reward, or else
Dispose as best concerns us.

Daw. Salisbury!

Sir, all is peace at Salisbury.

K. Hen. Dear friend—

The charge must be our own; we would a little
Partake the pleasure with our subjects' ease:
Shall I entreat your loves?

Oxf. Command our lives.

K. Hen. You are men know how to do, not to
forethink.

My bishop is a jewel tried, and perfect;
A jewel, lords. The post who brought these letters,

Must speed another to the mayor of Exeter;
Urswick, dismiss him not.

Urs. He waits your pleasure.

K. Hen. Perkin a king? a king!

Urs. My gracious lord.

K. Hen. Thoughts, busied in the sphere of
royalty,

Fix not on creeping worms without their stings,
Mere excrements of earth. The use of time
Is thriving safety, and a wise prevention
Of ills expected: we are resolv'd for Salisbury.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Coast of Cornwall.

*A general shout within.—Enter WARBECK, DALVELL,
KATHERINE, and JANE.*

War. After so many storms as wind and seas
Have threaten'd to our weather-beaten ships,
At last, sweet fairest, we are safe arrived
On our dear mother earth, ungrateful only
To heaven and us, in yielding sustenance
To sly usurpers of our throne and right.
These general acclamations are an omen
Of happy process to their welcome lord:
They flock in troops, and from all parts, with wings
Of duty fly, to lay their hearts before us.
Unequall'd pattern of a matchless wife,
How fares my dearest yet?

Kath. Confirm'd in health;
By which I may the better undergo
The roughest face of change; but I shall learn
Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction,
For comforts, to this truly noble gentleman,
(Rare unexampled pattern of a friend!)
And, my beloved Jane, the willing follower
Of all misfortunes.

Dal. Lady, I return
But barren crops of early protestations,
Frost-bitten in the spring of fruitless hopes.
Jane. I wait but as the shadow to the body,
For, madam, without you let me be nothing.

War. None talk of sadness, we are on the way
Which leads to victory; keep onwards' thoughts
With desperate sullenness! The lion faints not
Lock'd in a grate, but, loose, disdains all force
Which bars his prey, (and we are lion-hearted.)
Or else no king of beasts.—[*Another general shout*
within.—Hark, how they shout;

Triumphant in our cause! hold confidence
Marches on bravely, cannot quake at danger.

Enter BRETTON.

Sket. Save king Richard the Fourth! save thee,
King of hearts! The Cornish blades are men of
mettle; have proclaimed through Bodnam, and
the whole county, my sweet prince monarch of
England: four thousand tall yeomen, with bow
and sword, already vow to live and die at the foot
of King Richard.

Enter ASPLEY.

Asl. The mayor, our fellow-counsellor, is servant
for an emperor. Exeter is appointed for the
rendezvous, and nothing wants to victory but
courage and resolution. *Sigillatum et datum decimo*
Septembris, anno Regni Regis Edwardi, et cetera;
confirmatum est. All's cock-sure!

War. To Exeter! to Exeter, march on:

Commend us to our people: we in person
Will lend them double spirits; tell them so.

Sket. and Ast. King Richard, King Richard!

[Exeunt SKET and AST]

War. A thousand blessings guard our lawful
arms!

A thousand horrors pierce our enemies' souls!
Pale fear unedge their weapons' sharpest points,
And when they draw their arrows to the head,
Numbness shall strike their sinews! such advance-
Hath majesty in its pursuit of justice, *[tag]*
That on the proppers up of Truth's old throne,

It both enlightens counsel, and gives heart
To execution; whilst the throats of traitors
Lie bare before our mercy. O divinity
Of royal birth! how it strikes dumb the tongues
Whose prodigality of breath is bribed
By trains to greatness! Princes are but men,
Distinguish'd in the fineness of their frailty;
Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind;
For there's a fire more sacred, purifies
The dross of mixture. Herein stand the odds,
Subjects are men on earth, kings men and gods. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.*

*Enter KATHERINE and JANE, in riding-suits, with one
SERVANT*

Kath. It is decreed; and we must yield to
fate,

Whose angry justice, though it threaten ruin,
Contempt, and poverty, is all but trial
Of a weak woman's constancy in suffering.
Here in a stranger's, and an enemy's land,
Forsaken and unfurnish'd of all hopes,
But such as wait on misery, I range
To meet affliction wheresoe'er I tread.
My train, and pomp of servants, is reduced
To one kind gentleman, and this groom.
Sweet Jane, now whither must we?

Jane. To your ships,

Dear lady, and turn home.

Kath. Home! I have none.

Fly thou to Scotland; thou hast friends who weep
For joy to bid thee welcome; but, oh Jane,
My Jane! my friends are desperate of comfort,
As I must be of them. the common charity,
Good people's alms, and prayers of the gentle,
Is the revenue must support my state.
As for my native country, since it once
Saw me a princess in the height of greatness
My birth allow'd me; here I make a vow,
Scotland shall never see me, being fallen,
Or lessen'd in my fortunes. Never, Jane,
Never to Scotland more will I return.
Could I be England's queen, a glory, Jane,
I never fawn'd on, yet the king who gave me,
Hath sent me with my husband from his pre-
sence;

Deliver'd us suspected to his nation;
Render'd us spectacles to time and pity;
And is it fit I should return to such
As only listen after our descent
From happiness enjoy'd, to misery,
Expected, though uncertain? Never, never!
Alas, why dost thou weep? and that poor
creature

Wipe his wet cheeks too? let me feel alone
Extremities, who know to give them harbour,
Nor thou nor he has cause: you may live safely.

Jane. There is no safety whilst your dangers,
madam,

Are every way about.

Serv. Pardon me;

I cannot choose but show my honest heart;
You were ever my good lady.

Kath. Oh, dear souls,
Your shares in grief are too too much.

Enter DAUBENY.

Dal. I bring,

Fair princess, news of further sadness yet,
Than your sweet youth hath been acquainted
with.

Kath. Not more, my lord, than I can welcome;
speak it,

The worst, the worst I look for.

Dal. All the Cornish,
At Exeter were by the citizens
Repulsed, encounter'd by the earl of Devonshire,
And other worthy gentlemen of the country.
Your husband march'd to Taunton, and was there
Affronted by king Henry's chamberlain;
The king himself in person, with his army
Advancing nearer, to renew the fight
On all occasions; but the night before
The battles were to join, your husband privately,
Accompanied with some few horse, departed
From out the camp, and posted none knows
whither.

Kath. Fled without battle given?

Dal. Fled, but follow'd

By Dawbeney; all his parties left to taste
King Henry's mercy, for to that they yielded;
Victorious without bloodshed.

Kath. Oh, my sorrows!

If both our lives had proved the sacrifice
To Henry's tyranny, we had fall'n like princes,
And robb'd him of the glory of his pride.

Dal. Impute it not to faintness or to weakness
Of noble courage, lady, but [to] foresight;
For by some secret friend he had intelligence
Of being bought and sold by his chase followers.
Worse yet remains untold.

Kath. No, no, it cannot.

Dal. I fear you are betray'd: the Earl of
Oxford

Runs hot in your pursuit.

Kath. He shall not need;
We'll run as hot in resolution, gladly,
To make the earl our jailor.

Jane. Madam, madam,
They come, they come!

Enter OXFORD, with his followers.

Dal. Keep back, or he who dares
Rudely to violate the law of honour,
Runs on my sword.

Kath. Most noble sir, forbear!
What reason draws you hither, gentlemen?
Whom seek ye?

Oxf. All stand off. With favour, lady,
From Henry, England's king, I would present,
Unto the beauteous princess, Katherine Gordon,
The tender of a gracious entertainment.

Kath. We are that princess, whom your master
king

Pursues with reaching arms, to draw into
His power: let him use his tyranny,
We shall not be his subjects.

Oxf. My commission
Extends up further, excellent lady,
Than to a service; 'tis king Henry's pleasure,
That you, and all that have relation to you,
Be guarded as becomes your birth and greatness:
For, rest assured, sweet princess, that not aught
Of what you do call yours, shall find disturbance,
Or any welcome, other than what suits
Your high condition.

Kath. By what title, sir,
May I acknowledge you?

Oxf. Your servant, lady,
Descended from the line of Oxford's earls,
Inherits what his ancestors before him
Were owners of.

Kath. Your king is herem royal,
That by a peer so ancient in desert,
As well as blood, commands us to his presence.

Oxf. Invites you, princess, not commands.

Kath. Pray use
Your own phrase as you list; to your protection,
Both I and mine submit.

Oxf. There's in your number
A nobleman, whom fame hath bravely spoken.
To him the king my master bade me say
How willingly he courts his friendship; far
From an enforcement, more than what in terms
Of courtesy, so great a prince may hope for.

Dal. My name is Dalzell.

Oxf. 'Tis a name hath won
Both thanks and wonder, from report, my lord;
The court of England emulates your merit,
And covets to embrace you.

Dal. I must wait on
The princess in her fortunes.

Oxf. Will you please,
Great lady, to set forward?

Kath. Being driven
By fate, it were in vain to strive with heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—SALISBURY.

Enter King Henry, Surrey, Urswick, and a Guard of Soldiers.

K. Hen. The counterfeit king Perkin is es-
caped:—

Escaped? so let him; he is hedged too fast
Within the circuit of our English pale,
To steal out of our ports, or leap the walls
Which guard our land; the sea are rough, and
wider
Than his weak arms can tug with; hence-
forth

Your king may reign in quiet; turmoils past,
Like some unquiet dream, have rather busied
Our fancy, than affrighted rest of state.—

But, Surrey, why, in articling a peace
With James of Scotland, was not restitution
Of losses which our subjects did sustain
By the Scotch inroads, question'd?

Sur. Both demanded
And urged, my lord; to which the king replied,
In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,
How that our master Henry was much abler
To bear the detriments, than he repay them.

K. Hen. The young man, I believe, spake honest
truth;

He studies to be wise betimes. Has, Urswick,
Sir Rice ap Thomas, and lord Brook, our steward,
Return'd the Western gentlemen full thanks,
From us, for their tried loyalties?

Urs. They have;
Which, as if life and health had reign'd amongst
them,

With open hearts they joyfully received.

K. Hen. Young Buckingham is a fair-natured
prince,

Lovely in hopes, and worthy of his father;
Attended by an hundred knights and squires
Of special name, he tender'd humble service,
Which we must ne'er forget; and Devonshire's
wounds,

Though slight, shall find sound cure in our respect.

*Enter Dawbeney, with a Guard, leading in Warbeck,
Heron, John a-Water, Anley, and Sketon,
chained.*

Daw. Life to the king, and safety fix his throne!
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow
Of majesty, but, in effect, a substance
Of pity, a young man, in nothing grown
To ripeness, but the ambition of your mercy:
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.

K. Hen. Dawbeney,
We observe no wonder; I behold, 'tis true,
An ornament of nature, fine and polish'd,
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands?

Daw. From sanctuary
At Bewley, near Southampton; register'd
With these few followers, for persons privileged.

K. Hen. I must not thank you, sir! you were
to blame

To infringe the liberty of houses sacred:
Dare we be irreligious?

Daw. Gracious lord,
They voluntarily resign'd themselves,
Without compulsion.

K. Hen. So? 'twas very well;
'Twas very, very well!—turn now thine eyes,
Young man, upon thyself, and thy past actions.
What revels in combustion through our kingdom,
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slept
To break thy neck!

War. But not my heart; my heart
Will mount, till every drop of blood be frozen
By death's perpetual winter: if the sun
Of majesty be darken'd, let the sun
Of life be hid from me, in an eclipse
Lasting and universal. Sir, remember
There was a shooting in of light, when Richmond,
Not sitting at a crown, retired, and gladly,
For comfort to the Duke of Bretagne's court.
Richard, the first of that name, was reputed
A tyrant, and a bloody glimmer'd

To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day
When first they ventur'd on a frightful shore,
At Milford Haven—

Daw. Whither speeds this boldness?
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

K. Hen. O, let him range:
The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part;
He does but act. What follow'd?

War. Bosworth Field;
Where, at an instant, to the world's amazement,
A morn to Richmond, and a night to Richard,
Appear'd at once: the tale is soon applied;
Fate which crown'd these attempts when least
assured,

Might have befriended others, like resolv'd.

K. Hen. A pretty gallant! thus, your aunt of
Burgundy,

Your dutchess aunt inform'd her nephew; so
The lesson prompted, and well conn'd, was moulded
Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,
Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

War. Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants art
To put a feigned blush on: scorn wears only
Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath
The sphere of majesty: in such a court
Wisdom and gravity are proper robes,
By which the sovereign is best distinguish'd
From zanies to his greatness.

K. Hen. Sirrah, shift
Your antick pageantry, and now appear
In your own nature, or you'll taste the danger
Of fooling out of season.

War. I expect
No less, than what severity calls justice,
And politicians safety; let such beg
As feed on alms: but, if there can be mercy
In a protested enemy, then may it
Descend to these poor creatures, whose engage-
ments,

To th' bettering of their fortunes, have incurr'd
A loss of all; to them, if any charity
Flow from some noble orator, in death,
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

K. Hen. So brave?
What a bold knave is this! Which of these
rebels

Has been the mayor of Cork?

Daw. This wise formality:
Kneel to the king, ye rascals! [They kneel.]

K. Hen. Canst thou hope
A pardon, where thy guilt is so apparent?

J. a. Wat. Under your good favours, as men are
men, they may err; for I confess, respectively, in
taking great parts, the one side prevailing, the
other side must go down: herein the point is clear,
if the proverb hold, that hanging goes by destiny;
that it is to little purpose to say, this thing, or
that, shall be thus, or thus; for, as the fates will
have it, so it must be; and who can help it?

Daw. O blockhead! thou a privy-counsellor?
Beg life, and cry aloud, "Heaven save king
Henry!"

J. a. Wat. Every man knows what is best, as it
chappens; for my own part, I believe it is true, if
I be not deceived, that kings must be kings, and
subjects subjects: but which is which, you shall
pardon me for that;—whether we speak or hold
our peace, all are mortal, and must know his end.

K. Hen. We trifled with your followers

All. Mercy, mercy!
K. Hen. *Warwick*, command the dukeling and
these fellows [They rise.]

To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower:
With safety let them be convey'd to London.
It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,
Taunts, or abuse be suffer'd to their persons;
They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.
Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition
Hath many years distracted.

War. Noble thoughts
Meet freedom in captivity: the Tower?
Our childhood's dreadful nursery.

K. Hen. No more!

Urs. Come, come, you shall have leisure to be-
think you.

[Exit Urs. with PERKIN and his followers, guarded.]

K. Hen. Was ever so much impudence in
forgery?

The custom sure of being stiled a king,
Hath fasten'd in his thought that he is such;
But we shall teach the lad another language:
'Tis good we have him fast.

Daw. The hangman's physic
Will purge this saucy humour.

K. Hen. Very likely:
Yet we could temper mercy with extremity,
Being not too far provoked.

*Enter OXFORD, KATHERINE in her richest Attire, DALYELL,
JANE, and Attendants.*

Oxf. Great sir, be pleased,
With your accustomed grace, to entertain
The princess Katherine Gordon.

K. Hen. Oxford, herein
We must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.
A lady of her birth and virtues could not
Have found us so unfurnish'd of good manners,
As not, on notice given, to have met her
Half way in point of love. Excuse, fair cousin,
The oversight! oh fie! you may not kneel;
'Tis most unfitting: first, vouchsafe this welcome,
A welcome to your own; for you shall find us
But guardian to your fortune and your honours.

Kath. My fortunes and mine honours are weak
champions,

As both are now befriended, sir; however,
Both bow before your clemency.

K. Hen. Our arms
Shall circle them from malice—a sweet lady!
Beauty incomparable!—here lives majesty
At league with love.

Kath. Oh, sir, I have a husband.

K. Hen. We'll prove your father, husband, friend,
and servant,
Prove what you wish to grant us. Lords, be
careful

A patent presently be drawn, for issuing
A thousand pounds from our exchequer yearly,
During our cousin's life; our queen shall be
Your chief companion, our own court, your home,
Our subjects all your servants.

Kath. But my husband?

K. Hen. By all descriptions, you are noble
enough,
Whose true truth hath famed a rare obser-

We thank you; 'tis a goodness gives addition
To every title boasted from your ancestry,
In all most worthy.

Dat. Worthier than your praises,
Right princely sir, I need not glory in.

K. Hen. Embrace him, lords. Whoever calls
you mistress,

Is lifted in our charge:—a goodlier beauty
Mine eyes yet ne'er encounter'd.

Kath. Cruel misery
Of fate! what rests to hope for?

K. Hen. Forward, lords,
To London. Fair, ere long, I shall present you
With a glad object, peace, and Huntley's blessing.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.—LONDON. *The Tower-hill.*

*Enter Constable and Officers, WARBECK, URSWICK, and
LAMBERT SIMNEL as a Falconer, followed by the rabble*

Const. Make room there! keep off, I require
you; and none come within twelve foot of his
majesty's new stocks, upon pain of displeasure.
Bring forward the malefactors.—Friend, you must
to this geer, no remedy.—Open the hole, and in
with the legs, just in the middle hole; there, that
hole. Keep off, or I'll commit you all! shall not
a man in authority be obeyed? So, so, there; 'tis
as it should be:—[*WARBECK is put in the stocks.*]
put on the padlock, and give me the key. Off, I
say, keep off.

Urs. Yet, Warbeck, clear thy conscience; thou
hast tasted
King Henry's mercy liberally; the law
Has forfeited thy life; an equal jury
Have doom'd thee to the gallows. Twice most
wickedly,

Most desperately hast thou escaped the Tower;
Inveigling to thy party, with thy witchcraft,
Young Edward, earl of Warwick, son to Clarence;
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt;
Poor gentleman!—unhappy in his fate.—
And ruin'd by thy cunning! so a mongrel
May pluck the true stag down. Yet, yet, confess
Thy parentage; for yet the king has mercy.

Simn. You would be Dick the Fourth, very
likely!

Your pedigree is publish'd; you are known
For Osbeck's son of Tournay, a loose runagate,
A land-loper; your father was a Jew,
Turn'd Christian merely to repair his miseries:
Where's now your kingship?

War. Baited to my death?
Intolerable cruelty! I laugh at
The duke of Richmond's practice on my fortunes;
Possession of a crown ne'er wanted heralds.

Simn. You will not know who I am?

Urs. Lambert Simnel,
Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar:

But, on submission, not alone received
To grace, but by the king vouchsafed his service.

Simn. I would be earl of Warwick, toil'd and
ruffled

Against my master, leap'd to catch the moon,
Vaunted my name Plantagenet, as you do;
An earl forsooth! whereas in truth I was,
As you are, a mere rascal: yet his majesty,
A prince composed of sweetness,—Heaven protect
him!—

Forgave me all my villanies, relieved
The sentence of a shameful end, admitted
My surety of obedience to his service,

And I am now his falconer; live plenteously,
Eat from the king's purse, and enjoy the sweetness
Of liberty and favour; sleep securely:

And is not this, now, better than to buffet
The hangman's clutches? or to brave the cordage
Of a tough halter, which will break your neck?

So, then, the gallant totters!—prithee, Perkin,
Let my example lead thee; be no longer
A counterfeit; confess and hope for pardon.

War. For pardon? hold my heart-strings,
whilst contempt

Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance
To this base man's foul language! Thou poor
vermin,

How dar'st thou creep so near me? thou an earl!

Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
As all the swing of slight ambition flew at.

A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,
By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour
To infect the purer air, which drops again
Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
From the base beadle's whip, crown'd all thy
hopes:

But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,
Thou would'st not change condition, to be second
In England's state, without the crown itself!

Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence:
But let the world, as all, to whom I am

This day a spectacle, to time deliver,
And, by tradition, fix posterity,
Without another chronicle than truth,
How constantly my resolution suffer'd
A martyrdom of majesty!

Simn. He's past

Recovery; a Bedlam cannot cure him.

Urs. Away, inform the king of his behaviour.

Simn. Perkin, beware the rope! the hangman's
coming. *Exit.*

Urs. If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,
Pity thy soul!

Enter KATHERINE, JANE, DALVELL, and OXFORD.

Jane. Dear lady!

Oxf. Whither will you,
Without respect of shame?

Kath. Forbear me, sir,
And trouble not the current of my duty!—

Oh my lov'd lord! can any scorn be yours
In which I have no interest? some kind hand
Lend me assistance, that I may partake
Th' infliction of this penance. My life's dearest,
Forgive me; I have staid too long from tend'ring
Attendance on reproach, yet bid me welcome.

War. Great miracle of constancy! my miseries
Were never bankrupt of their confidence

In worst afflictions, till this—now, I feel them.
Report, and thy deserts, thou best of creatures,

Might to eternity have stood a pattern
For every virtuous wife, without this conquest.

Thou hast outdone belief; yet may their ruin
In after marriages, be never pitied.

To whom thy story shall appear a fable!

Why would'st thou prove so much unkind to
greatness,

To glorify thy vows by such a servitude?

I cannot weep; but trust me, dear, thy heart

Is liberal of passion: Harry Richmond,

A woman's faith hath robb'd thy fame of triumph!

Oxf. Sirrah, leave off your juggling, and tie up
The devil that ranges in your tongue.

Urs. Thus witches, *
Possess'd even [to] their deaths deluded, say,
They have been wolves and dogs, and sail'd in
egg-shells

Over the sea, and rid on fiery dragons;
Pass'd in the air more than a thousand miles,
All in a night :—the enemy of mankind
Is powerful, but false; and falsehood's confident.

Oxf. Remember, lady, who you are; come
from

That impudent impostor!

Kath. You abuse us:

For when the holy churchman join'd our hands,
Our vows were real then; the ceremony
Was not in apparition, but in act.

Be what these people term thee, I am certain
Thou art my husband, no divorce in heaven
Has been sued out between us; 'tis injustice
For any earthly power to divide us.

(Or we will live, or let us die together.
There is a cruel mercy.

War. Spite of tyranny

We reign in our affections, blessed woman!
Read in my destiny the wreck of honour;
Point out, in my contempt of death, to memory,
Some miserable happiness: since, herein,
Even when I fell, I stood enthroned a monarch
Of one chaste wife's troth, pure, and uncorrupted.
Fair angel of perfection, immortality
Shall raise thy name up to an adoration;
Court every rich opinion of true merit,
And saint it in the calendar of virtue,
When I am turn'd into the self-same dust
Of which I was first form'd.

Oxf. The lord ambassador,
Huntley, your father, madam, should he look on
Your strange subjection, in a gaze so public,
Would blush on your behalf, and wish his country
Unlefs, for entertainment to such sorrow.

Kath. Why art thou angry, Oxford? I must be
More peremptory in my duty.—Sir,
Impute it not unto immodesty,
That I presume to press you to a legacy,
Before we part for ever!

War. Let it be then

My heart, the rich remains of all my fortunes.

Kath. Confirm it with a kiss, pray!

War. Oh! with that

I wish to breathe my last; upon thy lips,
Those equal twins of conceliness, I seal
The testament of honourable vows: [*Kisses her.*]
Whoever be that man that shall unkind
This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty
In this world's just applause, not more desertful!

Kath. By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I
swear

To die a faithful widow to thy bed;
Not to be forced or won: oh, never, never!

Enter BURTON, DAWSON, HUNTLEY, and CRAWFORD.

Daw. Free the condemned person; quickly free
him!

What has he yet confess'd?

[*WARBECK is taken out of the stocks.*]

Urs. Nothing to purpose;

But still he will be king.

Sur. Prepare your journey

To a new kingdom then,—unhappy madman,

Wilfully foolish!—See, my lord ambassador,
Your lady daughter will not leave the counterfeit
In this disgrace of fate.

Hunt. I never pointed

Thy marriage, girl; but yet, being married,
Enjoy thy duty to a husband freely:

The griefs are mine. I glory in thy constancy;
And must not say, I wish that I had miss'd
Some partage in these trials of a patience.

Kath. You will forgive me, noble sir.

Hunt. Yes, yes;

In every duty of a wife and daughter,
I dare not disavow thee.—To your husband,
(For such you are, sir,) I impart a farewell
Of manly pity; what your life has past through,
The dangers of your end will make apparent;
And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,
No cordial, but the wonder of your frailty,
Which keeps so firm a station.—We are parted.

War. We are. A crown of peace renew thy
age,

Most honourable Huntley! Worthy Crawford!
We may embrace; I never thought thee injurious.

Craw. Nor was I ever guilty of neglect
Which might procure such thought; I take my
leave, sir.

War. To you, lord Dalycell,—what? accept a
sigh,

'Tis hearty and in earnest.

Dal. I want utterance;
My silence is my farewell.

Kath. Oh!—oh!

Jane. Sweet madam,
What do you mean?—my lord, your hand.

[*To Dal.*]

Dal. Dear lady,

Be pleased that I may wait you to your lodgings.

[*Exit DALYELL and JANE, supporting KATHARINE.*]

*Enter Sheriff and Officers with BURTON, ANTLEY, HENON,
and JOHN A-WATKIN, with Hutterers about their necks.*

Oxf. Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
To wait on you in death!

War. Why, peers of England,
We'll lead them on courageously; I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of victory! our ends, and Warwick's head,
Innocent Warwick's head, (for we are prologue
But to his tragedy) conclude the wonder
Of Henry's fears, and then the glorious race
Of fourteen kings, Plantagenets, determines
In this last issue male; Heaven be obey'd!
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,
And we will prove as trusty in our payments,
As prodigal to nature in our debts.

Death? pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;
A minute's storm, or not so much; to tumble
From bed to bed, be massacred alive
By some physicians, for a month or two,
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
Might stagger manhood; here the pain is past
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!
Spurn coward passion! so illustrious mention
Shall blaze our names, and stile us Kings o'er
Death.

[*Exit Sheriff and Officers with the Prisoners.*]

Daw. Away—impostor beyond precedent!
No chronicle records his fellow.

Hunt. I have

Not thoughts left : 'tis sufficient in such cases
Just laws ought to proceed.

Enter King HENRY, DURHAM, and HIALAS.

K. Hen. We are resolv'd.
Your business, noble lords, shall find success,
Such as your king importunes.

Hunt. You are gracious.

K. Hen. Perkin, we are inform'd, is arm'd to
die ;
In that we'll honour him.* Our lords shall follow
To see the execution ; and from hence
We gather this fit use ;—that public states,
As our particular bodies, taste most good
In health, when purged of corrupted blood.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

HERE has appear'd, though in a several fashion,
The threats of majesty ; the strength of passion ;
Hopes of an empire ; change of fortunes ; all
What can to theatres of greatness fall,
Proving their weak foundations. Who will please,
Amongst such several sights, to censure these
No births abortive, not a bastard-brood,
(Shame to a parentage, or fosterhood,)
May warrant, by their loves, all just excuses,
And often find a welcome to the Muses.

THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD, THE LORD

RANDAL MACDONNELL,

EARL OF ANTRIM IN THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND, LORD VISCONT DUNLUCE.

MY LORD.—Princes, and worthy personages of your own eminence, have entertained poems of this nature with a serious welcome. The desert of their authors might transcend mine, not their study of service. A practice of courtship to greatness hath not hitherto, in me, aimed at any thrift: yet I have ever honoured virtue, as the richest ornament to the noblest titles. Endeavour of being known to your Lordship, by such means, I conceive no ambition; the extent being bounded by humility: so neither can the argument appear ingracious; nor the writer, in that, without allowance. You enjoy, my Lord, the general suffrage, for your freedom of merits: may you likewise please, by this particular presentment, amongst the number of such as faithfully honour those merits, to admit, into your noble construction,

JOHN FORD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OCTAVIO, *Marquis of Sienna.*

TROVIO-SAVELLI, *his Nephew.*

LIVIO, *Brother to CASTAMELA.*

ROMANELLO, (*PRAGNIOLO*), *Brother to FLAVIA.*

JULIO DE VARENA, *Lord of Camerino.*

CAMILLO, } *Attendants on JULIO.*

VESPUCCI, }

FABRICIO, *a Merchant, FLAVIA's first Husband.*

NITIDO, *a Page.*

SEVVO, *a Barber,*

SPADONE,

} *Attendants on the Marquis.*

CASTAMELA, *Sister to LIVIO*

CLABELLA,

SILVIA,

FLORIA,

FLAVIA, *Wife to JULIO.*

MOROSA, *Guardiansess to the FANCIES.*

} *The FANCIES*

SCENE,—SIENNA.

PROLOGUE.

THE FANCIES! that's our play; in it is shown
Nothing, but what our author knows his own
Without a learned theft; no servant here
To some fair mistress, borrows for his ear,
His lock, his belt, his sword, the fancied grace
Of any pretty ribbon; nor, in place
Of charitable friendship, is brought in
A thriving gamester, that doth chance to win

A lusty sum; while the good hand doth ply him,
And FANCIES this or that, to him sits by him.
His free invention runs but in conceit
Of mere imaginations; there's the height
Of what he writes; which if traduced by some,
'Tis well, he says, he's far enough from home.
For you, for him, for us, then this remains,
Fancy your own opinions, for our pains.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter TROVIO-SAVELLI, and LIVIO.

Troy. Do, do; be wilful, desperate; 'tis manly.

- Build on your reputation! such a fortune
May furnish out your tables, trim your liveries,
Enrich your heirs with purchase of a patrimony,
Which shall hold out beyond the waste of riot;
Stick honours on your heraldry, with titles
As swelling, and as numerous as may likely

Grow to a pretty volume—here's eternity!
All this can reputation, marry, can it;
Indeed, what not?

Liv. Such language from a gentleman
So noble in his quality as you are,
Deserves, in my weak judgment, rather pity
Than a contempt.

Troy. Could'st thou consider, *Livio*,
The fashion of the times, their study, practice,
Nay, their ambitions, thou would'st soon distinguish

Between the abject lowness of a poverty,
And the applauded triumphs of abundance,
Though compass'd by the meanest service. Wherein
Shall you betray your guilt to common censure,
Waving the private charge of your opinion,
By rising up to greatness, or at least
To plenty, which now buys it?

Liv. Troylo-Savelli

Plays merrily on my wants.

Troy. Troylo-Savelli

Speaks to the friend he loves, to his own Livio.
Look, prithee, through the great duke's court in
Florence;

Number his favourites, and then examine
By what steps some chief officers in state
Have reach'd the height they stand in.

Liv. By their merits.

Troy. Right, by their merits: well he merited
The intendments o'er the galleys at Leghorn,
(Made grand collector of the customs there,)
Who led the prince unto his wife's chaste bed,
And stood himself by, in his night-gown, fearing
The jest might be discover'd! was 't not handsome?
The lady knows not yet on't.

Liv. Most impossible.

Troy. He merited well to wear a robe of chamlet,
Who train'd his brother's daughter, scarce a girl,
Into the arms of Mont-Argentorato;
Whilst the young lord of Telamon, her husband,
Was packeted to France, to study courtship,
Under, forsooth, a colour of employment,
Employment! yea, of honour.

Liv. You are well read

In mysteries of state.

Troy. Here, in Sienna,

Bold Julio de Varana, lord of Canneryne,
Held it no blemish to his blood and greatness,
From a plain merchant, with a thousand ducats,
To buy his wife, nay, justify the purchase;—
Procured it by a dispensation
From Rome, allow'd and warrant'd: 'twas thought
By his physicians, that she was a creature
Agreed best with the cure of the disease
His present new infirmity then labour'd in.
Yet these are things in prospect of the world,
Advanced, employ'd, and eminent.

Liv. At best,

'Tis but a goodly pandarism.

Troy. Shrewd business!

Thou child in thrift, thou fool of honesty,
Is't a disparagement for gentlemen,
For friends of lower rank, to do the offices
Of necessary kindness, without fee,
For one another, courtesies of course,
Mirths of society; when petty mushrooms,
Transplanted from their dungbills, spread on moun-
And pass for cedars by their servile flatteries [tains,
On great men's vices? Pandar! thou'rt deceived,
The word includes preferment; 'tis a title
Of dignity; I could add somewhat more else.

Liv. Add anything of reason.

Troy. Castamela,

Thy beauteous sister, like a precious tissue,
Not shaped into a garment fit for wearing,
Wants the adornments of the workman's cunning
To set the richness of the piece at view,
Though in herself all wonder. Come, I'll tell thee:
A way there may be—(know, I love thee, Livio—)
To fix this jewel in a ring of gold,
Yet lodge it in a cabinet of ivory,

White, pure, unspotted ivory: put case,
Livio himself shall keep the key on't?

Liv. Oh, sir,

Create me what you please of yours; do this,
You are another nature.

Troy. Be then pliable

To my first rules of your advancement.—[*Enter*

OCTAVIO.]—See!

Octavio, my good uncle, the great marquis
Of our Sienna, comes, as we could wish,
In private.—Noble sir!

Oct. My bosom's secretary,

My dearest, best loved nephew.

Troy. We have been thirsty

In our pursuit.—Sir, here's a gentleman
Desertful of your knowledge, and as covetous.
Of entertainment from it: you shall honour
Your judgment, to entrust him to your favours;
His merits will commend it.

Oct. Gladly welcome;

Your own worth is a herald to proclaim it.
For taste of your preferment, we admit you
The chief provisor of our horse.

Liv. Your bounty

Stiles me your ever servant.

Troy. He's our own;

Surely, nay most persuadably. My thanks, sir,
[*Aside to Oct.*

Owes to this just engagement.

Oct. Slack no time

To enter on your fortunes.—Thou art careful,
My Troylo, in the study of a duty.

His name is?—

Troy. Livio.

Liv. Livio, my good lord.

Oct. Again, you're welcome to us:—be as
speedy. [*Apart to Trovlio.*

Dear nephew, as thou'rt constant.—Men of parts,
Fit parts and sound, are rarely to be met with;
But being met with, therefore to be cherish'd
With love and with supportance. While I stand,
Livio can no way fall;—yet, once more, welcome!
[*Exit*

Troy. An honourable liberality.

Timely disposed, without delay or question,
Commands a gratitude. Is not this better
Than waiting three or four months at livery,
With cup and knee unto this chair of state,
And to that painted arras, for a nod
From Goodman-usher, or the formal secretary;
Especially the juggler with the purse.
That pays some shares, in all? A younger brother.
Sometimes an elder, not well trimm'd i' th' head-
piece,

May spend what his friend left, in expectation
Of being turn'd out of service—for attendance!
Or marry a waiting-woman, and be damn'd for't
To open laughter, and, what's worse, old beg-
gary!

What thinks my Livio of this rise at first?

Is't not miraculous?

Liv. It seems the bargain

Was driv'n before between you.

Troy. 'Twas, and nothing

Could void it, but the peevish resolution
Of your dissent from goodness, as you call it;
A thin, a threadbare honesty, a virtue
Without a living to't.

Liv. I must needs

To turn my sister where? speak a home-word

For my old bachelor lord?—so! is't not so?
A trifle in respect to present means;
Here's all.—

Troy. Be yet more confident; the slavery
Of such an abject office shall not tempt
The freedom of thy spirit: stand ingenious
To thine own fate, and we will practise wisely
Without the charge of scandal.

Lin. May it prove so! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter Secco, with a casting-bottle sprinkling his hat and face, and a little looking-glass at his girdle; setting his countenance.

Sec. Admirable! incomparably admirable! to be the minion, the darling, the delight of love; 'tis a very tickling to the marrow, a kissing i' th' blood, a bosoming the extacy, the rapture of virginity, soul and paradise of perfection,—ah!—pity of generation, Secco, there are no more such men.

Enter SPADONE.

Spa. Oyes! if any man, woman, or beast, have found, stolen, or taken up a fine, very fine mule barber, of the age of above or under eighteen, more or less—

Sec. Spadone, hold; what's the noise?

Spa. Umph! pay the crier. I have been almost lost myself in seeking you; here's a letter from—

Sec. Whom, whom, my dear Spadone? whom?

Spa. Soft and fair! an you be so brief, I'll return it whence it came, or look out a new owner.—[*Oyes!*]

Sec. Low, low! what dost mean? is't from the glory of beauty, Morosa, the fairest fair? be gentle to me; here's a ducat: speak low, prithee.

Spa. Give me one, and take t'other: 'tis from the party.—[*Gives him the letter.*—] Golden news, believe it.

Sec. Honest Spadone! divine Morosa! [*Reata.*]

Spa. Fairest fair, quoth'a! so is an old rotten coddled mungrel, parcel bawd, parcel midwife; all the marks are quite out of her mouth; not the stump of a tooth left in her head, to mumble the curd of a posset.—[*Aside.*] Signor, 'tis as I told you; all's right.

Sec. Right, just as thou told'st me; all's right.

Spa. To a very hair, signor mio.

Sec. For which, sirrah Spadone, I will make thee a man; a man, dost hear? I say, a man.

Spa. Thou art a prick-ear'd foist, a cittern-headed gew-gaw, a knack, a snipper-snapper. Twit me with the decrements of my pendants! though I am made a gelding, and, like a tame buck, have lost my dowsets,—more a monster than a cuckold with his horns seen,—yet I scorn to be jeered by any checker-approved barbarian of ye all. Make me a man! I defy thee.

Sec. How now, fellow, how now! roaring ripe indeed!

Spa. Indeed? thou'rt worse: a dry shaver, a copper-bason'd suds-monger.

Sec. Nay, nay; by my mistress' fair eyes, I meant no such thing.

Spa. Eyes in thy belly! the reverend madam shall know how I have been used. I will blow my nose in thy casting-bottle, break the teeth of

thy combs, poison thy camphire-balls, slice out thy towels with thine own razor, be-tallow thy tweezees, and urine in thy bason:—make me a man!

Sec. Hold! take another ducat. As I love new clothes—

Spa. Or cast old ones.

Sec. Yes, or cast old ones—I intended no injury.

Spa. Good, we are pierced again: reputation, signor, is precious.

Sec. I know it is.

Spa. Old sores would not be rubbed.

Sec. For me, never.

Spa. The lady guardians, the mother of the FANCIES, is resolved to draw with you in the wholesome [yoke] of matrimony, suddenly.

Sec. She writes as much: and, Spadone, when we are married—

Spa. You will to bed no doubt.

Sec. We will revel in such variety of delights.—

Spa. Do miracles, and get babies.

Sec. Live so sumptuously,—

Spa. In feather and old furs.

Sec. Feed so deliciously,—

Spa. On pap and bull-beef.

Sec. Enjoy the sweetness of our years,—

Spa. Eighteen and threescore with advantage!

Sec. Tumble and wallow in abundance,—

Spa. The pure crystal puddle of pleasures.

Sec. That all the world shall wonder.

Spa. A pox on them that envy you!

Sec. How do the beauties, my dainty knave? live, wish, think, and dream, sirrah, ha!

Spa. Fumble, one with another, on the gambos of imagination between their legs; eat they do, and sleep, game, laugh, and lie down, as beauties ought to do; there's all.

Sec. Commend me to my choicest, and tell her, the minute of her appointment shall be waited on; say to her, she shall find me a man at all points.

Enter NITIDO.

Spa. Why, there's another quarrel,—man, once more, in spite of my nose,—

Nit. Away, Secco, away! my lord calls, he has a loose hair parted from his fellows; a clip of your art is commanded.

Sec. I fly, Nitido; Spadone, remember me. [*Exit.*]

Nit. Trudging between an old mule, and a young calf, my nimble intelligencer? What! thou faten'st apace on capon still?

Spa. Yes, crimp; 'tis a gallant life to be an old lord's pimp-whiskin: but, beware of the porter's lodge, for carrying tales out of the school.

Nit. What a terrible sight to a libb'd breech is a sow-gelder!

Spa. Not so terrible as a cross-tree that never grows, to a wag-halter page.

Nit. Good! witty rascal, thou'rt a Satire. I protest, but that the nymphs need not fear the evidence of thy mortality:—go, put on a clean life, and spin amongst the nuns, sing 'em a bawdy song: all the children thou gett'st, shall be christened in wassel-bowls, and turned into a college of men-midwives. Farewell, night mare!

Spa. Very, very well; if I die in thy debt for this, crack-rope, let me be buried in a coal-sack. I'll fit ye, ape's-face! look for't.

Nit. [Sings.] *And still the urchin would, but
could not do.*

Spa. Mark the end on't, and laugh at last.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of LIVIO.*

Enter ROMANELLO and CASTAMELA.

Rom. Tell me you cannot love me?

Cast. You importune

Too strict a resolution: as a gentleman
Of commendable parts and fair deserts,
In every sweet condition that becomes
A hopeful expectation, I do honour
Th' example of your youth; but, sir, our fortunes,
Concluded on both sides in narrow bands,
Move you to construe gently my forbearance,
In argument of fit consideration.

Rom. Why, Castamela, I have shaped thy virtues,
Even from our childish years, into a dowry
Of richer estimation, than thy position,
Doubled an hundred times, can equal: now
I clearly find, thy current of affection
Labours to fall into the gulf of riot,
Not the free ocean of a soft content.
You'd marry pomp and plenty: 'tis the idol,
I must confess, that creatures of the time
Bend their devotions to; but I have fashion'd
Thoughts much more excellent of you.

Cast. Enjoy

Your own prosperity; I am resolv'd
Never, by any charge with me, to force
A poverty upon you, want of love.
'Tis rarely cherish'd with the love of want.
I'll not be your undoing.

Rom. Sure some dotage
Of living stately, richly, lends a cunning
To eloquence. How is this piece of goodness
Changed to ambition! oh, you are most miserable
In your desires! the female curse has caught you.

Cast. Fie! fie! how ill this suits!

Rom. A devil of pride
Ranges in airy thoughts to catch a star,
Whilst you grasp mole-hills.

Cast. Worse and worse, I vow.

Rom. But that some remnant of an honest sense
Ebbs a full tide of blood to shame, all women
Would prostitute all honour to the luxury
Of ease and titles.

Cast. Romanello, know

You have forgot the nobleness of truth,
And fix'd on scandal now.

Rom. A dog, a parrot,
A monkey, a caroch, a garded lackey,
A waiting-woman with her lips seal'd up.
Are pretty toys to please my mistress Wanton!
So is a fiddle too; 'twill make it dance,
Or else be sick and whine.

Cast. This is uncivil;
I am not, sir, your charge.

Rom. My grief you are;

For all my services are lost and ruin'd.

Cast. So is my chief opinion of your worthiness,
When such distractions tempt you; you would
prove

A cruel lord, who dare, being yet a servant,
As you profess, to bait my best respects
Of duty to your welfare; 'tis a madness
I have not oft observed. Possess your freedom,

You have no right in me; let this suffice;
I wish your joys much comfort.

Enter LIVIO, richly habited.

Liv. Sister! look ye,
How by a new creation of my tailor's,
I've shook off old mortality; the rags
Of home-spun gentry—prithce, sister, mark it—
Are cast by, and I now appear in fashion
Unto men, and received.—Observe me, sister,
The consequence concerns you.

Cast. True, good brother,
For my well-doing must consist in yours.
Liv. Here's Romanello, a fine temper'd gallant,
Of decent carriage, of indifferent means,
Considering that his sister, new hoist up,
From a lost merchant's warehouse, to the tiffles
Of a great lord's bed, may supply his wants;—
Not sunk in his acquaintance, for a scholar
Able enough, and one who may subsist
Without the help of friends, provided always,
He fly not upon wedlock without certainty
Of an advancement; else a bachelor
May thrive by observation, on a little.
A single life's no burden; but to draw
In yokes is chargeable, and will require
A double maintenance: why, I can live
Without a wife, and purchase.

Rom. Is't a mystery,
You've lately found out, Livio, or a cunning
Conceal'd till now, for wonder?

Liv. Pish! believe it,
Endeavours and an active brain are better
Than patrimonies left by parents.—Prove it.—
One thrives by cheating; shallow fools and un-
thrifths

Are game knaves only fly at: then a fellow
Presumes on his hair, and that his back can toil
For fodder from the city;—lies: another,
Reputed valiant, lives by the sword, and takes up
Quarrels, or braves them, as the novice likes,
To gild his reputation;—most improbable.
A world of desperate undertakings, possibly,
Procures some hungry meals, some tavern surfeits,
Some frippery to hide nakedness; perhaps
The scrambling half a ducat now and then
To roar and noise it with the tattling hostess,
For a week's lodging; these are pretty shifts,
Souls bankrupt of their royalty submit to!
Give me a man, whose practice and experience,
Conceives not barely the philosopher's stone,
But indeed has it; one whose wit's his Indies:
The poor is most ridiculous.

Rom. You are pleasant
In new discoveries of fortune; use them
With moderation, Livio.

Cast. Such wild language
Was wont to be a stranger to your custom;
However, brother, you are pleased to vent it,
I hope, for recreation.

Liv. Name and honour—

What are they? a mere sound without support-
ance,
A begging—Chastity, youth, beauty, handsome-
ness,

Discourse, behaviour which might charm attention,
And curse the gazer's eyes into amazement,
Are nature's common bounties; so are diamonds
Uncut, so flowers unworn, so silk-worms' webs
Unwrought, gold unrefined; then all those glories

Are of esteem, when used and set at price :—
There's no dark sense in this.

Rom. I understand not
The drift on't, nor how meant, nor yet to whom.

Cast. Pray, brother, be more plain.

Liv. First, Romanello,
This for your satisfaction : if you waste
More hours in courtship to this maid, my sister,
Weighing her competency with your own,
You go about to build without foundation ;
So that care will prove void.

Rom. A sure acquaintance,
If I must be discharged.

Lip. Next, Castamela,
To thee, my own loved sister, let me say,
I have not been so bountiful in shewing
To fame the treasure which this age hath open'd,
As thy true value merits.

Cast. You are merry.

Liv. My jealousy of thy fresh blooming years,
Prompted a fear of husbanding too charily
Thy growth to such perfection, as no flattery
Of art can perish now.

Cast. Here's talk in riddles !
Brother, the exposition ?

Liv. I'll no longer
Chamber thy freedom ; we have been already
Thrifty enough in our low fortunes ; henceforth
Command thy liberty, with that thy pleasures.

Rom. Is't come to this ?

Cast. You are wondrous full of courtesy.

Liv. Ladies of birth and quality are suitors
For being known t'ye ; I have promised, sister,
They shall partake your company.

Cast. What ladies ?

Where, when, how, who ?

Liv. A day, a week, a month,
Sported amongst such beauties, is a gain
On time ; they are young, wise, noble, fair, and
Cast. Chaste ? [chaste.]

Liv. Castamela, chaste ; I would not hazard
My hopes, my joys of thee, on dangerous trial.
Yet if, as it may chance, a neat cloth'd merriment
Pass without blush, in tattling,—so the words
Fall not too broad, 'tis but a pastime smiled at
Amongst yourselves in counsel ; but beware
Of being overheard.

Cast. This is pretty !

Rom. I doubt I know not what, yet must be
silent. [Aside.]

Enter TROYLO, FLORIO, CHARLES, SILVIA, and NERIDE.

Lip. They come as soon as spoke of.—Sweetest
fair ones,

My sister cannot but conceive this honour
Particular in your respects. Dear sir,
You grace us in your favours.

Troy. Virtuous lady.

Flo. We are your servants.

Clar. Your sure friends.

Sil. Society

May fix us in a league.

Cast. All fitly welcome.

I find not reason, gentle ladies, [whereon.]
To cast this debt of mine ; but my acknowledg-
ment shall study to pay thankfulness.

Troy. Sweet beauty !

Your brother hath indeed been too much churl
In this concealment from us all, who loved him,
Of such desired a presence.

Sil. Please to enrich us

With your wish'd unity.

Flo. Our coach attends ;

We cannot be denied.

Clar. Command it, Nitido.

Nit. Ladies, I shall : now for a lusty harvest !
'Twill prove a cheap year, should these barns be
fill'd once. [Aside and exit.]

Cast. Brother, one word in private.

Liv. Phew ! anon

I shall instruct you at large.—We are prepared,
And easily entreated ;—'tis good manners
Not to be troublesome.

Troy. Thou'rt perfect, Livio.

Cast. Whither—But—he's my brother. [Aside.]

Troy. Fair, your arm ;

I am your usher, lady.

Cast. As you please, sir.

Liv. I wait you to your coach. Some two
hours hence
I shall return again. [To Rom.]

[Exeunt all but Rom.]

Rom. Troylo-Savelli,
Next heir unto the marqu's ! and the page too,
The marqu's own page ! Livio transform'd
Into a sudden bravery, and alter'd
In nature, 'er I dream ! Amongst the ladies,
I not remember I have seen one face :
There's cunning in these changes ; I am resolute,
Or to pursue the trick on't, or lose labour. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in JULIO'S House.

Enter FLAVIA, supported by CAMILIA and VESPUCCI.

Flav. Not yet return'd ?

Cam. Madam !

Flav. The lord our husband,
We mean. Unkind ! four hours are almost past
(But twelve short minutes wanting by the glass)
Since we broke company ; was never, gentlemen,
Poor princess us'd so !

Ves. With your gracious favour,
Peers, great in rank and place, ought of necessity
To attend on state employments.

Cam. For such duties

Are all their toil and labour ; but their pleasures
Flow in the beauties they enjoy, which conquers
All sense of other travail.

Flav. Trimly spoken.

When we were common, mortal, and a subject,
As other creatures of Heaven's making are,
(The more the pity) bless us ! how we waited
For the huge play-day, when the pageants flutter'd
About the city ; for we then were certain,
The madam courtiers would vouchsafe to visit us,
And call us by our names, and eat our viands ;
Nay, give us leave to sit at the upper end
Of our own tables, telling us how welcome
They'd make us when we came to court : full little

Dream'd, at that time, of the wind that blew me
Up to the weathercock of the honours now
Are thrust upon me; but we'll bear the burthen,
Were it twice as much as 'tis. The next great feast,
We'll grace the city-wives, poor souls! and see,
How they behave themselves before our presence.

You two shall wait on us.

Ves. With best observance.

And stay in our service.

Cam. We are creatures

Made proud in your commands.

Flav. Believe't you are so;

And you shall find us readier in your pleasures,

Than you in your obedience. Fie! methinks

I have an excellent humour to be pettish;

A little thysome—'tis a pretty sign

Of breeding, is't not, sirs? I could, indeed, la!

Long for some strange good things now.

Cam. Such news, madam,

Would overjoy my lord, your husband.

Ves. Cause

Bonfires and bell-rings.

Flav. I must be with child, then,

And be but for the public jollity;

Or lose my longings, which were mighty pity.

Cam. Sweet fates forbid it!

Enter FABRICIO.

Fab. Noblest lady—

Ves. Rudeness!

Keep off, or I shall—Sawey groom, learn manners.

Get swab amongst your goblins.

Flav. Let him stay;

How I have seen, and now remember

His name, Fabricio.

Fab. Your poor creature, lady;

Out of your gentleness, please you to consider

The title of this petition, which contains

All hope of my last fortunes.

Flav. Give it from him.

Cam. Here, madam.—*Takes the paper from*

FAB. and delivers it to FLAV. who walks

aside with it.—Mark, Vespucci, how the

wittol

Stares on his sometime wife! sure, he imagines

To be a cuckold by consent, is purchase

Of approbation in a state.

Ves. Good reason:

The gain reprieved him from a bankrupt's statute.

And filed him in the charter of his freedom.

"She had seen the fellow!" didst observe?

Cam. Most punctually:

Could call him by his name too! why 'tis possible,

She has not yet forgot he was her husband.

Ves. That were [most] strange: oh, 'tis a pre-

Was ever puppet so slipt up? [cious trinket!]

Cam. The tale

Of Venus' cat, man, changed into a woman,

Was emblem but to this. She turus.

Ves. He stands

Just like Acteon in the painted cloth.

Cam. No more.

Flav. Friend, we have read, and weigh'd the sum

Of what your scrivener (which, in effect,

Is meant your counsel learned) has drawn for ye:

'Tis a fair hand, in sooth, but the contents

Somewhat unseasonable; for, let us tell ye,

You have been a spender, a vain spender; wasted

Your stock of credit, and of wares, unthriflily.

You are a faulty man; and should we urge

Our lord as often for supplies, as shame,
Or wants drive you to ask, it might be construed
An impudence, which we defy; an impudence;
Base in base women, but in noble sinful.
Are you not ashamed yet of yourself?

Fab. Great lady,

Of my misfortunes I'm ashamed.

Cam. So, so!

This jeer twangs roundly, does it not, Vespucci?

Cam. So, so! [Aside to Ves.]

Ves. Why, here's a lady worshipful!

Flav. Pray, gentlemen,

Retire a while; this fellow shall resolve

Some doubts that stick about me.

Both. As you please. [Exeunt Ves. and Flav.]

Flav. To thee, Fabricio,—oh, the change is

cruel—

Since I find some small leisure, I must justify

Thou art unworthy of the name of man.

Those holy vows, which we, by bonds of faith,

Recorded in the register of truth,

Were kept by me unbroken; no assaults

Of gifts, of courtship, from the great and wanton,

No threats, nor sense of poverty, to which

Thy riots had betray'd me, could betray

My warrantable thoughts to impure folly.

Why would'st thou force me miserable?

Fab. The scorn

Of rumour is reward enough, to brand

My lewder actions; 'twas, I thought, impossible,

A beauty fresh as was your youth, could brook

The last of my decays.

Flav. Did I complain?

My sleeps between thine arms were ev'n as sound,

My dreams as harmless, my contents as free,

As when the best of plenty crown'd our bride-bed.

Amongst some of a mean, but quiet, fortune,

Distrust of what they call their own, or jealousy

Of those whom in their bosoms they possess

Without controul, begets a self-unwillingness;

For which [through] fear, or, what is more, desire

Of paltry gain, they practise art, and

To pandar their own wives; those whose whose

innocence,

Stranger to language, spoke obedience

And such a wife was Flavia to Fabricio.

Fab. My loss is irrecoverable.

Flav. Call not

Thy wickedness thy loss: without my knowledge

Thou sold'st me, and in open court protested at

A pre-contract unto another, falsely,

To justify a separation. Wherein

Could I offend, to be believed the strumpet,

In best sense an adulteress? so conceived

In all opinions, that I am shook off,

Ev'n from mine own blood, which, although I boast

Not noble, yet 'twas not mean; for Romanello,

Mine only brother, shuns me, and abhors

To own me for his sister.

Fab. 'Tis confest,

I am the shame of mankind.

Flav. I live happy

In this great lord's love, now; but could his cun-

ning

Have train'd me to dishonour, we had never

Been sunder'd by the temptations of his purchase.

In troth, Fabricio, I am little proud of

My unsought honours, and so far from triumph,

That I am not more fool to such as honour me,

Than to myself, who hate this antick carriage.

Fab. You are an angel rather to be worshipp'd,
Than grossly to be talk'd with.

Flav. [*Gives him money.*] Keep those duents,
I shall provide you better:—'twere a bravery,
Could you forget the place wherein you've render'd
Your name for ever hateful.

Fab. I will do't,
Do't, excellentest goodness, and conclude
My days in silent sadness.

Flav. You may prosper
In Spain, in France, or elsewhere, as in Italy.
Besides, you are a scholar bred, however
You interrupted study with commérce.
I'll think of your supplies; meantime, pray, storm
At my behaviour to you; I have forgot [not
Acquaintance with mine own—keep your first dis-
tance. *He draws back.*

Camillo! who is near? Vespucci!

Enter JULIO, CAMILLO, and VESPUCCI.

Jul. What!
Our lady's cast familiar?

Flav. Oh, my stomach
Wanbles, at sight of—sick, sick,—I am sick—
I faint at heart—kiss me, nay prithe quickly,

Or I shall swoon. You've staid a sweet while from
And this companion too—beshrew him! [*To JUL.*
me.

Jul. Dearest,
Thou art my health, my blessing:—turn the bank-
rupt

Out of my doors!—sirrah, I'll have thee whipt,
If thou com'st here again.

Cam. Hence, hence, you vermin! [*Exit FAB.*

Jul. How is't, my best of joys?

Flav. Prettily mended,
Now we have our own lord here; I shall never
Endure to spare you long out of my sight.—
See, what the thing presented. [*Gives him the paper.*

Jul. A petition,
Belike some new charity?

Flav. You must not
Be troubled with his needs; a wanting creature
Is more than you, is as ominous—fie, upon't!
Dispel the silly mushroom once for all,
And send him with some pittance out o' th' country,
Where he may hear no more of him.

Jul. Why will
Shall stand a law, my Flavia.

Flav. You have been
In private with our fellow peers now: shall not we
Know how the business stands? sure, in some
country.

Ladies are privy-counsellors, I warrant ye;
Are they not, think ye? there the land is, doubt-
Most politici govern'd; all the women [less,
Wear swords and breeches, I have heard most cer-
Such sights were excellent. [*tainly:*

Jul. Thou'rt a matchless pleasure;
No life is sweet without thee: in my heart
Reign empress, and be stiled thy Julio's sovereign,
My only, precious dear.

Flav. We'll prove no less t'ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter TROYLO and LIVIO.

Troy. Sea-sick ashore still! thou could'st rarely
A calenture in a long voyage, Livio, [*escape*

Who in a short one, and at home, art taken
To such faint stomach-quaints, no cordials comfort
The business of thy thoughts; for aught I see
What ails thee, man? be woe, hang up thy head.

Liv. Who, I? I balance; no, no, here I am
In this place; 'tis a nursery, a hot-house
For meditation; all the difference extant
But puzzles only bare belief, not grounds it.

Rich services in plate, soft and fair lodgings,
Varieties of recreations, exercise
Of music in all changes, neat attendance;

Princely, my royal furniture of garments;
Satiety of gardens, orchards, waterworks,
Pictures so ravishing, that ranging eyes
Might dwell upon a dotage of conceits.

Without a single wish for livelier substance
The great world, in a little world of France;
Is here abstracted to no temptation possibl'd,
But such as fools and mad folks can invite to.

And yet—
Troy. And yet your reason cannot answer
Th' objections of your fears, which argue danger.

Liv. Danger? dishonour, Troylus, were my
sister

In safety from those charins, I must confess
I could live here for ever.

Troy. But you could not,
I can assure you; for 'twere then scarce possible
A door might open t'you, hardly a loop-hole.

Liv. My presence then is usher to her ruin,
And loss of her, the fruit of my preferment?

Troy. Briefly partake a secret; but be sure
To lodge it in the inmost of thy bosom,
Where memory may not find it for discovery;
By our firm truth of friendship, I require thee.

Liv. By our firm truth of friendship, I subscribe
To just conditions.

Troy. Our great uncle-marquis,
Disabled from his cradle, by an impotency
In nature first, that impotency since seconded
And render'd more infirm, by a fatal breach
Received in fight against the Turkish galleys,
Is made incapable of any faculty

Of active manhood, more than what affections
Proper unto his sex, must else distinguish;
So that no helps of art can warrant life,
Should he transcend the bounds his weakness limits.

Liv. Oh; I attend with eagerness.

Troy. 'Tis strange
Such natural defects at no time check
A full and free sufficiency of spirit,
Which flows, both in so clear and fix'd a strength,
That to confirm belief, it seems, where nature
Is in the body lame, she is supplied
In fine proportion of the mind; a word
Concludes all—to a man his enemy,
He is a dangerous threat'ning; but to women,
However pleasurable, no way cunning
To shew abilities of friendship, other
Than what his outward senses can delight in,
Or charge and bounty court with.

Liv. Good, good—Troylo.
Oh, that I had a lusty faith to credit it,
Though none of all this wonder should be possible!

Troy. As I love honour, and an honest name,
I fault not, not, my Livio, in one syllable.

Liv. News admirable! 'tis, 'tis so—pish, I know
Yet he has a kind heart of his own to girls, [it—
Young, handsome girls; yes, yes, so he may;
'Tis granted:—he would now and then be piddling.

And play the wanton, like a fly that dallies
About a candle's flame; then scorch his wings,
Drop down, and creep away, ha?

Troy. Hardly that too;
To look upon fresh beauties, to discourae
In an unblushing merriment of words,
To hear them play or sing, and see them dance;
To pass the time in pretty amorous questions,
Read a phaste verse of love, or prattle riddles,
Is th' height of his temptations.

Liv. Send him joy on't!

Troy. His choices are not of the courtly train,
Nor city's practice; but the country's innocence;
Such as are gentle born, not meanly; such
To whom both gawdiness and ape-like fashions
Are monstrous; such as cleanliness and decency
Prompt to a virtuous envy; such as study
A knowledge of no danger, but themselves.

Liv. Well, I have liv'd in ignorance: the
ancients
Who chatted of the golden age, feign'd trifles.
Had they dreamt this, they would have truth'd it
heaven;

I mean an earthly heaven; less it is not!

Troy. Yet is this bachelor-miracle not free
From the epidemical headach.

Liv. The yellows?

Troy. Huge jealous fits; admitting none to
enter

But me, his puge and barber, with an eunuch,
And an old guardianship. It is a favour
Not common, that the license of your visits
To your own sister, now and then, is wink'd at.

Liv. But why are you his instrument? his
nephew!

'Tis ominous in nature.

Troy. Not in policy:

Being his heir, I may take truce a little,
With mine own fortunes.

Liv. Knowing how things stand too.

Troy. At certain seasons, as the humour takes
him,

A set of music are permitted peaceably
To cheer their solitariness, provided
They are strangers, not acquainted near the city;
But never the same twice, pardon him that:
Nor must their stay exceed an hour, or two
At farthest, as at this wise wedding; wherefore
His barber is the master to instruct
The lasses both in song and dance, by him
Train'd up in either quality.

Liv. A caution

Happily studied.

Troy. Farther to prevent
Suspicion, he has married his young barber
To the old matron, and withal is pleased
Report should mutter him a mighty man
For th' game, to take off all suspicion
Of insufficiency; and this strict company
He calls his Bower of Fancies.

Liv. Yes, and properly,
Since all his recreations are in fancy.
I am infinitely taken.—Sister! marry,
Would I had sisters in a plenty, *Troylo*,
So to bestow them all, and turn them Fancies!
Fancies! why, 'tis a pretty name, methinks.

Troy. Something remains, which in conclusion
shortly,
Shall take thee fuller.

Hark, the wedding jollity!

With a 'bride-cake on my life, to grace the nuptials!
Perhaps the ladies will turn songsters.

Liv. Silence!

A SONG within.

After which, enter in procession, with the bride-cake, *Secco*
and *Monosa*, with *CASTAMELA*, *FLORA*, *CLARELLA*,
* *SILVIA*, *SPADONE*, and Musicians.

Sec. Passing neat and exquisite, I protest, fair
creatures. These honours to our solemnity are
liberal and uncommon; my spouse and myself,
with our posterity, shall prostitute our services to
your bounties:—shall'st not, duckling?

Mor. Yes, honeysuckle; and do as much for
them one day, if things stand right as they should
stand. Bill, pigeon, do; thou'st be say a-
mountain, and I thy sweet-briar, honey. We'll
lead you to kind examples, pretty ones, believe it;
and you shall find us, one in one, whilst hearts do
last.

Sec. Ever mine own, and ever.

Spa. Well said, old touch-hole.

Liv. All happiness, all joy!

Troy. A plenteous issue,

A fruitful womb!—thou hast a blessing, *Secco*.

Mor. Indeed he has, sir, if you know all, as I
conceive you know enough, if not the whole; for
you have, I may say, tried me to the quick, through
and through, and most of my carriage, from time
to time.

Spa. 'Twould wind-break a mule, or a ringed
mare, to vie burlthens with her. [Aside]

Mor. What's that you mumble, gelding, hey?

Spa. Nothing, forsooth, but that you are a
bouncing couple well met, and 'twere pity to part
you, though you hung together in a smoky chimney.

Mor. 'Twere e'en pity, indeed, *Spadone*, nay,
thou hast a foolish loving nature of thine or
wishest well to plain dealings, o' my conance.

Spa. Thank your brideship—your bawd.

Flo. Our sister is not merry.

Clar. Sadness cannot
Become a bridal harmony.

Sil. At a wedding,

Free spirits are required.

Troy. You should dispense
With serious thoughts now, lady.

Mor. Well said, gentlefolks.

Liv. Fie, *Castamela*, fie!

All. A dance, a dance!

Troy. By any means, the day is not complete

Cast. Indeed, I'll be excused. [else]

Troy. By no means, lady.

Sec. We all are suitors.

Cast. With your pardons, spare me
For this time, grant me licence to look on.

[*Troy.*] Command your pleasures, lady.—Every
one hand

Your partner:—nay, *Spadone* must make one;
These merriments are free.

Spa. With all my heart; I'm sure I am not the
heaviest in the company. Strike up for the honour
of the bride and bridegroom. [Music]

A DANCE.

Troy. So, so, here's art in motion! On all
You have bestir'd you nimbly. [parts,

Mor. I could dance now,
E'en till I dropt again; but want of practice

Denies the scope of breath, or so? yet, sirrah,
My cat-a-mountain, do not I trip quickly,
And with a grace too, sirrah?

Sec. Light as a feather.

Spa. Sure you are not without a stick of liquorice in your pocket, forsooth. You have, I believe, stout lugs of your own, you swim about so roundly without rubs; 'tis a tickling sight to be young still.

Enter NITIDO.

Nit. Madam Morosa!

Mor. Child.

Nit. To you in secret. *[Takes her aside.]*

Spa. That ear-wig scatters the troop now; I'll go now to fit him.

Sec. My lord, upon my life—

Tri. Then we must sever.

Mor. Ladies and gentlemen, your ears.

[Whispers them.]

Spa. Oh, 'twas ever a wanton monkey—he will wriggle into a starting-hole so cleanly—an it had been on my wedding-day,—I know what I know.

Sec. Say 'at so, Spadone?

Spa. Nothing, nothing; I prate sometimes beside the purpose—whoreson, lecherous weazle!

Sec. Look, look, look, how officious the little knave is!—but—

Spa. Why, there's the business; but on one's forehead are but scurvy buts.

Mor. Spadone, discharge the fiddlers instantly.

Spa. Yes, I know my postures—oh monstrous, buts *[Exit, with the Musicians.]*

Mor. *[to Sec.]* Attend within, sweeting;—your pardons, gentlemen. To your recreations, dear virgins! Page, have a care.

Nit. My duty, reverend madam.

Tri. Livio, away!—Sweet beauties—

Brother.

Suddenly

return;—now for a round temptation. *[Aside.]*

[Exit, severally, Mor. stays Cast.]

Mor. One gentle word in private with your ladyship;

I shall not hold you long.

Cast. What means this huddle

Of flying several ways thus? who has frightened them?

They live not at devotion here, or pension.

Pray quit me of distrust.

Mor. May it please your goodness, You'll find him even in every point as honourable, As flesh and blood can vouch him.

Cast. Ha! him? whom?

What him?

Mor. He will not press beyond his bounds; He will but chat and toy, and feel your—

Cast. Guard me

A powerful Genius! feel—

Mor. Your hands to kiss them, Your fair, pure, white hands; what strange business is it?

These melting twins of ivory, but softer Than down of turtles, shall but feed the appetite—

Cast. A rape upon my ears!

Mor. The appetite

Of his poor ravish'd eye; should he swell higher In his desires, and soar upon ambition Of rising in humility, by degrees; Perhaps he might crave leave to clap—

Cast. Fond woman,

In thy grave sinful!

Mor. Clap or pat the dimples,

Where love's tomb stands erected on your cheeks. Else pardon those slight exercises, pretty one, His lordship is as harmless & weak implement, As e'er young lady trembled under.

Cast. Lordship!

Stand me, my modest anger!—'tis belike then, Religious matron, some great man's prison, Where virgins' honours suffer martyrdom, And you are their tormentor; let's lay down Our ruin'd names to the insulted mercy! Let's sport and smile on scandal—*(rare calamity, What hast thou toil'd me in? [Aside.]—* You named his lordship,

Some gallant youth, and fiery?

Mor. No, no, 'deed, la!

A very grave, stale bachelor, my dainty one, There's the conceit; he's none of your hot rovers, Who ruffle at first dash, and so disfigure Your dresses, and your sets of blush at once; He's wise in years, and of a temperate warmth, Mighty in means and power, and withal liberal; A wanton in his wishes, but else,—farther, He cannot—cause—he cannot—

Cast. Cannot? prithee

Be plainer; I begin to like thee strangely; What cannot?

Mor. You urge timely, and to purpose:

He cannot do,—the truth is truth,—do anything, As one should say,—that's anything; but case—I do but put the case, forsooth,—he find you.

Cast. My stars, I thank ye, for being ignorant, Of what this old-in-mischief can intend!—*[Aside.]* And so we might be merry, bravely merry?

Mor. You hit it—what else!—she is cunning.

[Aside.]—look ye,

Pray lend your hand, forsooth.

Cast. Why, prithee, take it.

Mor. You have a delicate moist palm—*[pumps.]* Relish that tickle, there?

Cast. And laugh, if need were.

Mor. And laugh! why now you have it: what hurt pray

Perceive ye? there's all, all; go to, you want tutoring,

Are an apt scholar; I'll neglect no pains For your instruction.

Cast. Do not:—but his lordship,

What may his lordship be?

Mor. No worse man

Than marquis of Sienna, the great master Of this small family: your brother found him A bounteous benefactor, has advanced him The gentleman o' the horse; in a short time He means to visit you himself in person, As kind, as loving an old man!

Cast. We'll meet him

With a full flame of welcome. Is't the marquis? No worse?

Mor. No worse, I can assure your ladyship; The only free maintainer of the Fancies.

Cast. Fancies? how mean you that?

Mor. The pretty souls

Who are companions in the house; all daughters To honest virtuous parents, and right worshipful; A kind of chaste collapsed ladies.

Cast. Chaste too,

And yet collapsed?

Mor. Only in their fortunes.

Cast. Sure, I must be a Fancy in the number.

Mor. A Fancy principal; I hope you'll fashion
Your entertainment, when the marquis courts
you,

As that I may stand blameless.

Cast. Free suspicion.

My brother's raiser?

Mor. Merely.

Cast. My supporter?

Mor. Undoubtedly.

Cast. An old man and a lover?

Mor. True, there's the music, the content, the
harmony.

Cast. And I myself a Fancy!

Mor. You are pregnant.

Cast. The chance is thrown; I now am fortune's
minion;

I will be bold and resolute.

Mor. Blessing on thee!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter ROMANELLO.

Rom. Prosper me now, my fate; some better
Genius,

Than such a one as waits on troubled passions,
Direct my courses to a noble issue!

My thoughts have wandered in a labyrinth;

But if the clue I have laid hold on fail not,

I shall tread out the toil of these dark paths,

In spite of politic reaches. I am punish'd

In mine own hopes, by her unlucky fortunes,

Whose fame is ruin'd; Flavia, my lost sister!

Lost to report by her unworthy husband,

Though heighten'd by a greatness, in whose mix-
I hate to claim a part.—

Enter NITIDO.

(Oh welcome, welcome,

Dear boy! thou keep'st time with my expectations,

As justly as the promise of my bounties

Shall reckon with thy service.

Nit. I have fashion'd

The means of your admittance.

Rom. Precious Nitido!

Nit. More, have bethought me of a shape, a
quaint one,

You may appear in, safe and unsuspected.

Rom. Thou'rt an ingenious boy.

Nit. Beyond all this,

Have so contrived the feat, that, at first sight,

Troylo himself shall court your entertainment,

Nay, force you to vouchsafe it.

Rom. Thou hast out-done

All counsel, and all cunning.

Nit. True, I have, sir,

Fadged nimbly in my practices; but surely,

There are some certain clogs, some roguish stag-
gers,

Some—what shall I call 'em?—in the business.

Rom. Nitido,

What, faint now! dear heart, bear up:—what

What clogs? let me remove them. [staggers,

Nit. Am I honest

In this discovery?

Rom. Honest! pish, is that all?

[*Gives him a purse.*]

By this rich purse, and by the twenty ducats

Which line it, I will answer for thy honesty

Against all Italy, and prove it perfect:

Besides, remember I am bound to secrecy;

Thou'lt not betray thyself?

Nit. All fears are clear'd then;

But if—

Rom. If what? out with't.

Nit. If we are discover'd,

You'll answer, I am honest still?

Rom. Dost doubt it?

Nit. Not much! I have your purse in pawn for
it.

Now, to the shape. You know the wit in Florence,
Who, in the great duke's court, buffoons his com-
pliment,

According to the change of meats in season,

At every free lord's table—

Rom. Or free meetings

In taverns; there he sits at the upper end,

And eats, and prates, he cares not how nor what:

The very quack of fashions, the very *he* that

Wears a stiletto on his chin?

Nit. You have him.

Like such a thing must you appear, and study,

Amongst the ladies, in a formal foppery,

To vent some curiosity of language,

Above their apprehensions,—or your own,

Indeed beyond sense; you are the more *the person*.

Now amorous, then scurvy, sometimes bawdy;

The same man still, but evermore fantastical,

As being the suppositor to laughter;

It hath saved charge in physic.

Rom. When occasion

Offers itself,—for where it does or not,

I will be bold to take it,—I may turn

To some one in the company; and, changing

My method, talk of state, and rail against

Th' employment of the time, mislike the carriage

Of places, and mislike that men of parts,

Of merit, such as myself am, are not

Thrust into public action: 'twill set off

A privilege I challenge from opinion,

With a more lively current.

Nit. On my modesty,

You are some kin to him.

Signor Pragnoli! Signor Mushrumpo!

Leap but into his antick garb, and trust me

You'll fit it to a thought.

Rom. The time?

Nit. As suddenly

As you can be transform'd:—for the event,

'Tis pregnant.

Rom. Yet, my pretty knave, thou hast not

Discover'd where fair Castamela lives;

Nor how, nor amongst whom.

Nit. Pish! yet more queries?

Till your own eyes inform, be silent; else

Take back your earnest: What, turn woman? fie!

Be idle and inquisitive?

Rom. No more.

I shall be speedily provided ; ask for
A note at mine own lodging.

Nit. I'll not fail you.—

Assuredly, I will not fail you, signor,
My fine innamorato—twenty ducats !
They are half his quarter's income : love, oh love,
What a pure madness art thou ! I shall fit him,
Fit, quit, and split him too.—

Enter TROYLO.

Most bounteous sir.

Troy. Boy, thou art quick and trusty,
Be withal close and silent, and thy pains
Shall meet a liberal addition.

Nit. Though, sir,
I'm but a child, yet you shall find me—

Troy. Man
In the contrivements ; I will speak for thee.
Well ! he does relish the disguise ?

Nit. Most greedily,
Swallows it with a liquorish delight,
Will instantly be shaped in't, instantly.
And, on my conscience, sir, the supposition,
Strengthen'd by [im]position, will transform him
Into the beast itself he does resemble.

Troy. Spend that, and look for more, boy.

[Gives him money.]

Nit. Sir, it needs not :
I have already twenty ducats pursed
In a gay case ; 'las, sir ! to you, my service
Is but my duty.

Troy. Modesty in pages
Shows not a virtue, boy, when it exceeds
Good manners. Where must we meet ?

Nit. Sir, at his lodging,
Or near about ; he will make haste, believe it.

Troy. Wait the opportunity, and give me notice ;
I shall attend.

Nit. If I miss my part, hang me ! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—An apartment in JULIO'S House.

Enter VESPUCCI and CAMILLO.

Vesp. Come, thou art caught, Camillo.

Cam. Away, away,
That were a jest indeed ; I caught ?

Vesp. The lady
Does scatter glances, wheels her round, and
smiles ;

Steals an occasion to ask how the minutes
Each hour have run in progress ; then thou kissest
All thy four fingers, crouchest and sigh'st faintly,
“ Dear beauty, if my watch keep fair decorum,
Three quarters have near past the figure X ; ”
Or as the time of day goes—

Cam. So, Vespucci !
This will not do, I read it on thy forehead,
The grain of thy complexion is quite alter'd ;
Once 'twas a comely brown, 'tis now of late
A perfect green and yellow ; sure prognosticates
Of th' overflux o' th' gall, and melancholy,
Symptoms of love and jealousy. Poor soul !
Quoth she, the she, “ why hang thy looks like
bell-ropes

Out of the wheels ? ” thou, flinging down thy eyes
Low at her feet, repliest, “ because, oh sovereign !
The great bell of my heart is crack'd, and never
Can ring in tune again, till 't be new cast by
One only skilful foundress. ”—Hereat

She turn'd aside, wink'd, thou stood'st still, and
star'dst ;

I did observe 't :—be plain, what hope ?

Vesp. She loves thee ;
Doats on thee ; in my hearing told her lord
Camillo was the Pyramus and Thisbe
Of courtship, and of compliment :—ah ha !
She nick'd it there !—I envy not thy fortunes ;
For, to say truth, thou'rt handsome and deserv'st
Were she as great again as she is. *[her,*

Cam. 'I handsome ?

Alas, alas, a creature of Heaven's making,
There's all ! But, sirrah, prithee, let's be sociable ;
I do confess, I think the goody-madam
May possibly be compass'd ; I resolve, too,
To put in for a share, come what can come on't.

Vesp. A pretty toy 'tis. Since thou'rt open
breasted,

Camillo, I presume she is [a] wanton,
And therefore mean to give the sowse whenever
I find the game on wing.

Cam. Let us consider—
She's but a merchant's leavings.

Vesp. Hatch'd i' th' country,
And fledged i' th' city.

Cam. 'Tis a common custom
'Mongst friends,—they are not friends else—chiefly
gallants,

To trade by turns in such like frail commodities :
The one is but reversioner to the other.

Vesp. Why, 'tis the fashion, man.

Cam. Most free and proper ;
One surgeon, one apothecary.

Vesp. Thus, then ;
When I am absent, use the gentlest memory
Of my endowments, my unblemish'd services
To ladies' favours ; with what faith and secrecy,
I live in her commands, whose special courtesies
Oblige me to particular engagements :
I'll do as much for thee.

Cam. With this addition,
Camillo, best of fairs, a man so bashful,
So simply harmless, and withal so constant,
Yet resolute in all true rights of honour ;
That to deliver him in perfect character,
Were to detract from such a solid virtue
As reigns not in another soul ; he is—

Vesp. The thing a mistress ought to wish her
Are we agreed ? *[servant.]*

Cam. Most readily. On t' other side,
Unto the lord her husband, talk as coarsely
Of one another as we can.

Vesp. I like it ;
So shall we sift her love, and his opinion.

Enter JULIO, FLAVIA, and FABRICIO.

Jul. Be thankful, fellow, to a noble mistress ;
Two hundred ducats are no trifling sum,
Nor common alms.

Flav. You must not loiter lazily,
And speak about the town, my friend, in taverns,
In gaming-houses ; nor sneak after dinner
To public shews, to interludes, in riot,
To some lewd painted baggage, trick'd up gaudily,
Like one of us :—oh, sit upon them, giblets !
I have been told they ride in coaches, flaunt it
In braveries, so rich, that 'tis scarce possible
To distinguish one of these vile naughty packs
From true and arrant ladies ; they'll inveigle
Your substance and your body,—think on that,—

I say, your body; look to't.—

Is't not sound counsel? [Turns to JUL.]

JUL. 'Tis more; 'tis heavenly.

VESP. What hope, Camillo, now, if this tune hold?

CAM. Hope fair enough, Vespucci, now as ever; Why, any woman in her husband's presence Can say no less.

VESP. 'Tis true, and she hath leave here.

FAB. Madam, your care and charity at once Have so new-moulded my resolves, that henceforth Whene'er my mention falls into report, It shall requite this bounty: I am travelling To a new world.

JUL. I like your undertakings.

FLAV. New world! where's that I pray? good, if you light on

A parrot or a monkey that has qualities Of a new fashion, think on me.

FAB. Yes, lady,

I—I shall think on you; and my devotions, Tender'd where they are due in single meekness, With purer flames will mount, with free increase Of plenty, honours, full contents, full blessings, Truth and affection 'twixt your lord and you. So with my humblest, best leave, I turn from you; Never, as now I am, to appear before you.

All joys dwell here, and lasting! [Exit.]

FLAV. Prithce, sweetest, Hark in your ear,—beshrew't, the brim of your hat Struck in mine eye—dissemble honest tears, The griefs my heart does labour in [Aside]—[it] Unmeasurably. [smarts]

JUL. A chance, a chance; 'twill off, Suddenly off—forbear; this handkerchief But makes it worse.

CAM. Wink, madam, with that eye, The pain will quickly pass.

VESP. Immediately; I know it by experience.

FLAV. Yes, I find it.

JUL. Spare us a little, gentlemen.

[Exit CAM. and VESP.]

Speak freely:

What wert thou saying, dearest?

FLAV. Do you love me?

Answer in sober sadness; I'm your wife now, I know my place and power.

JUL. What's this riddle? Thou hast thyself replied to thine own question, In being married to me; a sure argument Of more than protestation.

FLAV. Such it should be Were you as other husbands: it is granted, A woman of my state may like good clothes, Choice diet, many servants, change of merriments, All these I do enjoy; and wherefore not? Great ladies should command their own delights: And yet, for all this, I am used but homely,— But I am serv'd even well enough.

JUL. My Flavia, I understand not what thou would'st.

FLAV. Pray pardon me; I do confess I'm foolish, very foolish; Trust me, indeed I am; for I could cry Mine eyes out, being in the weeping humour: You know I have a brother.

JUL. Romanello,

An unkind brother, Flaw. Right, right; since you bestow'd

My latter youth, he never would vouchsafe As much as to come near me. Oh, it made me, Being but two, that we should live at distance, As if I were a cast-away;—and you, For your part, take no care on't, nor attempt To draw him hither.

JUL. Say the man be peevish, Must I petition him?

FLAV. Yes, marry, must you, Or else you love not me: not see my brother! Yes I will see him; so I will, will see him;— You hear't—oh my good lord, dear, gentle, prithce,—

You sha'n't be angry;—'las, I know, poor gentleman,

He bears a troubled mind: but let us meet— And talk a little; we perhaps may chide At first, shed some few tears, and then be quiet; There's all.

JUL. Write to him, and invite him hither, Or go to him thyself. Come, no more sadness; I'll do what thou canst wish.

FLAV. And, in requital, Believe I shall say something that may settle A constancy of peace, for which you'll thank me. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter SECCO and SPADONE.

SEC. The rarest fellow, Spadone! so full of gambols!—he talks so humorously—does he not?—so carelessly; oh, rich! On my hope of posterity, I could be in love with him.

SPA. His tongue troubles like a mill-clack; he towzes the lady-sisters as a tumbling dog does young rabbits; hey here! dab there! your Madonna,—he has a catch at her too; there's a trick in the business,—I am a dunce else,—I say, a shrewd one.

SEC. Jump with me! I smell a trick too, if I could tell what.

SPA. Who brought him in? that would be known.

SEC. That did Signor Troylo; I saw the page part at the door. Some trick still; go to, wife, I must and I will have an eye to this gear.

SPA. A plain case; roguery, brokerage and roguery, or call me bulchin. Fancies, quoth a? rather Frenzies. We shall all roar shortly, turn madcaps, lie open to what comes first: I may stand to't—that boy page is a naughty boy page;—let me tell your forehead: ha! oh, hum,—yes,—there,—there again! I'm sorry for ye, a hand-saw cannot cure ye: monstrous and apparent.

[Feeling his forehead.]

SEC. What, what, what, what, what, Spadone?

SPA. What, what, what, what! nothing but velvet tips; you are of the first head yet. Have a good heart, man; a cuckold, though he be a beast, wears invisible horns, else we might know a city-bull from a country-calf;—villainous boy, still!

SEC. My razor shall be my weapon, my razor.

SPA. Why, he's not come to the honour of a beard yet; he needs no shaving.

SEC. I will trim him and trim him.

SPA. Nay, she may do well enough for one.

SEC. One? too, a thousand, a thousand, ten thousand; do hearken, Spadone, I

speak it with some passion, I am a notorious cuckold.

Spa. Gross and ridiculous!—look ye—point blank, I dare not swear that this same mountebanking new-come foist is at least a procurer in the business, if not a pretender himself; but I think what I think.

Sec. He, Troylo, Livio, the page, that hole-creeping page, all horn me, sirrah. I'll forgive thee from my heart; dost not thou drive a trade too in my bottom?

Spa. A likely matter! 'las, I am metamorphosed, I; be patient, you'll mar all else.

Laughing within. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sec. Now, now, now, now the game's rampant, rampant!

Spa. Leave your wild figaries, and learn to be a tame antick, or I'll observe no longer.

Within. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Enter TROYLO, CANTAMELA, FLORO, CLARELLA, SILVIA, MOROSA, and ROMANELLO disguised as PRAGNIOLI.

Sil. You are extremely busy, signor.

Flo. Courtly,

Without a fellow.

Clar. Have a stabbing wit.

Cust. But are you always, when you press on ladies

Of mild and easy nature, so much satire,
So tart and keen as we do taste you now?
It argues a lean brain.

Rom. Gip to your beauties!

You would be fair, forsooth! you would be nonsters;

Fair women are such;—monsters to be seen
Are rare, and so are they.

Troy. Bear with him, ladies.

Mor. He is a foul-mouth'd man.

Sec. Whore, bitch-fox, treddle!—[*Aside to Mor.*—*fa la la la!*]

Mor. How's that, my cat-a-mountain?

Spa. Hold her there, boy.

Clar. Were you e'er in love, fine signor?

Rom. Yes, for sport's sake,

But soon forgot it; he that rides a gallop

Is quickly weary. I esteem of love

As of a man in some huge place; it puzzles

Reason, distracts the freedom of the soul,

Renders a wise man fool, and a fool wise—

In's own conceit, not else; it yields effects

Of pleasure, travail; bitter, sweet; war, peace;

Thorns, roses; prayers, curses; longings, surfeits,

Despair, and then a rope. Oh, my trim lover!

Yes, I have loved a score at once.

Spa. Out, stallion! as I am a man and no man,
the baboon lies, I dare swear, abominably.

Sec. Inhumanly;—keep your bow close, vixen.

[*Pinches Mor.*]

Mor. Beshrew your fingers, if you be in earnest!
You pinch too hard; go to, I'll pare your nails
for't.

Spa. She means your horns; there's a bob for
you!

Clar. Spruce signor, if a man may love so many,
Why may not a fair lady have like privilege
Of several servants?

Troy. Answer that; the reason

Holds the same weight.

Mor. Marry, and so it does,
Though he would spit his gall out.

Spa. Mark that, Secoo.

Sil. D'ye pump for a reply?

Rom. The learned differ

In that point; grand and famous scholars often
Have argued *pro* and *con*, and left it doubtful;
Volumes have been writ on't. If then great clerks
Suspend their resolutions, 'tis a modesty
For me to silence mine.

Flo. Dull and phlegmatic!

Clar. Yet women sure, in such a case, are ever
More secret than men are.

Sil. Yea, and talk less.

Rom. That is a truth much fabled, never found.

You secret! when your dresses blab your vanities?

Carnation for your points? there's a gross babbler;

Tawney? hey ho! the pretty heart is wounded:

A knot of willow ribbons? she's forsaken.

Another rides the cock-horse, green and azure,

Wince and cry wee-hee! like a colt unbroken:

But desperate black put them in mind of fish-days;

When Lent spurs on devotion, there's a famine:

Yet love and judgment may help all this pudder;

Where are they? not in females.

Flo. In all sorts

Of men, no doubt!

Sil. Else they were sots to choose.

Clar. To swear and flatter, sometimes lie, for
profit.

Rom. Not so, forsooth: should love and judg-
ment meet,

The old, the fool, the ugly, and deform'd,

Could never be beloved; for example,

Behold these two, this madam and this shaver.

Mor. I do defy thee; am I old or ugly?

Sec. Tricks, knacks, devices! now it trouts
about.

Rom. Troul let it, stripling; thou hast yet firm
footing,

And need'st not fear the cuckold's livery,
There's good philosophy for't: take this for com-
fort;

No horned beasts have teeth in either gums;

But thou art tooth'd on both sides, though she fall

Mor. He is not jealous, sirrah. [in't.]

Rom. That's his fortune;

Women indeed more jealous are than men,

But men have more cause.

Spa. There he rubb'd your forehead;

'Twas a tough blow.

Sec. It smarts.

Mor. Fox on him! let him

Put's fingers into any gums of mine,

He shall find I have teeth about me, sound ones.

Sec. You are a scurvy fellow, and I am made a
cokes, an ass; and this same filthy crone's a
flirt.

Whoop, do me no harm, good—woman. [Exit.]

Spa. Now, now he's in! I must not leave him
so. [Exit.]

Troy. Morosa, what means this?

Mor. I know not, I;

He pinch'd me, call'd me names, most filthy names.
Will you part hence, sir? [To Rom.] I will set
ye packing. [Exit.]

Clar. You were indeed too broad, too violent

Flo. Here's nothing meant but mirth.

Sil. The gentleman

Hath been a little pleasant.

Clar. Somewhat bitter

Against our sex.

Cast. For which I promise him,
He ne'er proves choice of mine.

Rom. Not I your choice?

Troy. So she protested, signor.

Rom. Indeed!

Re-enter MONROA.

Clar. Why, you are moved, sir.

Mor. Hence! there enters

A civilier companion for fair ladies,
Than such a sloven.

Rom. Beauties,—

Troy. Time prevents us,
Love and sweet thoughts accompany this presence.

[*Exeunt TROY. and ROM.*]

Enter OCTAVIO, SECCO, and LIVIO.

Oct. (*To SECCO.*) Enough! slip off, and on
your life be secret. [*Exit SECCO.*]

A lovely day, young creatures! to you, Floria,
To you, Clarella, Silvia, to all, service!
But who is this fair stranger?

Liv. Castamela,

My sister, noble lord.

Oct. Let ignorance

Of what you were plead my neglect of manners,
And this soft touch excuse it. You've enrich'd
This little family, most excellent virgin,
With the honour of your company.

Cast. I find them

Worthily graceful, sir.

Liv. Are you so taken?

[*Aside.*]

Oct. Here are no public sights nor courtly visit-
ants,

Which youth and active blood might stray in
thought for;

The companies are few, the pleasures single,
And rarely to be brook'd, perhaps, by any.
Not perfectly acquainted with this custom:
Are they not, lovely one?

Liv. Sir, I dare answer

My sister's resolution. Free converse
Amongst so many of her sex, so virtuous,
She ever hath prefer'd before the surquedry
Of protestation, or the vainer giddiness
Of popular attendants.

Cast. Well play'd, brother! [*Music within.*]

Oct. The meaning of this music?

Mor. Please your lordship,
It is the ladies' hour for exercise
In song and dance.

Oct. I dare not be the author
Of truanting the time then, neither will I.

Mor. Walk on, dear ladies.

Oct. 'Tis a task of pleasure.

Liv. Be now my sister, stand a trial bravely.

Mor. (*To CAST.*) Remember my instructions,
or—

[*Exit, followed by LIV. FLO. CLARELLA and SIL.*]

Oct. (*Detaining CAST.*) With pardon,
You are not of the number, I presume, yet,
To be enjoin'd to hours. If you please,
We for a little while may sit as judges
Of their proflicience; pray, vouchsafe the favour.

Cast. I am, sir, in a place to be commanded,
As now the present urgeth.

Oct. No compulsion,
That were too hard a word; where you are sove-
reign,
Your yea and nay is law: I have a word to ye.

Cast. For what, sir?

Oct. For your love.

Cast. To whom? I am not
So weary of the authority I hold
Over mine own contents in sleeps and wakings,
That I'd resign my liberty to any
Who should controul it.

Oct. Neither I intend so;
Grant me an entertainment.

Cast. Of what nature?

Oct. To acknowledge me your creature.

Cast. Oh, my lord,
You are too wise in years, too full of counsel,
For my green inexperience.

Oct. Love, dear maid,
Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper
For beauty to desire to be beloved.
I am not free from passion, though the current
Of a more lively heat runs slowly through me;
My heart is gentle, and believe, fresh girl,
Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,
Which may adorn thy rarities to boast 'em,
That bounty can withhold: this academy
Of silent pleasures is maintain'd, but only
To such a constant use.

Cast. You have, belike, then,
A patent for concealing virgins: otherwise,
Make plainer your intentions.

Oct. To be pleasant
In practice of some outward senses only;
No more.

Cast. No worse you dare not to imagine,
Where such an awful innocency, as mine is,
Out-faces every wickedness your dotage
Has lull'd you in. I scent your cruel mercies;
Your fact'ess hath been tamper'ing for my misery,
Your old temptation, your she-devil:—bear with
A language which this place, and none but this,
hath

Infected my tongue with. The time will come,
too.

When he, unhappy man! whom your advancement
Hath ruin'd by being spaniel to your fortunes,
Will curse he train'd me hither—Livio—
I must not call him brother—this one act
Hath rent him off the ancestry he sprung from.

Oct. The proffer of a noble courtesy
Is check'd, it seems.

Cast. A courtesy?—a bondage:
You are a great man, vicious, much more vicious,
Because you hold a seeming league with charity,
Of pestilent nature, keeping hospitality
For sensualists in your own sepulchre,
Even by your life-time: yet are dead already.

Oct. How's this? come, be more mild.

Cast. You chide me soberly;
Then, sir, I tune my voice to other music.
You are an eminent statish; be a father
To such unfriended virgins as your bounty
Hath drawn into a scandal: you are powerful
In means; a bachelor, freed from the jealousies
Of wants; convert this privacy of maintenance
Into your own court; let this, as you call it,
Your Academy, have a residence there;
And there survey your charity yourself;
That when you shall bestow on worthy husbands,
With fitting portions, such as you know worthy,
You may yield to the present age, example,
And to posterity, a glorious example;
There were a work of piety: The other is

A scorn upon your tombstone ; where the reader
Will but expound, that when you liv'd, you pan-
dar'd

Your own purse and your fame. I am too bold,
sir ;

Some anger and some pity hath directed
A wand'ring trouble.

Oct. Be not known what passages
The time hath lent ; for once, I can bear with you.

Cast. I'll countenance the hazard of suspicion,
And be your guest awhile.

Oct. Be—but hereafter—
I know not what.—*Livio !*

Re-enter LIVIO and MONOEA.

Liv. My lord.

Cast. Indeed, sir.

I cannot part wi' ye yet.

Oct. Well, then, thou shalt not,
My precious Castamela.—Thou hast a sister,
A perfect sister, *Livio.*

Mor. All is inck'd here,

Good soul, indeed !

[Aside.

Liv. I'd speak with you anon.

Cast. It may be so.

Oct. Come, fair one.

Liv. Oh, I am cheated !

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter LIVIO and CASTAMELA.

Liv. Prithce, be serious.

Cast. Prithce, interrupt not
The paradise of my becharming thoughts,
Which mount my knowledge to the sphere I move
Above this useless tattle. *[in,*

Liv. Tattle, sister !
D'ye know to whom you talk this ?

Cast. To the gentleman
Of my lord's horse, new-stept into the office !
'Tis a good place, sir, if you can be thankful.
Demean your carriage in it so, that negligence,
Or pride of your preferment, oversway not
The grace you hold in his esteem ; such fortunes
Drop not down every day : observe the favour
That rais'd you to this fortune.

Liv. Thou mistak'st sure
What person thou hold'st speech with.

Cast. Strange and idle.

Liv. Is't possible ? why, you are turn'd a mis-
A mistress of the trim ! Beshrew me, lady, [tress,
You keep a stately port ; but it becomes you not.
Our father's daughter, if I err not rarely,
Delighted in a softer, humbler sweetness,
Not in a hey-dey-gay of scurvy gallantry :
You do not brave it like a thing o' th' fashion,
You ape the humour faintly.

Cast. " Love, dear maid,
Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper
For beauty to desire to be beloved."

Liv. Fine sport !
You mind not me ; will you yet hear me, madam ?

Cast. " Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,
Which may adorn thy rarities to boast 'em,
That bounty can withhold."—I know I shall not.

Liv. And so you clapt the bargain ! the conceit
on't

Tickles your contemplation ! 'tis come out now :
A woman's tongue, I see, some time or other,
Will prove her traitor ; this was all I sifted,
And here have found thee wretched.

Cast. We shall flourish ;
Feed high henceforth, man, and no more be
straiten'd

Within the limits of an empty patience ;
Nor tire our feeble eyes with gazing only
On greatness, which enjoys the swing of pleasures ;
But be ourselves the object of their envy,
To whom a service would have seem'd ambition.

It was thy cunning, *Livio*, I applaud it,
Fear nothing ; I'll be thrifty in thy projects :
Want ? misery ? may all such want as think on't !
Our footing shall be firm.

Liv. You are much witty.
Why, *Castamela*, this to me ? you counterfeit
Most palpably ; I am too well acquainted
With thy condition, sister. If the marquis
Hath utter'd one unchaste, one wanton syllable,
Provoking thy contempt ; not all the flatteries
Of his assurance to our hopes of rising
Can, or shall, slave our souls.

Cast. Indeed not so, sir ;
You are beside the point, most gentle signor !
I'll be no more your ward, no longer chamber'd,
Nor mew'd up to the lure of your devotion ;
Trust me, I must not, will not, dare not ; surely
I cannot, for my promise past ; and sufferance
Of former trials hath too strongly arm'd me :
You may take this for answer.

Liv. In such earnest !
Hath goodness left thee quite ? Fool, thou art
wand'ring

In dangerous fogs, which will corrupt the purity
Of every noble virtue dwelt within thee.
Come home again, home, *Castamela*, sister,
Home to thine own simplicity ; and rather
Than yield thy memory up to the witchcraft
Of an abused confidence, be courted
For Romanello.

Cast. Romanello !

Liv. Scorn'st thou
The name ? thy thoughts I find, then, are chang'd,
rebels

To all that's honest ; that's to truth and honour.

Cast. So, sir, and in good time !

Liv. Thou art fallen suddenly
Into a pluriety of faithless impudence ;
A whorish itch infects thy blood, a leprosy
Of raging lust, and thou art mad to prostitute
The glory of thy virgin-dower basely
For common sale. This foulness must be purged,
Or thy disease will rankle to a pestilence,
Which can even taint the very air about thee ;
But I shall study physic.

Cast. Learn good manners :

I take it, you are saucy.

Liv. Saucy ? strumpet

In thy desires ! 'tis in my power to cut off
The twist thy life is spun by.

Cast. Pshaw ! you rave now !

But if you have not perish'd all your reason,
Know I will use my freedom. You, forsooth,
For change of fresh apparel, and the pocketing
Of some well-looking ducats, were contented,
Passingly pleased—yes, marry were you, mark it,—
'T expose me to the danger now you rail at!
Brought me, nay, forced me hither, without ques-
tion

Of what might follow; here you find the issue:
And I distrust not but it was th' appointment
Of some succeeding fate that more concern'd me
Than widowed virginity.

Liv. You are a gallant;
One of my old lord's Fancies. Peevish girl,
Was't ever heard that youth could doat on sick-
ness,

A grey beard, wrinkled face, a dried-up marrow,
A toothless head, a—?—this is but a merriment,
Merely but trial. Romanello loves thee;
Has not abundance, true; yet cannot want:
Return with me, and I will leave these fortunes,
Good maid, of gentle nature.

Cast. By my hopes,
I never placed affection on that gentleman,
Though he deserv'd well; I have told him often
My resolution.

Liv. Will you hence, and trust to
My care of settling you a peace?

Cast. No, surely;
Such treaty may break off.

Liv. Off be it broken!
I'll do what thou shalt rue.

Cast. You cannot, Livio.

Liv. So confident, young mistress mine! I'll
do't. [Exit.]

Enter TROYLO.

Troy. Incomparable maid!

Cast. You have been counsellor
To a strange dialogue.

Troy. If there be constancy
In protestation of a virtuous nature,
You are secure, as the effects shall witness.

Cast. Be noble; I am credulous: my language
Hath prejudiced my heart; I am my brother
Ne'er parted at such distance: yet, I glory
In the fair race he runs; but fear the violence
Of his disorder.

Troy. Little time shall quit him. [They retire.]

*Enter SECCO, leading NITIDO in a garter with one hand, a
rod in the other; followed by MOROSA, SILVIA, FLORIA,
CLARELLA. SPADONE behind laughing.*

Sec. The young whelp is mad; I must slice the
warm out of his breech. I have noosed his neck
in the collar; and I will once turn dog-leech:
stand from about me, or you'll find me terrible
and furious.

Nit. Ladies, good ladies, dear madam, Morosa!

Flo. Honest Secco!

Nit. What was the cause? what wrong has he
done to thee?

Clar. Why dost thou fright us so, and art so
peremptory
Where we are present, fellow?

Mor. Honey-bird, spouse, cat-a-mountain! ah,
the child, the pretty poor child, the sweet-faced
child!

Spa. That very word halts the earwig.

Sec. Off I say, or I shall lay bare all the naked
truth to your faces! his fore-parts have been too

lusty, and his posteriors must do penance for't.
Untruss, whiskin, untruss! away, burs! out, mare-
hag mule! avaunt! thy turn comes next, avaunt!
the horns of my rage are advanced; hence, or I
shall gore ye!

Spa. Lash him soundly; let the little ape show
tricks.

Nit. Help, or I shall be throttled!

Mor. Yes, I will help thee, pretty heart; if my
tongue cannot prevail, my nails shall. Barbarous-
minded man, let go, or I shall use my talons.

[They fight.]

Spa. Well played, dog; well played, bear! sa,
sa, sa! to't, to't!

Sec. Fury, whore, bawd, my wife and the devil!

Mar. Toss-pot, stinkard, pandar my husband
and a rascal!

Spa. Scold, coxcomb, baggage, cuckold!

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot jump together;
One is like good luck,
T' other like foul weather.

Troy. Let us fall in now.—(Comes forward with
CAST.)—What uncivil rudeness

Dares offer a disturbance to this company?

Peace and delights dwell here, not brawls and
outrage:

Sirrah, be sure you show some reasons why
You so forget your duty, quickly show it,
Or I shall tame your choler; what's the ground
on't?

Spa. Humph, how's that? how's that? is he
there, with a wannion! then do I begin to
dwindle.—O, oh! the fit, the fit; the fit's upon me
now, now, now, now! [Aside.]

Sec. It shall out. First then, know all Christian
people, Jews, and infidels, he's and she's, by these
presents, that I am a beast; see what I say, I say
a very beast.

Troy. 'Tis granted.

Sec. Go to, then; a horned beast, a goodly tall,
horned beast; in pure verity, a cuckold:—nay, I
will tickle their frangidus.

Mor. Ah, thou base fellow! would'st thou
confess it an it were so? but 'tis not so; and thou
liest, and loudly.

Troy. Patience, Morosa:—you are, you say, a
cuckold?

Sec. I'll justify my words, I scorn to eat them!
this sucking ferret hath been wriggling in my old
coney-burrow.

Mor. The boy, the babe, the infant! I spit at
thee.

Cast. Fie, Secco, fie.

Sec. Appear, Spadone! my proofs are preg-
nant and gross; truth is the truth; I must and I
will be divorced: speak, Spadone, and exalt thy
voice.

Spa. Who? I speak? alas, I cannot speak, I.

Nit. As I hope to live to be a man—

Sec. Damn the prick of thy weason-pipe!—
where but two lie in a bed, you must be bodkin,
bitch-baby, must you?—Spadone, am I a cuckold
or no cuckold?

Spa. Why, you know I [am] an ignorant, an
unable trifle in such business; an oaf, a simple
alcatote, an innocent.

Sec. Nay, nay, nay, no matter for that; this
ramkin hath tupp'd my old rotten carrion-mutton.

Mor. Rotten in thy stew, thy guts and garbage!

Sec. Spadone, speak aloud what I am.

Spa. I do not know.

Sec. What hast thou seen them doing together ? doing ?

Spa. Nothing.

Mor. Are thy mad brains in thy mazer now, thou jealous bedlam ?

Sec. Didst not thou, from time to time, tell me as much ?

Spa. Never.

Sec. Hey-day ! ladies and signor, I am abused ; they are agreed to scorn, jeer, and run me out of my wits, by consent. This gelded hobet-a-hoy is a corrupted pandar, this page a milk-livered dildoe, my wife a whore confest, and I myself a cuckold arrant.

Spa. Truly, Secco, for the ancient good woman I dare swear point-blank ; and the boy, surely, I ever said, was to any man's thinking, a very chrisome in the thing you wot ; that's my opinion clearly.

Clar. What a wise goose-cap, hast thou shew'd thyself !

Sec. Here in my forehead it sticks, and stick it shall. Law I will have : I will never more tumble in sheets with thee, I will father no misbegotten of thine ; the court shall trounce thee, the city cashier thee, diseases devour thee, and the spittle confound thee. *[Exit.]*

Cast. The man has dream'd himself into a lunacy.

Sil. Alas, poor Nitido !

Nit. Truly, I am innocent.

Mor. Marry art thou ; so thou art. The world says, how virtuously I have carried my good name in every part about me these threescore years and odd ; and at last to slip with a child ! there are men, men enough, tough and lusty, I hope, if one would give their mind to the iniquity of the flesh ; but this is the life I have led with him a while, since when he lies by me as cold as a dry stone.

Troy. This only, ladies, is a fit of novelty ; All will be reconciled.—I doubt, Spadone, Here is your hand in this, howe'er denied.

Spa. Faithfully, in truth forsooth—

Troy. Well, well, enough.—Morosa, be less This little jarr is argument of love, *[troubled ;]* It will prove lasting.—Beauties, I attend you. *[Exit all but Spa. and Nit.]*

Spa. Youngling, a word, youngling ; have not you scaped the lash handsomely ? thank me for't.

Nit. I fear thy roguery, and I shall find it.

Spa. Is't possible ? Give me thy little fist ; we are friends : have a care henceforth ; remember this whilst you live—

And still the urchin would, but could not do. pretty knave, and so forth ! come, truce on all hands.

Nit. Beshrew your fool's head ; this was jest in earnest. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A Room in ROMANELLO's House.

Enter ROMANELLO.

Rom. I will converse with beasts, there is in mankind

No sound society ; but, in woman—bless me !—Nor faith nor reason : I may justly wonder What trust was in my mother.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A caroch, sir, ^o Stands at the gate.

Rom. Stand let it still and freeze there ! Make sure the locks.

Serv. Too late ; you are prevented.

Enter FLAVIA, followed by CAMILLO and VESPUCCI, who stand apart.

Flav. Brother, I come—

Rom. Unlook'd for ;—I but sojourn Myself ; I keep nor house, nor entertainments, French cooks compos'd, Italian collations :—Rich Persian surfeits, with a train of services, Befitting exquisite ladies, such as you are, Perfum not our low roofs ;—the way lies open ; That, there.—*[Points to the door.]* Good day.

Flav. Why d'ye slight me ? *[great madam !]* For what one act of mine, even from my childhood, Which may deliver my deserts inferior, Or to our births or family, is nature Become, in your contempt of me, a monster :

Ves. What's this, Camillo ?

Cam. Not the strain in ordinary.

Rom. I'm out of tune to chop discourse—how- You are a woman. *[ever,*

Flav. Pensive and unfortunate, Wanting a brother's bosom to disburthen More griefs than female weakness can keep league Let worst of malice, voiced in loud report, *[with.]* Spit what it dares invent against my actions ; And it shall never find a power to blemish My mention, other than besecms a patient . I not repine at lowness ; and the fortunes Which I attend on now, are, as I value them. No new creation to a looser liberty ; Your strangeness only may beget a change In wild opinion.

Cam. Here's another tang *

Of sense, Vespucci.

Ves. Listen, and observe.

Rom. Are not you, pray you—nay, we'll be contented,

In presence of your ushers, once to prattle Some idle minutes—are you not enthroned The lady-regent, by whose special influence Julio, the count of Camerine, is order'd ?

Flav. His wife, 'tis known I am ; and in that Obedient to a service ; else, of greatness *[title]* The quiet of my wish was ne'er ambitious.

Rom. He loves you ?

Flav. As worthily as dearly.

Rom. And 'tis believed how practice quickly fashion'd

A port of humorous antickness in carriage, Discourse, demeanour, gestures.

Cam. Put home roundly.

Ves. A ward for that blow ?

Flav. Safety of mine honour Instructed such deceit.

Rom. Your honour ?

Flav. Witness

This brace of sprightly gallants, whose confederacy Presumed to plot a siege.

Cam. *Ves.* We, madam !

Rom. On, on ;

Some leisure serves us now.

Flav. Still as Lord Julio Pursued his contract with the man—oh, pardon, If I forget to name him !—by whose poverty

Of honest truth, I was renounced in marriage ;
These two, entrusted for a secret courtship,
By tokens, letters, message, in their turns,
Proffer'd their own devotions, as they term'd them,
Almost unto an impudence ; regardless
Of him, on whose supportance they relied.

Rom. Dare not for both your lives to interrupt
Flav. Baited thus to vexation, I assumed [her.

A dulness of simplicity ; till afterwards
Lost to my city-freedom, and now enter'd
Into this present state of my condition,
(Concluding henceforth absolute security
From their lascivious villanies) I continued
My former custom of ridiculous lightness,
As they did their pursuit ; t' acquaint my lord,
were

To have ruin'd their best certainty of living ;
But that might yield suspicion in my nature ;
And women may be virtuous, without mischief
To such as tempt them.

Rom. You are much to blame, sirs,
Should all be truth is utter'd.

Flav. For that justice
I did command them hither ; for a privacy
In conference 'twixt Flavia and her brother,
Needed no secretaries such as these are.
Now, Romanello, thou art every refuge
I fly for right to ; if I be thy sister,
And not a bastard, answer their confession,
Or threaten vengeance, with perpetual silence.

Cam. My follies are acknowledged ; you're a lady
Who have outdone example : when I trespass
In ought but duty and respects of service,
May hopes of joys forsake me !

Ves. To like penance
I join a constant votary.

Rom. Peace, then,
Is ratified.—My sister, thou hast waken'd
Intranced affection from its sleep to knowledge
Of once more who thou art ; no jealous frenzy
Shall hazard a distrust : reign in thy sweetness,
Thou only worthy woman ; these two converts
Record our hearty union. I have shook off
My thralldom, lady, and have made discoveries
Of famous novels ;—but of those hereafter.
Thus we seal love ; you shall know all, and wonder.

Enter Livio.

Liv. Health and his heart's desire to Romanello !
My welcome I bring with me.—Noblest lady,
Excuse an ignorance of your fair presence ;
This may be held intrusion.

Flav. Not by me, sir.

Rom. You are not frequent here, as I remember ;
But since you bring your welcome with you, Livio,
Be bold to use it ; to the point.

Liv. This lady,
With both these gentlemen, in happy hour
May be partakers of the long-lived amity,
Our souls must link in.

Rom. So ; belike the marquiss
Stores some new grace, some special close employ-
ment,

For whom your kind commends, by deputation,
Please think on to oblige ; and Livio's charity
Descends on Romanello liberally,
Above my means to thank !

Liv. Sienna sometimes
Has been inform'd how gladly there did pass
A treaty of chaste loves with Castamela,

From this good heart ; it was in me an error—
Wilful and causeless, 'tis confest,—that hinder'd
Such honourable prosecution,
Even and equal ; better thoughts consider,
How much I wrong'd the gentle course which led
To vows of true affection ; us of friendship. [you

Rom. Sits the wind there, boy ! [*Aside.*—
Leaving formal circumstance,

Proceed ; you dally yet.

Liv. Then, without plea,—
For countenancing what has been injurious
On my part, I am come to tender really
My sister a lov'd wife t' ye ; freely take her,
Right honest man, and as you live together,
May your increase of years prove but one spring,
One lasting flourishing youth ! she is your own ;
My hands shall perfect what's requir'd to ceremony

Flav. Brother, this day was meant a holiday,
For feast on every side.

Rom. The new-turn'd courtier
Proffers most frankly ; but withal leaves out
A due consideration of the narrowness
Our short estate is bounded in ! Some politics
As they rise up, like Livio, to perfection,
In their own competencies, gather also
Grave supplement of providence and wisdom ;
Yet he abates in his.—You use a triumph
In your advantages ; it smells of state :
We know you are no fool.

Flav. 'Sooth, I believe him.

Cam. Else 'twere imposture.

Ves. Folly, rank and senseless.

Liv. Enjoin an oath at large.

Rom. Since you mean earnest,
Receive, in satisfaction ; I am resolv'd
For single life. There was a time,—was, Livio,—
When indiscretion blinded forecast in me ;
But recollection, with your rules of thriftiness,
Prevail'd against all passion.

Liv. You'd be courted ;
Courtship's the child of coyness, Romanello,
And for the rules, 'tis possible to name them.

Rom. "A single life's no burthen ; but to draw
In yokes is chargeable, and doth require
A double maintenance." Livio's very words ;
"For he can live without a wife, and purchase :"
By'r lady so you do, sir ; send you joy on't !
These rules you see are possible, and answer'd.

Liv. Full—answer was late made to this already ;
My sister's only thine.

Rom. Where lives the creature
Your pity stoops to pin upon your servant ?
Not in a nunnery for a year's probation.
Fie on such coldness ! there are Bowers of Fancies
Ravish'd from troops of fairy nymphs, and virgins
Cull'd from the downy breasts of queens their mo-
thers,

In the Titanian empire, far from mortals ;
But these are tales :—'troth, I have quite aban-
All loving humour. [doned

Liv. Here is scorn in riddles.

Rom. Were there another marquiss in Sienna,
More potent than the same who is vicegerent
To the great duke of Florence, our grand master ;
Were the great duke himself here, and would lift up
My head to fellow-pomp amongst his nobles,
By falsehood to the honour of a sister,
Urging me instrument in his seraglio,
I'd tear the wardrobe of an outside from him,
Rather than live a pander to his bribery.

Liv. So would the *he* you talk to, Romanello,
Without a noise that's singular.

Rom. She's a countess,
Flavia, she; but she has an earl her husband,
Though far from our procurement.

Liv. Castamela
Is refused then!

Rom. Never design'd my choice,
You know, and I know, Livio;—more, I tell thee,—
A noble honesty ought to give allowance,
When reason intercedes: by all that's manly,
I range not in derision, but compassion.

Liv. Intelligence flies swiftly.

Rom. Pretty swiftly;
We have compared the copy with the original,
And find no disagreement.

Liv. So my sister
Can be no wife for Romanello?

Rom. No, no,

One no, once more and ever:—this your courtesy
Foild me a second. Sir, you brought a welcome,
You must not part without it; scan with pity
My plainness: I intend nor gall nor quarrel.

Liv. Far be't from me to press a blame. Great
lady,

I kiss your noble hands;—and to these gentlemen
Present a civil parting. Romanello,
By the next foot-post thou wilt hear some news
Of alteration; if I send, come to me.

Rom. Questionless, yea.

Liv. My thanks may quit the favour. [*Exit.*]

Flav. Brother, his intercourse of conference
Appears at once perplex'd, but withal sensible.

Rom. Doubts easily resolved; upon your virtues
The whole foundation of my peace is grounded.
I'll guard you to your home; lost in one comfort,
Here I have found another.

Flav. Goodness prosper it!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter OCTAVIO, TROYLO, SECCO, and NITIDO.

Oct. No more of these complaints and clamours!
Have we

Nor enemies abroad, nor waking sycophants,
Who, peering through our actions, wait occasion
By which they watch to lay advantage open
To vulgar descant; but amongst ourselves,
Some, whom we call our own, must practise scandal

(Out of a liberty of ease and fulness)
Against our honour? We shall quickly order
Strange reformation, sirs, and you will find it.

Troy. When servants' servants, slaves, once
relish license

Of good opinion from a noble nature,
They take upon them boldness to abuse
Such interest, and lord it o'er their fellows,
As if they were exempt from that condition.

Oct. He is unfit to manage public matters,
Who knows not how to rule at home his household.
You must be jealous, puppy,—of a boy too!
Raise uproars, bandy noise, amongst young
maidens;

Keep revels in your madness, use authority
Of giving punishment: a fool must fool ye;
And this is all but pastime, as you think it!

Nit. With your good lordship's favour, since,
Spadone

Confess'd it was a gully put on Secco,
For some revenge meant me.

Troy. He vow'd it truth,
Before the ladies, in my hearing.

Oct. Sirrah,

I'll turn you to your shop again and trinkets,
Your suds and pan of small-coal: take your damsel,
The grand old rag of beauty, your death's head,
Try then what custom reverence can trade in;
Fiddle, and play your pranks amongst your neigh-
bours,

That all the town may roar ye! now you simper,
And look like a shaved skull.

Nit. This comes of prating.

Sec. I am, my lord, a worm; pray, my lord,
tread on me,

I will not turn again;—'las, I shall never venture
To hang my pole out—on my knees, I beg it,
My bare knees; I will down unto my wife,
And do what she will have me, all I can do;
Nay more, if she will have it, ask forgiveness,
Be an obedient husband, never cross her,
Unless sometimes in kindness:—Signor Troylo,
Speak one sweet word; I'll swear 'twas in my
madness,

I said I knew not what, and that no creature
Was brought by you amongst the ladies; Nitido,
I'll forswear thee too.

Oct. Wait a while our pleasure;
You shall know more anon.

Sec. Remember me now. [*Exeunt Sec. and Nit.*]

Oct. Troylo, thou art my brother's son, and
nearest

In blood to me; thou hast been next in counsels.
Those ties of nature (if thou canst consider
How much they do engage) work by instinct,
In every worthy or ignoble mention
Which can concern me.

Troy. Sir, they have, and shall,
As long as I bear life.

Oct. Henceforth the stewardship
My carefulness, for the honour of our family,
Has undertook, must yield the world account,
And make clear reckonings; yet we stand sus-
pected, In our even courses.

Troy. But when time shall wonder
How much it was mistaken in the issue
Of honourable and secure contrivements;
Your wisdom, crown'd with laurels of a justice
Deserving approbation, will quite foil
The ignorance of popular opinion.

Oct. Report is merry with my feats; my dotage,
Undoubtedly, the vulgar voice doth carol it.

Troy. True, sir; but Romanello's late admission
Warrants that giddy confidence of rumour
Without all contradiction; now 'tis oracle,
And so receiv'd: I am confirm'd the lady,
By this time, proves his scorn as well as laughter.

Oct. And we with her his table-talk; she stands
In any firm affection to him? [not

Troy. None, sir,
More than her wonted nobleness afforded
Out of a civil custom.

Oct. We are resolute
In our determination, meaning quickly
To cause these clouds fly off; the ordering of it,
Nephew, is thine.

Troy. Your care, and love commands me.

Enter LIVIO.

Liv. I come, my lord, a suitor.

Oct. Honest Livio,
Perfectly honest, really; no fallacies,
No flaws are in thy truth: I shall promote thee
To place more eminent.

Troy. Livio deserves it.

Oct. What suit? speak boldly.

Liv. Pray discharge my office,
My mastership; 'twere better live a yeoman,
And live with men, than over-eye your horses,
Whilst I myself am ridden like a jade.

Oct. Such breath sounds but ill-manners; know,
young man,

Old as we are, our soul retains a fire
Active and quick in motion, which shall equal
The daring'st boy's ambition of true manhood
That wears a pride to brave us.

Troy. He's my friend, sir.

Oct. You are weary of our service, and may
We can court no man's duty. [leave it;

Liv. Without passion,
My lord, d'ye think your nephew here, your
Troylo,

Parts in your spirit as freely as your blood?
'Tis no rude question.

Oct. Had you known his mother,
You might have sworn her honest; let him justify
Himself not base born: for thy sister's sake,
I do conceive the like of thee; be wiser,
But prate to me no more thus.—[To TROYLO.]—
If the gallant.

Resolve on my attendance, ere he leave me,
Acquaint him with the present service, nephew,
I meant to employ him in. [Exit.

Troy. Fie, Livio, wherefore
Turn'd wild upon the sudden?

Liv. Pretty gentleman,
How modestly you move your doubts! how tamely!
Ask Romanello: he hath, without leave,
Survey'd your Bower of Fancies, hath discover'd
The mystery of those pure nuns, those chaste ones,
Untouch'd, forsooth! the holy academy!
Hath found a mother's daughter there of mine too,
And one who call'd my father, father; talks on't,
Ruffles in mirth on't; baffled to my face
The glory of her greatness by it.

Troy. Truly?

Liv. Death to my sufferance, canst thou hear
this misery,
And answer it with a "truly"? 'Twas thy wickedness.

False as thine own heart, tempted my credulity,
That, her to ruin: she was once an innocent,
As free from spot as the blue face of heaven,
Without a cloud in't; she is now as sullied
As is that canopy when mists and vapours
Divide it from our sight, and threaten pestilence.

Troy. Says he so, Livio?

Liv. Yes, an't like your nobleness,
He truly does so say! Your breach of friendship
With me, must borrow courage from your uncle,
Whilst your sword talks an answer; there's no
I will have satisfaction, though thy life [remedy,
Come short of such demand.

Troy. Then satisfaction,
Much worthier than your sword can force, you
shall have,

Yet mine shall keep the peace. I can be angry,
And brave aloud in my reply; but honour
Schools me to fitter grounds: this, as a gentleman,
I promise, ere the minutes of the night
Warn us to rest, such satisfaction,—hear me,
And credit it—as more you cannot wish for,
So much, not think of.

Liv. Not? the time is short;
Before our sleeping hour, you vow?

Troy. I do,
Before we ought to sleep.

Liv. So I intend too;
On confidence of which, what left the marquis.
In charge for me? I'll do't.

Troy. Invite count Julio,
His lady, and her brother, with their company,
To my lord's court at supper.

Liv. Easy business;

And then—

Troy. And then, soon after, the performance
Of my past vow waits on ye; but be certain
You bring them with you.

Liv. Yet your servant.

Troy. Nearer, my friend; you'll find no less.

Liv. 'Tis strange: is't possible? [Exit

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter CASTAMELA, CLARELLA, FLORIN, and SILVIA.

Cast. You have discours'd to me a lovely story,
My heart doth dance to th' music; 'twere a sin
Should I in any tittle stand distrustful,
Where such a people, such as you are, innocent
Even by the patent of your years and language,
Inform a truth. O! talk it o'er again.
You are, you say, three daughters of one mother,
That mother only sister to the marquis,
Whose charge hath, since her death, (being left a
widow,)

Here in this place prefer'd your education?
Is't so?

Clar. It is even so; and howsoever
Report may wander loosely in some scandal
Against our privacies, yet we have wanted
No graceful means fit for our births and qualities.
To train us up into a virtuous knowledge
Of what, and who we ought to be.

Flo. Our uncle
Hath often told us, how it more concern'd him,
Before he show'd us to the world, to render
Our youths and our demeanours in each action
Approv'd by his experience, than too early
Adventure on the follies of the age,
By prone temptations fatal.

Sil. In good deed, la,
We mean no harm.

Cast. Deceit must want a shelter
Under a roof that's covering to souls
So white as breathe beneath it, such as these are
My happiness shares largely in this blessing.

And I must thank direction of the providence
Which led me hither.

Clar. Aptly have you styled it
A providence, for, ever in chaste loves,
Such majesty hath power. Our kinsman, Troilo,
Was herein his own factor; he will prove,—
Believe him, lady,—every way as constant,
As noble; we can bail him from the cruelty
Of misconstruction.

Flo. You will find his tongue
But a just secretary to his heart.

Cast. The guardianship, dear creatures, now and
It seems, makes bold to talk. [then,

Clar. She has waited on us
From all our cradles; will prate sometimes oddly,
However, means but sport: I am unwilling
Our household should break up, but must obey
His wisdom, under whose command we live;
Sever our companies I'm sure we shall not:
Yet, 'tis a pretty life this, and a quiet.—

*Enter MOROSA, and SECCO, with his apron on, carrying a
basin of water, scissors, comb, towels, razor, &c.*

Sec. Chuck, duckling, honey, mouse, monkey,
all and everything, 'I am thine ever and only;
will never offend again, as I hope to shave clean,
and get honour by it: heartily I ask forgiveness;
be gracious to thine own flesh and blood, and kiss
me home.

Mor. Look you provoke us no more; for this
time you shall find mercy.—Was 't that hedgehog
set thy brains a-crowding? be quits with him; but
do not hurt the great male-baby.

Sec. Enough; I am wise, and will be merry.—
Haste, beauties; the caroches will sudden receive
you: a night of pleasure is toward, pray for good
husbands a-piece, that may trim you featly, dainty
ones, and let me alone to trim them.

Mor. Loving hearts, be quick as soon as ye can,
time runs apace; what you must do, do nimbly,
and give your minds to't. Young bloods stand
fumbling! fie, away; be ready, for shame, before-
hand. Husband, stand to thy tackling, husband,
like a man of mettle:—go, go, go!

Sec. [Aloud.] Will ye come away, loiterers?
shall I wait all day? am I at livery d'ye think?

Enter SPALONE ready to be trimmed, and NITTO.

Spa. Here, and ready; what a mouthing thou
keepest! I have but scoured my hands, and cur-
ried my head to save time. Honest Secco! neat
Secco! precious barbarian! now thou lookest like
a worshipful tooth-drawer; would I might see thee
on horseback, in the pomp, once.

Sec. A chair, a chair! quick, quick!

Nit. Here's a chair, a chair-politic, my fine
boy; sit thee down in triumph, and rise one of
the Nine Worthies! thou'lt be a sweet youth anon,
sirrah.

Spa. [Sits down.] So; to work with a grace
now. I cannot but highly be in love with the
fashion of gentry, which is never complete till the
snip snap of dexterity hath mowed off the excre-
ments of slovenry.

Sec. Very commodiously delivered, I protest.

Nit. Nay, the thing under your fingers is a
whelp of the wits, I can assure you.

Spa. I a whelp of the wits? no, no, I cannot
bark indignantly and ignorantly enough. Oh, an

a man of this art had now and then sovereignty
over fair ladies, you would tickle their upper and
their lower lips, you'd so smouch and belaver
their chops!

Sec. We'll light on some offices for ladies too, as
occasions serves.

Nit. Yes; frizzle or powder their hair, plane
their eye-brows, set a nap on their cheeks, keep
secrets, and tell news; that's all.

Sec. Wink fast with both your eyes: the ingre-
dients to the composition of this hall are most
odorous camphire, pure soap of Venice, oil of
sweet almonds, with the spirit of alum: they will
search and smart shrewdly, if you keep not the
shop windows of your head close.

[*Spa.* shuts his eyes, while *Sec.* besmears the whole of
his face.

Spa. News! well remembered; that's part of
your trade too;—prithce do not rub so roughly—
and how goes the tattle o' the town? what novelties
stirring, ha?

Sec. Strange, and scarce to be credited. A
gelding was lately seen to leap an old mare; and
an old man of one hundred and twelve stood in a
white sheet for getting a wench of fifteen with
child, here hard by: most admirable and por-
tentous!

Spa. I'll never believe it; 'tis impossible.

Nit. Most certain: some doctor-farriers are of
opinion that the mare may cast a foal, which the
master of their hall concludes, in spite of all jockies
and their familiars, will carry every race before him,
without spur or switch.

Spa. Oh rare! a man might venture ten or twenty
to one safely then, and never be in danger of
the cheat:—this water, methinks, is none of the
sweetest; camphire and soap of Venice, say
ye?

Sec. With a little *Græcum album* for mundifi-
cation.

Nit. *Græcum album* is a kind of white perfumed
powder, which plain country people, I believe, call
dog-musk.

Spa. Dog-musk! pox o'the dog-musk!—what?
dost mean to bleach my nose, thou giv'st such
twitches to't? Set me at liberty as soon as thou
canst, gentle Secco.

Sec. Only pare off a little superfluous down from
your chin, and all's done.

Spa. Pish, no matter for that; dispatch, I en-
treat thee.

Nit. Have patience, man; 'tis for his credit to
be neat.

Spa. What's that so cold, at my throat, and
scrubs so hard?

Sec. A kind of steel instrument, ye'leped a razor,
a sharp tool and a keen; it has a certain virtue of
cutting a throat, if a man please to give his mind
to't—hold up your muzzle, signor—when did you
talk bawdily to my wife last? tell me for your own
good, signor, I advise you.

Spa. I talk bawdily to thy wife? hang bawdry!
Good now, mind thy business, lest thy hand slip!

Nit. Give him kind words, you were best, for a
toy that I know.

Sec. Confess, or I shall mar your grace in whif-
fing tobacco, or squirting of sweet wines down
your gullet—you have been offering to play the
gelding we told you of, I suppose—speak truth,—
move the semicircle of your countenance to my left

hand file.—out with the truth; would you have had a leap?

Nit. Spadone, thou art in a lamentable pickle, have a good heart, and pray if thou canst; I pity thee.

Spa. I protest and vow, friend Secco, I know no leaps, I.

Sec. Lecherously goatish, and an eunuch! this cut, and then—

Spa. Confound thee, thy leaps and thy cuts! I am no eunuch, you finical ass, I am no eunuch; but at all points as well provided as any he in Italy, and that thy wife could have told thee. This your conspiracy! to thrust my head into a brazen tub of kitchen-lee, hood-wink mine eyes in mud-soap, and then offer to cut my throat in the dark, like a coward? I may live to be revenged on both of ye.

Nit. O scurvy! thou art angry; feel, man, whether thy weapon be not cracked first.

Sec. You must fiddle my brains into a jealousy, rub my temples with saffron, and burnish my forehead with the juice of yellows! Have I fitted you now, sir?

Enter MOROSA.

Spa. All's whole yet, I hope.

Mor. Yes, sirrah, all is whole yet; but if ever thou dost speak treason against my sweeting and me once more, thou'lt find a roguish bargain on't. Dear, this was handled like one of spirit and discretion; Nitido has paged it trimly too: no wording, but make ready and attend at court.

Sec. Now we know thou art a man, we forget what hath past, and are fellows and friends again.

Nit. Wipe your face clean, and take heed of a razor.

[Exeunt MOR. SEC. and NIT.]

Spa. The fear put me into a sweat; I cannot help it. I am glad I have my throat mine own, and must laugh for company, or be laughed at.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A State Room in the same.

Enter LIVIO and TROVIO.

Liv. You find, sir, I have proved a ready servant, And brought th' expected guests: amidst these feastings,

costly entertainments, you must pardon the civility that here sequesters

our ears from choice of music or discourse,

less pleasant parley. Night draws on,

and quickly will grow old; it were unmanly

for any gentleman who loves his honour,

To put it on the rack; here is small comfort

of such a satisfaction as was promised,

Though certainly it must be had: pray tell me,

What can appear about me to be used thus?

My soul is free from injuries.

Trov. My tongue

From serious untruths; I never wrong'd you,

Love you too well to mean it now.

Liv. Not wrong'd me?

Bless'd Heaven! this is the bandy of a patience

Beyond all-sufferance.

Trov. If your own acknowledgement

Quit me not fairly, ere the hours of rest

Shall shut our eyes, say, I made a forfeit

Of what so length of years can once redeem.

Liv. Fine whirling in tame imagination! On, sir;

It is scarce mannerly at such a season,
Such a solemnity (the place and presence
Consider'd) with delights to mix combustions.

Troy. Prepare for free contents, and give 'em welcome.

A Flourish.—Enter OCTAVIO, JULIO, FLAVIA, ROMANELLO, CAMILLO, and VESPUCCI.

Oct. I dare not study words, or hold a compliment,

For this particular, this special favour.

Jul. Your bounty and your love, my lord, must justly

Engage a thankfulness.

Flav. Indeed,

Varieties of entertainment here

Have so exceeded all account of plenty,

That you have left, great sir, no rarities

Except an equal welcome, which may purchase

Opinion of a common hospitality.

Oct. But for this grace, madam, I will lay open

Before your judgments, which I know can rate them

A cabinet of jewels, rich and lively,

The world can show none goodlier; those I prize

Dear as my life.—Nephew!

Troy. Sir, I obey you.

[Exit.]

Flav. Jewels, my lord?

Oct. No stranger's eye e'er view'd them,

Unless your brother Romanello haply

Was woo'd unto a sight, for his apprement;

No more.

Rom. Not I, I do protest: I hope, sir,

You cannot think I am a lapidary;

I, skill in jewels!

Oct. 'Tis a proper quality

For any gentleman; your other friends,

May be, are not so coy.

Jul. Who, they? they know not

A topaz from an opal.

Cam. We are ignorant

In gems which are not common.

Vesp. But his lordship

Is pleased, it seems, to try our ignorance.—

For passage of the time, till they are brought,

Pray look upon a letter lately sent me.

Lord Julio, madam, Romanello, read

A novelty; 'tis written from Bononia.

Fabricio, once a merchant in this city,

Is entered into orders, and received

Amongst the Capuchins, a fellow; news

Which ought not any ways to be unpleasant:

Certain, I can assure it.

Jul. He at last has

Bestow'd himself upon a glorious service.

Rom. Most happy man!—I now forgive the injuries

Thy former life exposed thee to.

Liv. Turn capuchin!

He! whilst I stand a cypher, and fill up

Only an useless sum to be laid out.

In an unthrifty lewdness, that must buy

Both name and riot; Oh, my fickle destiny! *[Aside]*

Rom. Sister, you cannot taste this course but bravely,

But thankfully.

Flav. He's now dead to the world,

And lives to Heaven; a saint's reward reward him—

My only loved lord, all your fears are henceforth

Confined unto a sweet and happy penance. *[Aside.]*

Re-enter TROYLO, with CASTANELLA, CLARELLA, FLORIA, SILVIA, and MOROSA.

Oct. Behold, I keep my word; these are the jewels

Deserve a treasury; I can be prodigal
Amongst my friends; examine well their lustre,
Does it not sparkle! wherefore dwells your silence
In such amazement?

Liv. Patience, keep within me,
Leap not yet rudely into scorn of anger! [*Aside.*

Flav. Beauties incomparable!

Oct. Romanello,
I have been only steward to your pleasures;
You loved this lady once; what say you now to her?

Cast. I must not court you, sir.

Rom. By no means, fair one;
Enjoy your life of greatness. Sure the spring
Is past, the BOWER OF FANCIES is quite wither'd,
And offer'd like a lottery to be drawn;
I dare not venture for a blank, excuse me.—

Exquisite jewels!

Liv. Hark ye, Trovlo.

Troy. Spare me.

Oct. You then renounce all right in Castamela?
Say, Romanello.

Rom. Gladly.

Troy. Then I must not:
Thus I embrace mine own, my wife; confirm it
Thus—When I fail, my dearest, to deserve thee,
Comforts and life shall fail me!

Cast. Like vow I,

For my part.

Troy. Livio, now my brother, justly
I have given satisfaction.

Cast. Oh, excuse

Our secrecy; I have been—

Liv. Much more worthy
A better brother, he a better friend
Than my dull brains could fashion.

Rom. Am I cozen'd?

Oct. You are not, Romanello: we examined
On what conditions your affections fix'd,
And found them merely courtship; but my nephew
Loved with a faith resolv'd, and used his policy
To draw the lady into this society,
To draw freely to discover his sincerity;
Even without Livio's knowledge; thus succeeded
And prosper'd:—he's my heir, and she deserv'd
him.

Jul. Storm not at what is past.

[*To Rom.*

Flav. A fate as happy
May crown you with a full content.

Oct. Whatever

Report hath talk'd of me abroad, and these,
Know they are all my nieces, are the daughters
To my dead only sister; this their guardiansess
Since they first saw the world: indeed, my mis-
tresses

They are, I have none other; how brought up,
Their qualities may speak. Now, Romanello,
And gentlemen, for such I know ye all,
Portions they shall not want, both fit and worthy;
Nor will I look on fortune; if you like,
Court them and win them; here is free access,
In mine own court henceforth: only for thee,
Livio, I wish Clarella were allotted.

Liv. Most noble lord, I am struck silent.

Flav. Brother,
Here's noble choice.

Rom. Frenzy, how didst thou seize me?

Clar. We knew you, sir, in Fragnoli's posture.

Flo. Were merry at the sight.

Sil. And gave you welcome.

Mor. Indeed, forsooth, and so we did, an't like
you.

Oct. Enough, enough.—Now, to shut up the
night,

Some menial servants of mine own are ready
For to present a Merriment; they intend,
According to th' occasion of the meeting,
In several shapes, to show how love o'erways
All men of several conditions, Soldier,
Gentry, Fool, Scholar, Merchant-man, and Clown;
A harmless recreation.—Take your places.

[*Musio.*

*Enter SPADONE, BECCO, NITIDO, and other Maskers, dressed,
respectively, as the six characters mentioned above.*

A DANCE.

Your duties are perform'd. Henceforth, Spadone,
Cast off thy borrowed title: nephew Trovlo,
His mother gave thee suck; esteem him honest.
Lights for the lodgings! 'tis high time for rest.
Great men may be mistook when they mean
[*Ex.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by MOROSA, CLARELLA, CASTANELLA, and FLAVIA.

Mor. A while suspected, gentlemen, I look
For no new law, being quitted by the book.

Clar. Our harmless pleasures, free, in every sort,
Actions of scandal; may they free report!

Cast. Distrust is base, presumption urgeth wrongs;
But noble thoughts must prompt as noble tongues.

Flav. Fancy and judgment are a play's full matter;
If we have err'd in one, right you the latter.

THE LADY'S TRIAL.

TO MY DESERVINGLY HONOURED,

JOHN WYRLEY, ESQUIRE,

AND TO THE VIRTUOUS AND RIGHT WORTHY GENTLEWOMAN,

MRS. MARY WYRLEY, HIS WIFE,

THIS SERVICE.

THE inequality of retribution turns to a pity, when there is not ability sufficient for acknowledgment. Your equal respects may yet admit the readiness of endeavour, though the very hazard in it betray my defect. I have enjoyed freely acquaintance with the sweetness of your dispositions, and can justly account, from the nobleness of them, an evident distinction betwixt friendship and friends. The latter (according to the practice of compliment) are usually met with, and often without search: the other, many have searched for, I have found. For which, though I partake a benefit of the fortune, yet to you, most equal pair, must remain the honour of that bounty. In presenting this trade of some less serious hours to your tuition, I appeal from the severity of censure to the mercy of your judgments; and shall rate it at a higher value than when it was mine own, if you only allow it the favour of adoption. Thus, as your happiness in the fruition of each other's love proceeds to a constancy; so the truth of mine shall appear less unshaken, as you shall please to continue in your good opinions

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AURIA, *a noble*
ADURNI, *a young*
AURELIO, *Friend to ADURNI.*
MALFATO, *a discontented Lover.*

FRELICATIO, *Citizens of Genoa.*
MARTINO, *Dependents on ADURNI.*
PIERO,
FUTELLI,

GUZMAN, *a braggadoccio Spaniard.*
FULGOSO, *an upstart Gallant.*
BENATZI, *Husband to LEVIDOLCHE.*

SPINELLA, *Wife to AURIA.*
CASTANNA, *her Sister.*
AMORETTA, *a fantastic Maid.*
LEVIDOLCHE, *a Wanton.*

SCENE,—GENOA.

PROLOGUE.

LANGUAGE and matter, with a fit of mirth,
That sharply savours more of air than earth,
Like midwives, bring a play to timely birth.

But where's now such a one, in which these three,
Are handsomely contriv'd? or, if they be,
Are understood by all who hear to see?

Wit, wit's the word in fashion, that alone
Cries up the poet, which, though neatly shown,
Is rather censured, oftentimes, than known.

He who will venture on a jest, that can
Rail on another's pain, or idly scan
Affairs of state, oh! he's the only man!

A goodly approbation, which must bring
Fame with contempt, by such a deadly sting!
The Muses chatter, who were wont to sing.

Your favours in what we present to-day;
Our fearless author boldly bids me say,
He tenders you no satire, but a play;

In which, if so he have not hit all right,
For wit, words, mirth, and matter, as he might,
He wishes yet he had, for your delight.

MASTER BIRD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of AURIA.*

Enter PIERO and FUTELLI, at opposite doors.

Piero. Accomplished man of fashion !

Fut. The times' wonder !

Gallant of gallants, Genoa's *Piero* !

Piero. Italy's darling, Europe's joy, and so forth !
The newest news ? unvamp'd ?

Fut. I am no foot-post,
No pedlar of Avisos, no monopolist
Of forged Corantos, monger of gazettes.

Piero. Monger of courtizans, [my] fine Futelli ;
In certain kind a merchant of the staple
For wares of use and trade ; a taker-up,
Rather indeed a knocker-down ; the word
Will carry either sense :—but in pure earnest,
How trowls the common noise ?

Fut. Auria, who lately,
Wedded and bedded to the fair Spinella,
Tired with the enjoyments of delights, is hasting
To cuff the Turkish pirates, in the service
Of the great duke of Florence.—

Piero. Does not carry
His pretty thing along.

Fut. Leaves her to buffet
Land-pirates here at home.

Piero. That's thou and I ;
Futelli, sirrah, and Piero.—Blockhead !
To run from such an armful of pleasures,
For gaining—what ?—a bloody nose of honour.
Most sottish and abominable !

Fut. Wicked,
Shameful and cowardly, I will maintain.

Piero. Is all my signor's hospitality,
Huge banquetings, deep revels, costly trappings,
Shrunk to a cabin, and a single welcome
To beverage and biscuit ?

Fut. Hold thy peace, man ;
It makes for us :—he comes, let's part demurely.

[*They take different sides.*]

Enter ADURNI and AURIA.

Adur. We wish thee, honour'd Auria, life and
safety ;

Return crown'd with a victory, whose wreath
Of triumph may advance thy country's glory,
Worthy your name and ancestors !

Aur. My lord,
I shall not live to thrive in any action
Deserving memory, when I forget
Adurni's love and favour.

Adur. I present you
My service for a farewell ; let few words
Excuse all arts of compliment.

Fut. For my own part,
Kill or be kill'd, (for there's the short and long
Call me your shadow's hench-boy. [on't,])

Aur. Gentlemen,
My business urging on a present haste,
Enforceeth short reply.

Adur. We dare not hinder
Your resolution wing'd with thoughts so constant.
All happiness !

Piero and Fut. Contents !

[*Exeunt ADURNI, PIERO, and FUTELLI.*]

Aur. So leave the winter'd people of the north,
The minutes of their summer, when the sun

Departing leaves them in cold robes of ice,
As I leave Genoa.—

Enter TRELCATIO, SPINELLA, and CASTANNA.

Now appears the object
Of my apprenticed heart : thou bring'st, Spinella,
A welcome in a farewell—souls and bodies
Are sever'd for a time, a span of time,
To join again, without all separation,
In a confirmed unity for ever :
Such will our next embraces be, for life ;
And then to take the wreck of our divisions,
Will sweeten the remembrance of past dangers,
Will fasten love in perpetuity,
Will force our sleeps to steal upon our stories.
These days must come, and shall, without a cloud,
Or night of fear, or envy. To your charge,
Trelcatio, our good uncle, and the comfort
Of my Spinella's sister, fair Castanna,
I do entrust this treasure.

Trel. I dare promise,
My husbanding that trust with truth and care.

Cast. My sister shall to me stand an example,
Of pouring free devotions for your safety.

Aur. Gentle Castanna, thou'rt a branch of good-
ness
Grown on the self-same stock with my Spinella.—
But why, my dear, hast thou lock'd up thy speech

[*To Spin.*]

In so much silent sadness ? Oh ! at parting,
Belike one private whisper must be sigh'd.—
Uncle, the best of peace enrich your family !
I take my leave.

Trel. Blessings and health preserve you ! [*Exit.*]

Aur. Nay, nay, Castanna, you may hear our
counsels :

A while, you are design'd your sister's husband.
Give me thy hand, Spinella, as you did promise,
To send me from you with more cheerful looks,
Without a grudge or tear ;—*dear*, love, you did.

Spi. What friend have I left in your absence ?

Aur. Many :

Thy virtues are such friends they cannot fail
thee ;

Faith, purity of thoughts, and such a meekness,
As would force scandal to a blush.

Spi. Admit, sir,
The patent of your life should be call'd in ;
How am I then left to account with griefs,
More slav'd to pity than a broken heart ?
Auria ! soul of my comforts, I let fall
No eye on breach of fortune ; I condemn
No entertainment to divided hopes,
I urge no pressures by the scorn of change ;
And yet, my Auria, when I but conceive
How easy 'tis (without impossibility)
Never to see thee more, forgive me then,
If I conclude I may be miserable,
Most miserable.

Cast. And such conclusion, sister,
Argues effects of a distrust more voluntary,
Than cause by likelihood.

Aur. 'Tis true, Castanna.

Spi. I grant it truth ; yet, Auria, I'm a woman,
And therefore apt to fear : to show my duty,
And not to take heart from you, I'll walk from
you,

At your command, and not as much as trouble
Your thought with one poor looking back.

Aur. I thank thee,

My worthy wife! Before we kiss, receive
This caution from thine Auria: first—Castanna,
Let us bid farewell. *[Cast. walks aside.]*

Spi. Speak, good, speak.

Aur. The steps

Young ladies tread, left to their own discretion,
However wisely printed, are observed,
And construed as the lookers-on presume:
Point out thy ways then in such even paths,
As thine own jealousies from others' tongues
May not intrude a guilt, though undeserv'd.
Admit of visits as of physic forced,
Not to procure health, but for safe prevention
Against a growing sickness; in thy use
Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,
As no remembrance may impeach thy rest.
Appear not in a fashion that can prompt
The gazer's eye, or holla, to report
Some widowed neglect of handsome value:
In recreations be both wise and free;
Live still at home, home to thyself, how'er
Enrich'd with noble company; remember
A woman's virtue, in her lifetime, writes
The epitaph all covet on their tombs:
In short, I know thou never wilt forget
Whose wife thou art, or how upon thy lips
Thy husband at his parting seal'd this kiss. —
No more. *[Kisses her.]*

Spi. Dear heaven! go, sister, go.

[Exeunt SPINELLA AND CASTANNA.]

Aur. Done bravely,
And like the choice of glory, to know mine—
One of earth's best I have forgone—

Enter AURELIO.

See, see!

Yet in another I am rich, a friend,
A perfect one, Aurelio.

Aurel. Had I been
No stranger to your bosom, sir, ere now,
You might have sort'd me in your resolves,
Companion of your fortunes.

Aur. So the wrongs
I should have ventured on against thy fate
Must have denied all pardon. Not to hold
Dispute with reputations, why, before
This present instant, I conceal'd the stealth
Of my adventures from thy counsels,—know,
My wants do drive me hence.

Aurel. Wants! so you said,
And 'twas not friendly spoken.

Aur. Hear me further.

Aurel. Auria, take heed the covert of a folly
Willing to range, be not, without excuse,
Discover'd in the coinage of untruths;
I use no harder language. Thou art near
Already on a shipwreck, in forsaking
The holy land of friendship, [and forbearing]
To talk your wants.—Fie!

Aur. By that sacred thing
Last issued from the temple where it dwelt,
I mean our friendship, I am sunk so low
In my estate, that, bid me live in Genoa
But six months longer, I survive the remnant
Of all my store.

Aurel. Umph!

Aur. In my country, friend,
Where I have sided my superior, friend,

Sway'd opposition, friend; friend, here to fall
Subject to scorn, or rarely-found compassion,
Were more than man that hath a soul could bear,
A soul not stoop'd to servitude.

Aurel. You show,

Nor certainty, nor weak assurance yet
Of reparation in this course, in case
Command be proffer'd.

Aur. He who can not merit

Preferment by employments, let him bare
His throat unto the Turkish cruelty.
Or die, or live a slave without redemption!

Aurel. For that, so! but you have a wife, a
young,

A fair wife; she, though she could never claim
Right in prosperity, was never tempted
By trial of extremes; to youth and beauty
Baits for dishonour, and a perish'd fame.

Aur. Shew me the man that lives, and to my
face

Dares speak, scarce think, such tyranny against
Spinella's constancy, except Aurelio—
He is my friend.

Aurel. There lives not then a friend
Dares love you like Aurelio; that Aurelio,
Who, late and early, often said, and truly,
Your marriage with Spinella would entangle
As much the opinion due to your discretion,
As your estate; it hath done so to both.

Aur. I find it hath.

Aurel. He who prescribes no law,
No limits of condition to the objects
Of his affection, but will merely wed
A face, because 'tis round, or limn'd by nature
In purest red and white; or, at the best,
For that his mistress owes an excellence
Of qualities, knows when and how to speak,
Where to keep silence, with fit reasons why;
Whose virtues are her only dower, (else [none,]
In either kind,) ought of himself to master
Such fortunes as add fuel to their loves;
For otherwise—but herein I am idle,
Have fool'd to little purpose.

Aur. She's my wife.

Aurel. And being so, it is not manly done
To leave her to the trial of her wits,
Her modesty, her innocence, her vows:
This is the way that points her out an art
Of wanton life.

Aur. Sir, said ye?

Aurel. You form reasons,
Just ones, for your abandoning the storms
Which threaten your own ruin; but propose
No shelter for her honour: what my tongue
Hath utter'd, Auria, is but honest doubt,
And you are wise enough in the construction.

Aur. Necessity must arm my confidence,
Which, if I live to triumph over, friend,
And e'er come back in plenty, I pronounce
Aurelio heir of what I can bequeath;
Some fit deduction for a worthy widow,
Allow'd, with caution she be like to prove so.

Aurel. Who? I your heir! your wife being
In every probability so forward [yet so young,
To make you a father? leave such thoughts.

Aur. Believe it,
Without replies, Aurelio: keep this note,
A warrant for receiving from Martino
Two hundred ducats; as you find occasion
Dispose them in my absence to Spinella:

I would not trust her uncle, he, good man,
Is at an ebb himself; another hundred
I left with her, a fourth I carry with me.
Am I not poor, Aurelio, now? Exchange
Of more debates between us, would undo
My resolution; walk a little, prithee,
Friends we are, and will embrace; but let's not
Another word. [speak]
Aurel. I'll follow you to your horse. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in the House of ADURNI.

Enter ADURNI, and FUTELLI, with a letter, which he presents to ADURNI.

Adur. With her own hand?

Fut. She never used, my lord,
A second means, but kiss'd the letter first,
O'erlook'd the superscription; then let fall
Some amorous drops, kiss'd it again, talk'd to it
Twenty times over, set it to her mouth,
Then gave it me, then snatch'd it back again,
Then cry'd, "Oh, my poor heart!" and, in an
instant,

"Commend my truth and secrecy." Such medley
Of passion yet I never saw in woman.

Adur. In woman? thou'rt deceiv'd; but that
we both

Had mothers, I could say how women are,
In their own natures, models of mere change;
Of change of what is naught to what is worse.—
She feed you liberally?

Fut. Twenty ducats
She forced on me; vow'd, by the precious love
She bore the best of men, (I use, my lord,
Her very words,) the miracle of men,
Malfato,—then she sigh'd,—this mite of gold
Was only entrance to a farther bounty:
'Tis meant, my lord, belike, press-money.

Adur. Devil!
How durst she tempt thee [thus,] Futelli, knowing
Tay love to me?

Fut. There lies, my lord, her cunning,
Rather her craft; first she began, what pity
It was, that men should differ in estates
Without proportion; some so strangely rich,
Others so miserable poor; "and yet,"
Quoth she, "since 'tis [in] very deed unfit
All should be equals, so I must confess,
It were good justice that the properest men
Should be prefer'd to fortune, such as nature
Had mark'd with fair abilities; of which
Genoa, for aught I know, hath wond'rous few,
Not two to boast of."

Adur. Here began her itch.

Fut. I answer'd, she was happy then, whose
In you, my lord, was singular. [choice]

Adur. Well urg'd.

Fut. She smiled, and said, it might be so; and
yet—

There stopp'd: then I closed with her, and con-
The title of a lord was not enough, [cluded]
For absolute perfection; I had seen
Persons of meaner quality, much more
Exact in fair endowments—but your lordship
Will pardon me, I hope.

Adur. And love thee for it.

Fut. "Phew! let that pass," quoth she, "and
now we partle

Of handsome gentlemen, in my opinion,
Malfato is a very pretty fellow;
Is he not, pray, sir?" I had then the truth
Of what I roved at, and with more than praise
Approv'd her judgment in so high a strain,
Without comparison, my honour'd lord,
That soon we both concluded of the man,
The match and business.

Adur. For delivering
A letter to Malfato?

Fut. Whereto I

No sooner had consented, with protests—
(I did protest, my lord)—of secrecy
And service, but she kiss'd me, as I live,
Of her own free accord—I trust your lordship
Conceives not me amiss—pray rip the seal,
My lord, you'll find sweet stuff, I dare believe.

Adur. [reads.] *Present to the most accomplished
of men, Malfato, with this love a service.*
Kind superscription! prithee, find him out,
Deliver it with compliment; observe
How ceremoniously he does receive it.

Fut. Will not your lordship peruse the contents?

Adur. Enough, I know too much; he be just and
cunning;

A wanton mistress is a common sewer.—
Much newer project labours in my brain.

Enter PIERO.

Your friend! here's now the Gemini of wit:
What odd conceit is next on foot? some cast
Of neat invention, ha, sirs?

Piero. Very fine,
I do protest, my lord.

Fut. Your lordship's ear
Shall share i' th' plot.

Adur. As how?

Piero. You know, my lord,
Young Amoretta, old Trelicatio's daughter;
An honest man, but poor.

Fut. And, my good lord,
He that is honest must be poor, my lord;
It is a common rule.

Adur. Well,—Amoretta.—
Pray, one at once—my knowledge is not much
Of her, instruct me.

Piero. Speak, Futelli.

Fut. Spare me.

Piero has the tongue more pregnant.

Piero. Fie!

Play on your creature?

Fut. Shall be your's.

Piero. Nay, good.

Adur. Well, keep your mirth, my dainty bonies;
agree

Some two days hence, till when—

Piero. By any means,
Partake the sport, my lord; this thing of youth—

Fut. Handsome enough, good face, quick eye,
well bred.

Piero. Is yet possess so strangely—

Fut. With an humour

Of thinking she deserves—

Piero. A duke, a count,
At least a viscount, for her husband, that—

Fut. She scorns all mention of a match beneath
One of the foresaid nobles; will not ride
In a caroch without eight horses.

Piero. Six

She may be drawn to; four—

Fut. Are for the poor :
But for two horses in a coach—

Piero. She says,
They're not for creatures of Heaven's making ;
fitter—

Fut. Fitter for litters to convey hounds in,
Than poorer Christian : yet herself—

Piero. Herself
Walks evermore a-foot, and knows not whether
A coach doth trot or amble—

Fut. But by hearsay.

Adur. Stop, gentlemen, you run a gallop both ;
Are out of breath sure : 'tis a kind of compliment
Scarce enter'd to the times ; but certainly
You coin a humour ; let me understand
Deliberately your fancy.

Piero. In plain troth,
My lord, the she whom we describe is such,
And lives here, here in Genoa, this city,
This very city, now, the very now.

Adur. Trelentio's daughter ?

Fut. Has refused suitors
Of worthy rank, substantial and free parts,
Only for that they are not dukes, or counts ;
Yet she herself, with all her father's store,
Can hardly weigh above four hundred ducats.

Adur. Now, your design for sport ?

Piero. Without prevention :
Guzman, the Spaniard late cashier'd, most gravely
Observes the full punctilios of his nation ;
And him have we beleaguer'd to accost
This she-piece, under a pretence of being
Grandee of Spain, and cousin to twelve princes.

Fut. For rival unto whom we have enraged
Fulgoso, the rich coxcomb lately started
A gentleman, out of a sutler's hut,
In the late Flemish wars ; we have resolv'd him
He is descended from Pantagruel,
Of famous memory, by the father's side,
And by the mother from dame Fusti-Bunga,
Who, troubled long time with a strangury,
Vented at last salt-water so abundantly,
As drown'd the land 'twixt Zirick-see and Vere,
Where steeples' tops are only seen. He casts
Beyond the moon, and will be greater yet,
In sight of Don.

Adur. You must abuse the maid,
Beyond amends.

Fut. But countenance the course,
My lord, and it may chance, beside the mirth,
To win a reformation on the maiden :
For father's leave is granted, and thanks promised ;
And all is harmless trials.

Adur. I may.

Fut. Of such use.

Adur. Your lordship's humblest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in Malfato's House.

Enter Aurel and Malfato.

Aurel. A melancholy, grounded, and resolv'd,
Reduced into a habit, argues love,
Or deep impression of strong discontents.
In cases of these rarities a friend,
Upon whose faith, and confidence, we may
Vent with security our grief, becomes
Of-times the best physician ; for, when
We find no remedy, we cannot miss

Advice instead of comfort ; and believe,
'Tis an ease, Malfato, to disburthen
Our souls of secret clogs, where they may find
A rest in pity, though not in redress.

Mal. Let all this sense be yielded to.

Aurel. Perhaps

You measure what I say, the common nature
Of an officious curiosity.

Mal. Not I, sir.

Aurel. Or that other private ends
Sift your retirements.—

Mal. Neither.

Enter FUTELLI.

Fut. Under favour,
Signor Malfato, I am sent to crave
Your leisure, for a word or two in private.

Mal. To me ! Your mind.

Fut. This letter will inform ye.

[*Gives him the letter.*]

Mal. Letter ? how's this ? what's here ?

Fut. Speak you to me, sir ?

Mal. Brave riddle ! I'll endeavour to unfold it.

Aurel. How fares the Lord Adurni ?

Fut. Sure in health, sir.

Aurel. He is a noble gentleman, withal
Happy in his endeavours : the general voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And every fair demeanor, an example ;
Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honour to his titles.

Mal. You know from whence this comes ?

Fut. I do.

Mal. D'ye laugh !

But that I must consider such as spaniels
To those who feed and clothe them, I would print
Thy pandarism upon thy forehead :—there !

[*Throws him the letter.*]

Bear back that paper to the hell from whence
It gave thee thy directions ! tell this lord,
He ventured on a foolish policy,
In aiming at the scandal of my blood ;
The trick is childish, base,—say base.

Fut. You wrong him.

Aurel. Be wise, Malfato.

Mal. Say, I know this whore.
She who sent this temptation, was wife
To his abused servant ; and divorced
From poor Benatzi, senseless of the wrongs,
That madam Levidolche and Adurni
Might revel in their sports without controul,
Secure, unchecked.

Aurel. You range too wildly now,
Are too much inconsiderate.

Mal. I am

A gentleman free born, I never wore
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed
Upon their after-meals ; I never crouch'd
Unto the ofal of an office promised,
(Reward for long attendance,) and then miss'd.
I read no difference between this huge,
This monstrous big word lord, and gentleman,
More than the title sounds ; for aught I learn
The latter is as noble as the first,
I am sure more ancient.

Aurel. Let me tell you then,

You are too slow, talk you fast.

Make all men your enemies.

Of order, and of discipline.

Mal. 'Tis so.

Reason, Aurelio, by my truth and hopes.
This wit Futelli brings a suit of love
From Levidolche, one, however mask'd
In colourable privacy, is famed
The Lord Adurni's pensioner, at least.
Am I a husband pick'd out for a strumpet?
For a cast suit of bawdry? Aurelio,
You are as I am, you could ill digest
The trial of a patience so unfit.
Begone, Futelli, do not mince one syllable
Of what you hear; another fetch like this
May tempt a peace to rage: so say; begone!

Fut. I shall report your answer.

[*Exit.*]

Mal. What have I

Deserv'd to be so used! In colder blood,
I do confess nobility requires
Duty and love; it is a badge of virtue,
By action first acquired, and next in rank
Unto anointed royalty.—Wherein
Have I neglected distance, or forgot
Observance to superiors? sure, my name
Was in the note mistook.

Aurel. We will consider

The meaning of this mystery.

Mal. Not so;

Let them fear bondage who are slaves to fear,
The sweetest freedom is an honest heart. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter FUTELLI and GUZMAN.

Fut. Dexterity and sufferance, brave Don,
Are engines the pure politic must work with.

Guz. We understand.

Fut. In subtleties of war,
I talk t'ye now in your own occupation,
Your trade, or what you please,—unto a soldier,
Surprisal of an enemy by stratagem,
Or downright cutting throats is all one thing.

Guz. Most certain: on, proceed.

Fut. By way of parallel;

You drill or exercise your company,
(No matter which, for terms,) before you draw
Into the field; so in the feats of courtship,
First, choice is made of thoughts, behaviour,
words,

The set of looks, the posture of the beard,
Beso las manos, cringes of the knee,
The very hums and ha's, thumps, and ah me's!

Guz. We understand all these: advance.

Fut. Then next,

Your enemy in face,—your mistress, mark it!
Now you consult either to skirmish slightly,
That's careless amours,—or to enter battle;
Then fall to open treaty, or to work
By secret spies or gold: here you corrupt
The chambermaid, a fatal engine, or
Place there an ambuscado,—that's contract
With some of her near friends, for half her por-
tion;

Or offer truce, and in the interim,
Run upon slaughter, 'tis a noble treachery,
That's swear and lie; steal her away, and to her
Cast caps, and cry *victoria*! the field's
Thine own, my Don, she's thine.

Guz. We do vouchsafe her.

Fut. Hold her then fast.

Guz. As fast as can the arms
Of strong imagination hold her.

Fut. No,

She has skipt your hold; my imagination's eyes
Perceive, she not endures the touch or scent
Of your war over-worn habiliments,

For I forgot in my instructions
To warn you of: therefore my warlike Don,
Apply to your imaginations
With some courtly out-
fit, soon done.

Fut. As soon as said; in all the clothes thou
hast,

More than that walking wardrobe on thy back.

[*Aside.*]

Guz. Imagine first our rich mockado doublet,
With our cut cloth-of-gold sleeves, and bur quellio,
Our diamond-button'd callamanco hose,
Our plume of ostrich, with the embroider'd scarf,
The duchess Infantazgo roll'd our arm in.

Fut. Aye, this is brave indeed!

Guz. Our cloak, whose cape is
Larded with pearls, which the Indian cacique
Presented to our countryman De Cortez,
For ransom of his life; rated in value
At thirteen thousand pistolets; the guerdon
Of our atchievement, when we rescued
The infanta from the bear, in single duel,
Near to the Austrian forest, with this rapier,
This only, very, naked, single rapier.

Fut. Top and top-gallant brave!

Guz. We will appear,
Before our Amoretta, like the issue
Of our progenitors.

Fut. Imagine so,

And that this rich suit of imagination
Is on already now, (which is most probable)
As that apparel:—here stands your Amoretta.
Make your approach and court her.

Guz. Lustre of beauty,

Not to affright your tender soul with horrors,
We may descend to tales of peace and love,
Soft whispers fitting ladies' closets;
Thunder of cannon, roaring smoke, and fire,
As if hell's maw had vomited conflagration,
The clash of steel, the neighs of horses,
Wounds spouting blood, towns being razed,
Castles push'd down, and cities sacked,
Become great Guzman's country boast,
Who, though victorious, (and having
Must be,) yet now grants glory to the foe.

Fut. S'foot, Don, you talk too big to make
her tremble;

Do you not see't imaginarily?

I do, as plainly as you saw the death
Of the Austrian boar: she rather hears
Of fasting than of fighting; take her that way.

Guz. Yes, we will feast, my queen, my em-
press, saint,
Shall have no delicacies but what are drest
With spicier spices than the Arabian bird.

Sweetens her funeral bed with ; we will riot
With every change of meats, which may renew
Our blood unto a spring, so pure, so high,
That from our pleasures shall proceed a race
Of sceptre-bearing princes, who at once
Must reign in every quarter of the globe.

Ful. Can more be said by one that feeds on
herring
And garlick constantly? [Aside.]

Gus. Yes, we will feast—

Ful. Enough! she's taken, and will love you
As well in buff, as your imagined bravery. [now,
Your dainty ten-times drest buff, with this language,
Bold man of arms, shall win upon her, doubt not,
Beyond all silken puppetry. Think no more
Of your "mockadoes, callamancoes, quellips,
Pearl-larded capes, and diamond-button'd
breeches ;"

Leave such poor outside helps to puling lovers,
Such as Fulgoso, your weak rival, is,
That starveling-brain'd companion ; appear you,
At first at least, in your own warlike fashion :
I pray be ruled, and change not a thread about you.

Gus. The humour takes ; for I, sir, am a man
Affects not shifts : I will adventure thus.

Ful. Why, so ! you carry her from all the world.
I'm proud my stars design'd me out an instrument
In such an high employment.

Gus. Gravely spoken ;
You may be proud on't.—

Enter, on the opposite side, FULGOSO and PIERO.

Ful. What is lost is lost,
Money is trash, and ladies are *et ceteras*,
Play's play, luck's luck, fortune's an—I know
what ;

You see the worst of me, and what's all this now ?

Piero. A very spark, I vow ; you will be stiled
Fulgoso the invincible. But did
The fair Spinella lose an equal part ?
How much in all, d'you say ?

Ful. Bare three score ducats,
Thirty a-piece, we need not care who know it.
She play'd ; I went her half, walk'd by, and
whistled—

After my usual manner thus—unmoved, [Whistles.]
As no such thing had ever been, as it were,
Although I saw the winners share my money :
His lordship and an honest gentleman
Purs'd it, but not so merrily as I
Whistled it off—

Piero. A noble confidence

Ful. D'you note your rival ?

Gus. With contempt I do.

Ful. I can forego things nearer than my gold,
Allied to my affections, and my blood ;
Yea, honour, as it were, with the same kind
Of careless confidence, and come off fairly
Too, as it were.

Piero. But not your love, Fulgoso.

Ful. No, she's inherent, and mine own part
losing.

Piero. It tickles me to think with how much
You, as it were, did run at tilt in love, [stata.]
Before your Amoretta.

Ful. Broke my lance.

Piero. Of wit, of wit !

Ful. I mean so, as it were,
And laid, flat on her back, both horse and woman.
Piero. Right, as it were."

Ful. What else, man, as it were ?

Gus. [crossing over to FUL.] Did you do this
to her ? dare you to vaunt
Your triumph, we being present ? *um, ha, um.*

[Fulgoso whistles the Spanish Pavin.]

Ful. What think you, Don, of this brave man ?

Gus. A man !

It is some truss of reeds, or empty cask,
In which the wind with whistling sports itself.

Ful. Bear up, sir, he's your rival, budge not
from him

An inch ; your grounds are honour.

Piero. Stoutly ventured,
Don, hold him to't.

Ful. 'Protest, a fine conceit,
A very fine conceit ; and thus I told her,
That for mine own part, if she lik'd me, so !
If not, not ; for "my duck, or doe," said I,
"It is no fault of mine that I am noble :
Grant it ; another may be noble, too,
And then we're both one noble ;" better still !—
Hab-nab's good ; wink and choose ; if one must
have her,

The other goes without her,—best of all !—

My spirit is too high to fight for woman,

I am too full of mercy to be angry ;

A foolish generous quality, from which

No might of man can beat me, I'm resolv'd.

Gus. Hast thou a spirit then, ha ? speaks thy
weapon

Toledo language, Bilbao, or dull Pisa ?

If an Italian blade, or Spanish metal,

Be brief, we challenge answer.

Ful. Famous Don.

Ful. What does he talk ? my weapon speaks no
'Tis a Dutch iron truncheon. [language,

Gus. Dutch !

Ful. And, if need be,

'Twill maul one's hide, in spite of who says nay.

Gus. Dutch to a Spaniard ! hold me.

Ful. Hold me too,
Sirrah, if thou'rt my friend, for I love no fighting ;
Yet hold me, lest in pity I fly off :
If I must fight, I must ; in a scurvy quarrel
I defy he's and she's : twit me with Dutch !
Hang Dutch and French, hang Spanish and Italians,
Christians and Turks. Pew-waw, all's one to me !
I know what's what, I know upon which side
My bread is butter'd.

Gus. Butter'd ? Dutch again :

You come not with intention to affront us ?

Ful. Front me no fronts ; if thou be'st angry,
squabble—

Here's my defence, and thy destruction.

[Whistles a charge.]

If friends, shake hands, and go with me to dinner.

Gus. We will embrace the motion, it doth relish
The cavaliero treats on terms of honour ;
Peace is not to be baulk'd on fair conditions.

Ful. Still Don is Don the great.

Piero. He shews the greatness
Of his vast stomach in the quick embracement
Of th' other's dinner.

Ful. 'Twas the ready means
To catch his friendship.

Piero. You're a pair of worthies,
That make the Nine no wonder.

Ful. Now, since fate
Ordains that one of two must be the man,
The man of men which must be the man.

Love's darling, Amoretta ; both take liberty
To shew himself before her, without cross
Of interruption, one of th' other : he
Whose sacred mystery of earthly blessings
Crowns the pursuit, be happy.

Piero. And, till then,
Live brothers in society.

Guz. We are fast.

Ful. I vow a match ; I'll feast the Don to-day,
And fast with him to-morrow.

Guz. Fair conditions.

*ADURNI, SPINELLA, AMORETTA, and CASTANNA, pass over
the Stage.*

Adur. Futelli and Piero, follow speedily.

Piero. My lord, we wait you.

Fdt. We shall soon return.

[Exeunt all but Ful. and Guz.]

Ful. What's that I saw ?—a sound.—

Guz. A voice for certain.

Ful. It named a lord.

Guz. Here are lords too, we take it ;

We carry blood about us, rich and haughty
As any o' the twelve Cæsars.

Ful. Gulls or Moguls,

Tag, rag, or other, hogen-mogen, vanden,
Skip-jacks, or chouses. Who! the brace are
flinch'd,

The pair of shavers are sneak'd from us, Don :

Why, what are we !

Guz. The valiant will stand to't.

Ful. So say I ; we will eat and drink, and
Till all do split again. *[squander,*

Guz. March on with greediness. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A Room in the House of MARTINO.

Enter MARTINO and LEVIDOLCHE.

Mart. You cannot answer what a general tongue
Objects against your folly ; I may curse
The interest you lay claim to in my blood.
Your mother, my dear niece, did die, I thought,
Too soon, but she is happy ; had she lived
Till now, and known the vanities your life
Hath dealt in, she had wish'd herself a grave
Before a timely hour.

Lev. Sir, consider

My sex ; were I mankind, my sword should quit
A wounded honour, and relieve a name
From injury, by printing on their bosoms
Some deadly character, whose drunken surfeits
Vomit such base aspersions : as I am,
Scorn and contempt is virtue ; my desert
Stands far above their malice.

Mart. Levidolche,

Hypocrisy puts on a holy robe,
Yet never changeth nature ; call to mind,
How, in your girl's days, you fell, forsooth,
In love, and married,—married (hark ye !) whom ?
A trencher-waiter ; shrewd preferment ! but
Your childhood then excused that fault ; for so
Footmen have run away with lusty heirs,
And stable-grooms reach'd to some fair one's
chambers.

Lev. Pray let not me be bandied, sir, and baffled,
By your intelligence.

Mart. So touch'd to the quick !

First mistress, I will then rip up at length
The progress of your infamy : in colour

Of disagreement, you must be divorced ;
Were so, and I must countenance the reasons ;
On better hopes I did, nay, took you home.
Provided you my care, nay, justified
Your alteration ; joy'd to entertain
Such visitants of worth and rank as tender'd
Civil respects : but then, even then—

Lev. What then ?

Sweet uncle, do not spare me.

Mart. I more shame

To fear my hospitality was bawd,
And name it so, to your unchaste desires.
Than you to hear and know it.

Lev. Whose whore am I ?

For that's your plainest meaning.

Mart. Were you modest,

The word you utter'd last would force a blush.

Adurni is a bounteous lord, 'tis said,
He parts with gold and jewels like a free
And liberal purchaser ! he wriggles in
To ladies' pleasures by a right of pension ;
But you know none of this ! you are grown a
tavern-talk,

Matters for fiddlers' songs. I toil to build
The credit of my family, and you
To pluck up the foundation : even this morning,
Before the common-council, young Malfato—
(Convented for some lands he held, supposed
Belong'd to certain orphans,) as I question'd
His tenure in particulars, he answer'd,
My worship needed not to flaw his right ;
For if the humour held him, he could make
A jointure to my over-loving niece,
Without oppression ; bade me tell her too,
She was a kind young soul, and might in time
Be sued to by a loving man : no doubt,
Here was a jolly breakfast !

Lev. Uncles are privileged

More than our parents ; some wise man in state
Hath rectified, no doubt, your knowledge, sir.
Whilst all the policy for public business
Was spent,—for want of matter, I by chance
Fell into grave discourse ; but, by your leave,
I from a stranger's table rather wish
To earn my bread, than from a friend's by gift
Be daily subject to unfit reproofs.

Mart. Come, come, to the point.

Lev. All the curses

Due to a ravisher of sober truth,
Dam up their graceless mouths !

Mart. Now you turn rampant,
Just in the wenches' trim and garb ; these prayers
Speak your devotions purely.

Lev. Sir, alas !

[Weeps.]

What would you have me do ? I have no orators,
More than my tears, to plead my innocence,
Since you forsake me, and are pleas'd to lend
An open ear against my honest fame.
Would all their spite could hurry my contents
Unto a desperate ruin ! Oh dear goodness !
There is a right for wrongs.

Mart. There is ; but first
Sit in commission on your own defects,
Accuse yourself ; be your own jury, judge,
And executioner ; I make no sport
Of my vexation.

Lev. All the short remains
Of undesired life shall only speak
The extremity of penance ; your opinion
Enjoins it too.

Mart. Enough; thy tears prevail
Against credulity.

Lev. My miseries,
As in a glass, present me the rent face
Of an unguided youth.

Mart. No more.—

Enter TRELCAIO with an open letter.

Trelcatio!

Some business speeds you hither.

Trel. Happy news—

Signior Martino, pray your ear; my nephew,
Auria, hath done brave service: and I hear—
Let's be exceeding private—is return'd
High in the duke of Florence's respects;
'Tis said,—but make no words—that he has fir'd
And mumbled the rogue Turks.

Mart. Why would you have
His merits so unknown?

Trel. I am not yet
Confirm'd at full:—withdraw, and you shall read
All what this paper talks.

Mart. So!—Levidolche,
You know our mind, be cheerful.—Come, Trel-
catio,—

Causes of joy or grief do seldom happen
Without companions near; thy resolutions
Have given another birth to my contents.

[*Exeunt MART. and TREL.*]

Lev. Even so, wise uncle! much good do ye.—
Discover'd!

I could fly out, mix vengeance with my love—
Unworthy man, Malfato!—my good lord,
My hot in blood, rare lord, grows cold too! well,
Rise dotage into rage, and sleep no longer;
Affection turn'd to hatred threatens mischief.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in ADURNI'S House.*

Enter PIERO, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, and CASTANNA.

Piero. In the next gallery you may behold
Such living pictures, lady, such rich pieces.
Of kings, and queens, and princes, that you'd think
They breathe and smile upon you

Amor. Ha they crownths,
Great crownths oth gold upon their headths?

Piero. Pure gold;
Drawn all in state.

Amor. How many horthes, pray,
Are ith their chariots?

Piero. Sixteen, some twenty.

Cast. My sister! wherefore left we her alone?
Where stays she, gentlemen?

Fut. Viewing the rooms;
'Tis like you'll meet her in the gallery:
This house is full of curiosities,
Most fit for ladies' sights.

Amor. Yeth, yeth, the thight
Of printhethes ith a fine thight.

Cast. Good, let us find her.

Piero. Sweet ladies, this way; see the doors sure.

[*Aside to FUT.*]

Fut. Doubt not.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.—A Banquet set out.*

Enter ADURNI and SPINELLA.—A Song within.

Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye,
Whilst the spring of nature lasteth;
Love and melting thoughts [befriend] ye,
Use the time, ere winter hasteth.
Active blood, and free delight,
Place and privacy invite.
Do, do! be kind as fair.
Lose not opportunity for air.

She is cruel that denies it,
Bounty best appears in granting,
Stealth of sport as soon supplies it,
Whilst the dues of love are wanting.
Here's the sweet exchange of bliss
When each whisper proves a kiss.
In the game are felt no pains,
For in all the loser gains.

Adur. Plead not, fair creature, without sense of
So incompassionately 'gainst a service, [pity.
In nothing faulty more than pure obedience:
My honours and my fortunes are led captives
In triumph, by your all-commanding beauty;
And if you ever felt the power of love,
The rigour of an uncontrolled passion,
The tyranny of thoughts, consider mine,
In some proportion, by the strength of yours;
Thus may you yield and conquer.

Spin. Do not study,
My lord, to apparel folly in the weed
Of costly colours; henceforth cast off far,
Far from your noblest nature, the contempt
Of goodness, and be gentler to your fame,
By purchase of a life to grace your story.

Adur. Dear, how sweetly
Reproof drops from that balmy spring your breath!
Now could I read a lecture of my griefs,
Unearth a mine of jewels at your foot,
Command a golden shower to rain down,
Impoverish every kingdom of the east,
Which traffics richest clothes, and silks, would you
Vouchsafe one unspleen'd chiding to my riot,
Else such a sacrifice can but beget
Suspicion of returns to my devotion,
In mercenary blessings; for that saint
To whom I vow myself, must never want
Fit offerings to her altar.

Spin. Auria, Auria,
Fight not for name abroad; but come, my husband,
Fight for thy wife at home!

Adur. Oh, never rank
Dear cruelty, one that is sworn your creature
Amongst your country's enemies; I use
No force, but humble words, deliver'd from
A tongue that's secretary to my heart.

Spin. How poorly some, tame to their wild
Fawn on abuse of virtue! pray, my lord, [desires,
Make not your house my prison.

Adur. Grant a freedom
To him who is the bondman to your beauty.—

[*A noise within, and the door is forced.*]

Enter AURELIO, followed by CASTANNA, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, and PIERO.

Aurel. Keep back, ye close contrivers of false
pleasures,
Or I shall force ye back.—Can it be possible?
Look ye, and singly too! chase hospitality!

A banquet in a bed-chamber ! Adurni,
Dishonourable man !

Adur. What sees this rudeness,
That can broach scandal here ?

Aurel. For you, hereafter.—
Oh, woman, lost to every brave report,
Thy wrong'd Auria is come home with glory !
Prepare a welcome to uncrown the greatness
Of his prevailing fates.

Spin. Whiles you, belike,
Are furnish'd with some news for entertainment,
Which must become your friendship, to be knit
More fast betwixt your souls, by my removal,
Both from his heart and memory !

Adur. Rich conquest,
To triumph on a lady's injured fame,
Without a proof or warrant !

Fut. Have I life, sir ?
Faith ? Christianity ?

Piero. Put me on the rack,
The wheel, or the gallies, if—

Aurel. Peace, factors
In merchandize of scorn ! your sounds are deadly.
Castanna, I could pity your consent
To such ignoble practice ; but I find
Coarse fortunes easily seduced, and herein
All claim to goodness ceases.

Cast. Use your tyranny.

Spin. What rests behind for me ? out with it !

Aurel. Horror,
Becoming such a forfeit of obedience ;
Hope not that any falsity in friendship
Can palliate a broken faith, it dares not.
Leave, in thy prayers, fair, vow-breaking wanton,

To dress thy soul anew, whose purer whiteness
Is sullied by thy change from truth to folly.
A fearful storm is hovering, it will fall ;
No shelter can avoid it : let the guilty
Sink under their own ruin. [Exit.]

Spin. How unmanly
His anger threatens mischief !

Amor. Whom, I prethee,
Doth the man speak to ?

Adur. Lady, be not mov'd ;
I will stand champion for your honour, hazard
All what is dearest to me.

Spin. Mercy, heaven !
Champion for me, and Auria living ! Auria !
He lives ; and, for my guard, my innocence,
As free as are my husband's clearest thoughts,
Shall keep off vain constructions. I must beg
Your charities ; sweet sister, your's, to leave me ;
I need no followers now : let me appear,
Or mine own lawyer, or, in open court,
(Like some forsaken client,) in my suit
Be cast for want of honest plea—oh, misery ! [Exit.]

Adur. Her resolution's violent ;—quickly fol-
low.

Cast. By no means, sir : you've follow'd her
already,

I fear, with too much ill success, in trial
Of unbecoming courtesies, your welcome
Ends in so sad a farewell.

Adur. I will stand
The roughness of th' encounter, like a gentleman,
And wait ye to your homes, what'er befall me. [Re-enter.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Street before MARTINO'S House.

Enter FULCOSE and GIZMAN.

Ful. I say, Don, brother mine, win her and
wear her.

And so will I ; if't be my luck to lose her,
I lose a pretty wench, and there's the worst on't.

Gus. Wench, said ye ? most mechanically,
faugh !

Wench is your trull, your blowze, your dowdie ;
but,

Sir brother, he who names my queen of love
Without his bonnet vail'd, or saying grace,
As at some paranympal feast, is rude,
Nor vers'd in literature. Dame Amoretta,
Lo, I am sworn thy champion !

Ful. So am I too,—

Can as occasion serves, if she turns scurvy,
Unswear myself again, and ne'er change colours.
Fish, man ! the best, though call 'em ladies,
madams,

Fairs, fines, and honies, are but flesh and blood,
And now and then too, when the fit's come on
'em,

Will prove themselves but flirts, and tirliry-puffkins.

Gus. Our choler must advance.

Ful. Dost long for a beating ?

Shall's try a slash ? here's that shall do't ; I'll tap
[Draws.]

A gallon of thy brains, and fill thy hogshead
With two of wine for't.

Gus. Not in friendship, brother.

Ful. Or whistle thee into an ague : hang it,
Be sociable ; drink till we roar and scratch ;
Then drink ourselves asleep again :—the fashion !
Thou dost not know the fashion.

Gus. Her fair eyes,
Like to a pair of pointed beams drawn from
The sun's most glorious orb, do dazzle sight,
Audacious to gaze there ; then over those
A several bow of jet securely twines
In semicircles ; under them two banks
Of roses red and white, divided by
An arch of polish'd ivory, surveying
A temple from whence oracles proceed.
More gracious than Apollo's, more desired
Than amorous songs of poets, softly tuned.

Ful. Heyday ! what's this ?

Gus. Oh ! but those other parts,
All—

Ful. All ?—hold there, I bar play under
board,

My part yet lies therein ; you never saw
The things you wire-draw thus.

Gus. [But] I have dreamt
Of every part about her, can lay open
Her several inches, as exactly—mark it—
As if I had took measure with a compass.
A rule, or yard, from head to foot.

Ful. Oh, rare !
And all this in a dream !

Gus. A very dream.

Ful. My waking brother soldier is turn'd
Into a sleeping carpenter, or taylor,
Which goes for half a man.—What's he ? (*seeing*
BENATZI) bear up !

Enter BENATZI, as an outlaw, LEVIDOLCHE at a window above.

Ben. Death of reputation, the wheel, strappado, gallies, rack, are ridiculous fopperies ; goblins to fright babies. Poor lean-soul'd rogues ! they will swoon at the scar of a pin ; one tear dropp'd from their harlot's eyes breeds earthquakes in their bones.

Ful. Bless us ! a monster, patch'd of dagger-bombast,

His eyes like copper-basons ; he has changed
Hair with a shag-dog.

Gus. Let us then avoid him,
Or stand upon our guard ; the foe approaches.

Ben. Cut-throats by the score abroad, come home, and rot in fripperies. Brave man at arms, go turn pandar, do ; stalk for a mess of warm broth—damnable ! honourable cuts are but badges for a fool to vaunt ; the raw-ribb'd apothecary poisons *cum privilegio*, and is paid. Oh, the commonwealth of beasts is most politically ordered !

Gus. Brother, we'll keep aloof, there is no valour
In tugging with a man-fiend.

Ful. I defy him.
It gabbles like I know not what ;—believe it.
The fellow's a shrewd fellow at a pink.

Ben. Look else : the lion roars, and the spaniel fawns ; down, cur ; the badger bribes the unicorn, that a jury may not pass upon his pillage : here the bear fees the wolf, for he will not howl gratis ;—beasts call pleading howling.—So then ! there the horse complains of the ape's rank riding ; the jockey makes mouths, but is fined for it ; the stag is not jeer'd by the monkey for his horns ; the ass by the hare for his burthen ; the ox by the leopard for his yoke ; nor the goat by the ram for his beard : only the fox wraps himself warm in beaver, bids the cat mouse, the elephant toil, the boar gather acorns ; while he grins, feeds fat, tells tales, laughs at all, and sleeps safe at the lion's feet.—Save ye, people.

Ful. Why, save thee too, if thou be'st of Heaven's making :

What art ?—fear nothing, Don, we have our blades,
Are metal men ourselves, try us who dare.

Gus. Our brother speaks our mind, think what you please on't.

Ben. A match ; observe well this switch ; with this only switch have I pash'd out the brains of thirteen Turks to the dozen, for a breakfast.

Ful. What, man, thirteen ! is't possible thou liest not ?

Ben. I was once a scholar, then I begg'd without pity ; from thence I practised law, there a scruple of conscience popp'd me over the bar : a soldier I turn'd a while, but could not procure the letter of preferment. Merchant I would be, and a glut of land-rats gnaw'd me to the bones ; would have bought an office, but the places with reversions were clogg'd up ; offered to pass into the court, and wanted trust for clothes ; was lastly, for my good parts, prest into the gallies, took

prisoner, redeemed amongst other slaves by your gay great man, they call him Auria ; and am now I know not who, where, or what. How d'ye like me ?—say.

Ful. A shaver of all trades ! What course of life

Dost mean to follow next ? ha ! speak thy mind.

Gus. Nor be thou daunted, fellow ; we ourselves Have felt the frowns of fortune in our days.

Ben. I want extremely, exceedingly, hideously.

Lev. [*Above.*] Take that, enjoy it freely, wisely use it, [to]

Th' advantage of thy fate, and know the giver.

[*Throws him a purse, and draws back.*]

Ful. Hey day ! a purse in troth, who dropp'd ?

—stay, stay :

Umph, have we gipsies here ? oh, mine is safe ;

Is't your purse, brother Don ?

Gus. Not mine ; I seldom
Wear such unfashionable trash about me.

Ful. Has it any money in it, honest blade ?

A bots on empty purses !

Gus. We defy them.

Ben. Stand from about me, as you are mortal ! You are dull clod-pated lumps of mire and garbish. This is the land of fairies.—Imperial queen of elves, I do crouch to thee, vow my services, my blood, my sinews to thee, sweet sovereign of largess, and liberality.—A French tailor—neat !—Persian cook—dainty !—Greek wines—rich !—Flanders' mares—stately !—Spanish sallads—poignant !—Venetian wanton—ravishing !—English bawd—unmatchable !—Sirs, I am fitted.

Ful. All these thy followers ? miserable pigmies ! Prate sense and don't be mad ; I like thy humour, 'Tis pretty, odd, and so—as one might say,

I care not greatly if I entertain thee :
Dost want a master ? if thou dost, I am for thee ;
Else choose, and sneek up ! pish. I scorn to flinch, man.

Gus. Forsake not fair advancement ; money, certes,

Will flit and drop off, like a cozening friend,
Who holds it, holds a slippery eel by th' tail ;
Unless he gripe it fast : be ruled by counsel.

Ben. Excellent ! what place shall I be ad-
to ? chamber, wardrobe, cellar, or stable ?

Ful. Why, one and all ; thou'rt welcome, let's
Thy name ? [shake hands on't,

Ben. Parado, sir.

Ful. The great affairs

I shall employ thee most in, will be news,
And telling what's a clock, for ought I know yet.

Ben. It is, sir, to speak punctually, some hour and half, eight three thirds of two seconds of one minute over at most, sir.

Ful. I do not ask thee now, or if I did,

We are not much the wiser ; and for news—

Ben. Auria, the fortunate, is this day to be receiv'd with great solemnity at the city council-house ; the streets are already throng'd with lookers-on.

Ful. That's well remember'd ; brother Don, let's
Or we shall come too late. [trudge,

Gus. By no means, brother.

Ful. Wait close, my ragged new-come.

Ben. As your shadows. [Exit all.]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the House of AURIA.*

Enter AURIA, ADURNI, MARTINO, TRILGATIO, AURELIO, PIERO, and FUTELLI.

Aur. Your favours, with these honours, speak your bounties;

And though the low deserts of my success
Appear, in your constructions, fair and goodly,
Yet I attribute to a noble cause,
Not my abilities, the thanks due to them.
The duke of Florence hath too highly prized
My duty in my service, by example,
Rather to cherish and encourage virtue,
In spirits of action, than to crown the issue
Of feeble undertakings. Whilst my life
Can stand in use, I shall no longer rate it
In value, than it stirs to pay that debt
I owe my country for my birth and fortunes.

Mart. Which to make good, our state of Genoa,
Not willing that a native of her own,
So able for her safety, should take pension
From any other prince, hath cast upon you
The government of Corsica.

Trel. Adds thereto,
Besides th' allowance yearly due, for ever,
To you and to your heirs, the full revenue
Belonging to Savona, with the office
Of admiral of Genoa.

Adur. Presenting
By my hands, from their public treasury,
A thousand ducats.

Mart. But they limit only
One month of stay for your dispatch; no more.

Fut. In all your great attempts, may you grow
Secure and prosperous! [thrifty,

Piero. If you please to rank,
Amongst the humblest, one that shall attend
Instructions under your command, I am
Ready to wait the charge.

Aur. Oh, still the state
Engage me her creature, with the burthen
Unconscious of our weakness: to you, gentlemen,
I have been friendly honest; of all mindful.

Adur. In memory, my LORD, (such is your
stile now,)

Of late fortunate exploits, the council,
Amongst their general acts, have register'd
The great duke's letters, witness of your merit,
To stand in characters upon record.

Aur. Load upon load! let not my want of
modesty

Trepass against good manners; I must study
Retirement to compose this weighty business,
And moderately digest so large a plenty,
For fear it swell into a surfeit.

Adur. May I
Be bold to press a visit?

Aur. At your pleasure:
Good time of day, and peace!

All. Health to your lordship!
[*Exeunt all but ADURNI and FUT.*

Adur. What of Spinella yet?

Fut. Quite lost; no prints,
Or any tongue of tracing her. However
Matters are huddled up, I doubt, my lord,
Her husband carries little peace about him.

Adur. Fall danger what fall can, she is a good-
Above temptation; more to be adored [ness
Than sifted; I'm to blame, sure.

Fut. Levidolche,

For her part too, laugh'd at Malfato's frenzy;
(Just so she term'd it;) but for you, my lord,
She said she thank'd your charity, which lent
Her crooked soul, before it left her body,
Some respite, wherein it might learn again
The means of growing straight.

Adur. She has found mercy;
Which I will seek, and sue for.

Fut. You are happy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter AURIA and AURELIO.

Aur. Count of Savona! Genoa's admiral!
Lord governor of Corsica! enroll'd
A worthy of my country! sought and sued to,
Praised, courted, flatter'd! sure this bulk of mine
Talls in the size! a tympany of greatness
Puffs up too monstrously my narrow chest.
How surely dost thou malice these extremes,
Uncomfortable man! When I was needy,
Cast naked on the flats of barren pity,
Abated to an ebb so low, that boys
A cock-horse frisk'd about me without plunge,
You could chat gravely then, in formal tones,
Reason most paradoxically; now,
Contempt and wilful grudge at my uprising
Becalms your learned noise.

Aurel. Such flourish, Auria,
Flies with so swift a gale, as it will waft
Thy sudden joys into a faithless harbour.

Aur. Canst mutter mischief? I observ'd your
dulness,

Whilst the whole ging crow'd to me. Hark! my
Are echo'd under every roof; the air [triumphs
Is straiten'd with the sound, there is not room
Enough to brace them in; but not a thought
Doth pierce into the grief that cabins here:
Here, through a creek, a little inlet, crawls
A flake, no bigger than a spider's thread,
Which sets the region of my heart a-fire.
I had a kingdom once, but am deposed
From all that royalty of blest content,
By a confederacy 'twixt love and frailty.

Aurel. Glories in public view but add to misery,
Which travails in unrest at home.

Aur. At home!
That home Aurelio speaks of I have lost,
And, which is worse, when I have roll'd about,
Toil'd like a pilgrim round this globe of earth,
Wearied with care, and overworn with age,
Lodged in the grave, I am not yet at home;
There rots but half of me, the other part
Sleeps, Heaven knows where: would she and I—
my wife

I mean,—but what, alas! talk I of wife?—
The woman—would we had together fed
On any out-cast parings, coarse and mouldy,
Not lived divided thus! I could have begg'd
For both; for't had been pity she should ever
Have felt so much extremity.

Aurel. This is not
Patience required in wrongs of such vile nature.
You pity her; think rather on revenge.

Aur. Revenge! for what, uncharitable friend
On whom? let's speak a little, pray, with reason.
You found Spinella in Adurni's house;
'Tis like he gave her welcome—very likely;

Her sister and another with her; so!
Invited, nobly done; but he with her
Privately chamber'd:—he deserves no wife
Of worthy quality, who dares not trust
Her virtue in the proofs of any danger.

Aurel. But I broke open the doors upon them

Aur. Marry,

It was a slovenly presumption,
And punishable by a sharp rebuke.
I tell you, sir, I, in my younger growth,
Have by the stealth of privacy enjoy'd
A lady's closet, where to have profaned
That shrine of chastity and innocence,
With one unhallow'd word, would have exiled
The freedom of such favour into scorn.
Had any he alive then ventured there,
With foul construction, I had stamp'd the justice
Of my unguilty truth upon his heart.

Aurel. Adurni might have done the like; but
The conscience of his fault, in coward blood, [that
Blush'd at the quick surprisal.

Aur. O fie, fie!

How ill some argue, in their sour reproof,
Against a party liable to law!
For had that lord offended with that creature,
Her presence would have doubled every strength
Of man in him, and justified the forfeit
Of noble shame; else 'twas enough in both
With a smile only to correct your rudeness.

Aurel. 'Tis well you make such use of neighbours' courtesy:

Some kind of beasts are tame, and hug their injurer;
Such way leads to a fame too! [cries;

Aur. Not uncivilly,
Though violently, friend.

Aurel. Wherefore, then, think you,
Can she absent herself, if she be blameless?
You grant, of course, your triumphs are proved;
And I in person told her your return: [claim'd;
Where lies she hid the while?

Aur. That rests for answer
In you; now I come to you: we have exchanged
Bosoms, Aurelio, from our years of childhood;
Let me acknowledge with what pride I own
A man so faithful, honest, fast, my friend;
He whom, if I speak fully, never fail'd,
By teaching trust to me, to learn of mine:
I wish'd myself thine equal; if I aim'd
Awrong, 'twas in an envy of thy goodness;
So dearly (witness with me my integrity)
I laid thee up to heart, that, from my love,
My wife was but distinguish'd in her sex:
Give back that holy signature of friendship,
Cancell'd, defaced, pluck'd off, or I shall urge
Accounts, scored on the tally of my vengeance,
Without all former compliments.

Aurel. D'you imagine
I fawn upon your fortunes, or intrude
Upon the hope of bettering my estate,
That you cashier me at a minute's warning?
No Auria, I dare vie with your respects;
Put both into the balance, and the poise
Shall make a settled stand: perhaps the proffer,
So frankly vow'd at your departure first,
Of settling me a partner in your purchase,
Lends you into opinion of some ends
Of mercenary falsehood; yet such wrong
Least suits a noble soul.

Aur. By all my sorrows,
The mention is too coarse.

Aurel. Since then the occasion
Presents our discontinuance, use your liberty;
For my part, I am resolute to die
The same my life profess'd me.

Aur. Pish! your faith
Was never in suspicion; but consider,
Neither the lord, nor lady, nor the bawd,
Which shuffled them together, Opportunity,
Have fasten'd stain on my unquestion'd name;
My friend's rash indiscretion was the bellows
Which blew the coal, (now kindled to a flame,)
Will light his slander to all wandering eyes.
Some men in giddy zeal o'er-do that office
They catch at, of whose number is Aurelio:
For I am certain, certain, it had been
Impossible, had you stood wisely silent,
But my Spinella, trembling on her knee,
Would have accus'd her breach of truth, and
A speedy execution on her trespass; [begg'd
Then with a justice, lawful as the magistrate's,
Might I have drawn my sword against Adurni,
Which now is sheath'd and rusted in the scabbard,
Good thanks to your cheap providence!—Once
more

I make demand—my wife!—you,—sir—

[Draws his sword.

Aurel. Roar louder,
The noise affrights not me; threaten your enemies,
And prove a valiant tongue-man;—now must
By way of method, the exact condition [follow,
Of rage which runs to mutiny in friendship.

Auria, come on, this weapon looks not pale
[Draws.

At sight of that—Again hear, and believe it,
What I have done, was well done and well meant;
Twenty times over, were it new to do,
I'd do't and do't, and boast the pains religious;
Yet since you shake me off, I slightly value
Other severity.

Aur. Honour and duty
Stand my compurgators: never did passion
Purpose ungentle usage of my sword
Against Aurelio; let me rather want
My hands, nay, friend, a heart, than suffer
Such dotage enter here. If I must lose
Spinella, let me not proceed to misery,
By losing my Aurelio: we, through madness,
Frame strange conceits in our discoursing brains,
And prate of things as we pretend they were.
Join help to mine, good man, and let us listen
After this straying soul, and, till we find her,
Bear our discomfort quietly.

Aurel. So, doubtless,
She may be soon discover'd.

Aur. That's spoke cheerfully.
Why there's a friend now!—Auria and Aurelio
At odds! oh! it cannot be, must not, and shall
not.—

Enter CASTANNA.

But look, Castanna's here!—welcome, fair figure
Of a choice jewel, lock'd up in a cabinet,
More precious than the public view should sully.

Cast. Sir, how you are inform'd, or on what
terms

Of prejudice against my course or course,
Opinion sways your confidence, I know not.
Much anger, if my fears persuade you,
Sits on this gentleman's sturdy breast, yet, sir,
If an unhappy maid's word may add credit,

As I wish harm to nobody on earth,
So would all good folks may wish none to me !

Aur. None does, sweet sister.

Cast. If they do, dear Heaven
Forgive them, is my prayer ; but, perhaps,
You might conceive (and yet methinks you should
not)

How I am faulty in my sister's absence :
Indeed 'tis nothing so, nor was I knowing
Of any private speech my lord intended,
Save civil entertainment : pray, what hurt
Can fall out in discourse, if it be modest ?
Sure noblemen will shew that they are such
With those of their own rank ;—and that was all
My sister can be charged with.

Aur. Is't not, friend,

An excellent maid ?

Aurel. Deserves the best of fortunes ;
I ever spoke her virtuous.

Cast. With your leave,

You used most cruel language to my sister,
Enough to fright her wits : not very kind
To me myself ; she sigh'd when you were gone,
Desired no creature else should follow her ;
And in good truth, I was so full of weeping,
I mark'd not well which way she went.

Aur. Staid she not

Within the house then ?

Cast. 'Las, not she !—Aurelio

Was passing rough.

Aur. Strange ! nowhere to be found ?

Cast. Not yet ; but on my life, ere many hours,
I shall hear from her.

Aur. Shalt thou ? Worthy maid,
Thou hast brought to my sick heart a cordial.—
Friend,

Good news !—most sweet Castanna !

Aurel. May it prove so.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter BENAZEL.

Ben. The paper in the purse for my directions
appointed me the place, the time now ; here dance
I attendance—she is come already.

Enter LEVIDOLCHE.

Lev. Parado ! so I overheard you named.

Ben. A mushroom, sprung up in a minute by
the sunshine of your benevolent grace. Liberality,
and hospitable compassion, most magnificent
beauty, have long since lain bed-ridden in the ashes of
the old world, till now your illustrious charity hath
raked up the dead embers, by giving life to a worm
inevitably devoted yours, as you shall please to
new-shape me.

Lev. A grateful man, it seems. Where gratitude
Has harbour, other furniture, becoming
Accomplish'd qualities, must needs inhabit. [*And*]
What country claims your birth ?

Ben. None ; I was born at sea, as my mother
was in passage from Cape Ludugory to Cape Ca-
gliari, toward Africk, in Sardinia ; was bred up in
Aquila, and, at years, put myself in service
under a Spanish viceroy, till I was taken prisoner
by the English. I have tasted in my days handsome
store of good and bad, and am thankful for both.

Lev. You seem the issue, then, of honest parents.

Ben. Reputed no less : many children often-
times inherit their lands who peradventure never
begot them. My mother's husband was a very old
man at my birth ; but no man is too old to father
his wife's child : your servant, I am sure, I will
ever prove entirely.

Lev. Dare you be secret ?

Ben. Yes.

Lev. And sudden ?

Ben. Yes.

Lev. But, withal, sure of hand and spirit ?

Ben. Yes, yes, yes.

Lev. I use not many words, the time prevents
'em :

A man of quality has robb'd mine honour.

Ben. Name him.

Lev. Adurni.

Ben. He shall bleed.

Lev. Malfato

Contemn'd my proffer'd love.

Ben. Yoke them in death.—

What's my reward ?

Lev. Propose it, and enjoy it.

Ben. You for my wife.

Lev. Ha !

Ben. Nothing else : deny me,
And I'll betray your counsels to your ruin ;
Else, do the feat courageously.—Consider.

Lev. I do : dispatch the task I have enjoin'd,
Then claim my promise.

Ben. No such matter, pretty one,

We'll marry first,—or—farewell.

[*Going.*]

Lev. Stay : examine

From my confession what a plague thou draw'st
Into thy bosom ; though I blush to say it,
Know, I have, without sense of shame or honour,
Forsook a lawful marriage-bed, to dally
Between Adurni's arms.

Ben. This lord's ?

Lev. The same.

More ; not content with him, I courted
A newer pleasure, but was there refused
By him I named so late.

Ben. Malfato !

Lev. Right :

Am henceforth resolutely bent to print
My follies on their hearts ; then change my life
For some rare penance. Canst thou love me now ?

Ben. Better ;

I do believe 'tis possible you may mend ;
All this breaks off no bargain.

Lev. Accept my hand ; with this a faith as con-
stant

As vows can urge ; nor shall my haste prevent
This contract, which death only must divorce.

Ben. Settle the time.

Lev. Meet here to-morrow night ;
We will determine further, as behoves us.

Ben. How is my new love call'd ?

Lev. Levidolche.

Be confident, I bring a worthy portion.—

But you'll fly off.

Ben. Not I, by all that's noble !

A kiss—farewell, dear fate !

[*Exit.*]

Lev. Love is sharp-sighted,

And can pierce through the cunning of disguises.
False pleasures I cashier ye ; fair truth welcome !

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of Malfato.**Enter Malfato and Spinella.*

Mal. Here you are safe, sad cousin; if you please,

May over-say the circumstance of what
You late discours'd: mine ears are gladly open,
For I myself am in such hearty league
With solitary thoughts, that pensive language
Charms my attention.

Spin. But my husband's honours,
 By how much more in him they sparkle clearly,
 By so much more they tempt belief, to credit
 The wreck and ruin of my injured name.

Mal. Why, cousin, should the earth cleave to
 the roots,

The seas and heavens be mingled in disorder.
 Your purity with unaffrighted eyes
 Might wait the uproar; 'tis the guilty trembles
 At horrors, not the innocent! you are cruel
 In censuring a liberty allow'd.
 Speak freely, gentle cousin, was Adurni
 Importunately wanton?

Spin. In excess

Of entertainment, else not.

Mal. Not the boldness
 Of an uncivil courtship?

Spin. What that meant,
 I never understood. I have at once
 Set bars between my best of earthly joys,
 And best of men; so excellent a man
 As lives without comparison; his love
 To me was matchless.

Mal. Yet put case, sweet cousin,
 That I could name a creature, whose affection
 Followed your Auria in the height; affection
 To you, even to Spinella, true and settled
 As ever Auria's was, can, is, or will be;
 You may not chide the story.

Spin. Fortune's minions
 Are flatter'd, not the miserable.

Mal. Listen

To a strange tale, which thus the author sigh'd.
 A kinsman of Spinella, (so it runs)

Her father's sister's son, some time before
 Auria, the fortunate, possess'd her beauties,
 Became enamour'd of such rare perfections
 As she was stor'd with; fed his idle hopes
 With possibilities of lawful conquest;
 Proposed each difficulty in pursuit
 Of what his vain supposal stiled his own;
 Found in the argument one only flaw
 Of conscience, by the nearness of their bloods—
 Unhappy scruple, easily dispens'd with,
 Had any friend's advice resolv'd the doubt.
 Still on he loved, and loved, and wish'd, and
 wish'd;

At soon began to speak, yet soon broke off,
 And still the fondling durst not,—cause he durst

Spin. 'Twas wonderful.

[not.

Mal. Exceeding wonderful,
 Beyond all wonder; yet 'tis known the truth.
 After her marriage, when remain'd not ought
 Of expectation to such fruitless dotage,
 His reason then, now, then—could not reduce
 The violence of passion, though he vow'd
 Ne'er to unlock that secret, scarce to hear

Herself, Spinella; and withal resolv'd
 Not to come near her presence, but to avoid
 All opportunities, however proffer'd.

Spin. An understanding dull'd by the infelicity
 Of constant sorrow, is not apprehensive
 In pregnant novelty; my ears receive
 The words you utter, cousin, but my thoughts
 Are fasten'd on another subject.

Mal. Can you

Embrace, so like a darling, your own woes,
 And play the tyrant with a partner in them?
 Then I am thankful for th' advantage; urg'd
 By fatal and enjoin'd necessity,
 To stand up in defence of injur'd virtue;
 Will, against any, I except no quality,
 Maintain all supposition misapplied,
 Unhonest, false, and villainous.

Spin. Dear cousin,

As you're a gentleman—

Mal. I'll bless that hand,
 Whose honourable pity seals the passport
 For my incessant turmoils, to their rest.
 If I prevail, (which heaven forbid!) these ages
 Which shall inherit ours, may tell posterity
 Spinella had Malfato for a kinsman,
 By noble love made jealous of her fame.

Spin. No more; I dare not hear it.

Mal. All is said:

Henceforth shall never syllable proceed,
 From my unpleasant voice, of amorous folly.

Enter CASTANNA.

Cast. Your summons warn'd me hither
 Sister! my sister, 'twas an unkind part,
 Not to take me along wi' you.

Mal. Hide her for it;
 Castanna, this house is as freely yours,
 As ever was your father's.

Cast. We conceive so,
 Though your late strangeness hath bred marvel in
 us.

But wherefore, sister, keeps your silence distance?
 Am I not welcome to you?

Spin. Lives Auria safe?

Oh, prithee do not hear me call him husband,
 Before thou canst resolve what kind of wife
 His fury terms the runaway; speak quickly,
 Yet do not—stay, Castanna,—I am lost!
 His friend hath set before him a bad woman,
 And he, good man, believes it.

Cast. Now in truth—

Spin. Hold! my heart trembles—I perceive thy
 tongue

Is great with ills, and hastes to be deliver'd;
 I should not use Castanna so. First tell me,
 Shortly and truly tell me, how he is.

Cast. In perfect health.

Spin. For that, my thanks to Heaven.

Mal. The world hath not another wife like
 this.

Cousin, you will not hear your sister speak.
 So much your passion rules.

Spin. Even what she pleases:

Go on, Castanna.

Cast. Your most noble husband
 Is deaf to all reports, and only grieves
 At his woul'd love, Spinella's, causeless absence.

Mal. Why look ye, cousin, now!

Spin. Indeed!

Cast. Will value

No counsel, takes no pleasure in his greatness,
Neither admits of likelihood at all
That you are living; if you were, he's certain
It were impossible you could conceal
Your welcomes to him, being all one with him;
But as for jealousy of your dishonour,
He beth laughs at and scorns it.

Spin. Does he!

Mal. Therein

He shows himself desertful of his happiness.

Cast. Methinks the news should cause some
motion, sister—

You are not well.

Mal. Not well!

Spin. I am unworthy—

Mal. Of whom? what? why?

Spin. Go, cousin;—come, Castanna. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the House of
TRELCAIO.*

Enter TRELCAIO, PIERO, and FUTELLI.

Trel. The state in council is already set,
My coming will be late; now therefore, gentlemen,
This house is free; as your intents are sober,
Your pains shall be accepted.

Fut. Mirth sometimes
Falls into earnest, signor.

Piero. We, for our parts,
Are of the best.

Trel. You wrong yourselves and me else:
Give success to you! *[Exit.]*

Fut. Futelli, 'tis our wisest course to follow
Our pastime with discretion, by which means
We may ingratiate, as our business hits,
Our undertakings to great Auria's favour.

Fut. I grow quite weary of this lazy custom,
Attending on the fruitless hopes of service,
For meat and rags: a wit? a shrewd preferment
Study some scurril jests, grow old, and beg!
No, let them be admired that love foul linen;
I'll run a new course.

Piero. Get the coin we spend,
And knock them o'er the pate who jeer our earn—

Fat. Hush, man; one suitor comes. *[Sings.]*

Piero. The t'other follows.

Fut. Be not so loud— *[Music below.]*
Here comes Madonna Sweet-lips;
Mithtreth, in thooth, forthooth, will lithpe it to
uth.

Enter AMORETTA.

Amor. Gentlemen, then ye! It thith muthicke
youth, or eue ye tell what great manth's fidleth
made it? tith wedee petty noyth, but who tho
thend it?

Piero. Does not yourself know, lady?

Amor. I do not uth

To thend lip-labour upon quethtionths,
That I mythelfe can answer.

Fut. No, sweet madam,

Your lips are destined to a better use,
Or else the proverb fails of liping maids.

Amor. Kithing you mean; pay come behind with
your mockths then.

My lipthes will therve the one to kith the other—
How now, what neckth?

SONG below:

What, ho! we come to be merry,
Open the doors, a jovial crew,
Lusty boys and free, and very.
Very, very lusty boys are we;
We can drink till all look blue,
Dance, sing, and roar,
Never give o'er,
As long as we have e'er an eye to see.
Piffce, piffce, lethe come in,
Oug thall all our favours win,
Dently, dently, we thall passe;
None kitheth like the lithping lase.

Piero. What call ye this, a song?

Amor. Yeth, a delicious thing, and wondroth
prety.

Fut. A very country-catch! *[Aside.]*—Doubt-
less, some prince
Belike, bath sent it to congratulate
Your night's repose.

Amor. Thinke ye tho, thignior?

It muth be then thome unknowne obthcure printh,
That thuns the light.

Piero. Perhaps the prince of darkness.

Amor. Of darkneth! what ith he?

Fut. A courtier matchless;
He woos and wins more beauties to his love
Than all the kings on earth.

Amor. Whea thandth hith court, pey?

Fut. This gentleman approaching, I presume,
Has more relation to his court than I,
And comes in time t'inform ye.

Enter FULGOSO.

Amor. Think ye tho?
I'm thure you know him.

Piero. Lady, you'll perceive it.

Fut. She seems in my first entrance to admire
me:

Protest she eyes me round; *Fut.* she's thine own!
[Aside.]

Piero. Noble Fulgoso.

Fut. Did you hear the music?

'Twas I that brought it; was't not tickling? ha, ha?

Amor. I say, what pinth thent it?

Fut. Prince! no prince, but we;
We set the ditty, and composed the song;
There's not a note or foot in't but our own
And the pure trodden mortar of this brain
We can do things and things.

Amor. Dood! thing't youa thelfe then.

Fut. Nay, nay, I could never sing
More than a gib-cat, or a very howlet;
But you shall hear me whistle. *[Whistles.]*

Amor. Thith thingth thome jethter;
Thure he belongth unto the pinth of darkneth.

Piero. Yes, and I'll tell you what his office is:
His prince delights himself exceedingly
In birds of divers kinds; this gentleman
Is keeper and instructor of his blaok-birds;
He took his skill first from his father's carter.

Amor. Tith wonderful to thee by what thrange
mannes

Thome men are raised to plathes.

Fut. I do hear you.

And thank you heartily for your good wills,
In setting forth my parts; but what I live on,

Is simple trade of money from my lands :
Hang sharks ! I am no shitter.

Amor. Ith pother ?

Enter GUZMAN.

Bleth uth, whoth thith ?

Fut. Oh, 'tis the man of might.

Gus. May my address to beauty lay no scandal
Upon my martial honour, since even Mars,
Whom, as in war, in love I imitate,
Could not resist the shafts of Cupid ; therefore,
As, with the god of war, I deign to stoop,
Lady, vouchsafe, Love's goddess-like, to yield
Your fairer hand unto these lips, the portals
Of valiant breath that hath o'erturn'd an army.

Amor. Faya weather keep me ! what a thorme
ith thith ?

Fut. Oh, Don, keep off at further distance ; yet
A little farther ; do you not observe
How your strong breath hath terrified the lady ?

Gus. I'll stop the breath of war, and breathe
as gently

As a perfumed pair of sucking bellows
In some sweet lady's chamber ; for I can
Speak lion-like, or sheep-like, when I please.

Fut. Stand by, then, without noise, a while,
brave Don,

And let her only view your parts ; they'll take her.

Gus. I'll publish them in silence.

Piero. Stand you there,

Fulgoso the magnificent.

Fut. Here ?

Piero. Just there :

Let her survey you both ; you'll be her choice,
No'er doubt it, man.

Fut. I cannot doubt it, man.

Piero. But speak not till I bid you.

Fut. I may whistle ?

Piero. A little to yourself, to spend the time.

Amor. Both foolth, you thay ?

Fut. But hear them for your sport.

Piero. Don shall begin.—Begin, Don ; she has
survey'd

Your outwards and your inwards, through the rents
And wounds of your apparel.

Gus. She is politic ;

My outside, lady, shrouds a prince obscured.

Amor. I thank ye for your muthicke, printh.

Gus. My words

Are waste to her.

[Aside.

Amor. The muthicke and the thong
Yof thet me by thith whithling thing, your man.

Gus. She took him for my man ! love, thou wert
just.

[Aside.

Fut. I will not hold :—his man ! 'tis time to
speak

Before my time ; oh scurvy, I his man,
That has no means for meat, or rags and seam-
rents !

Gus. Have I with this one rapier—

Piero. He has no other.

Gus. Pass'd through a field of pikes, whose
heads I lopt

As easily as the bloody-minded youth
Lopt off the poppy-heads !

Fut. The puppet-heads.

Gus. Have I—have I—have I ?

Fut. Thou liest, thou hast not,
And I'll maintain't.

Gus. Have I—but let that pass ;

For though my famous acts were damn'd to silence,
Yet my descent shall crown me thy superior.

Amor. That I would liethen to.

Gus. List and wonder.

My great-great-grand sire was an ancient duke,
Stiled Desver di Gonzado.

Fut. That's, in Spanish,
An incorrigible rogue, without a fellow,
An unmatched'd rogue : he thinks we understand
not.

Gus. So was my grandfather, hight Argozile.

Fut. An arrant, arrant thief-leader ; pray mark it.

Gus. My grandsire by the mother's side a conde,
Conde Scrivano.

Fut. A crop-ear'd scrivener.

Gus. Whose son, my mother's father, was a
Hijo di puto. *[marquis,*

Piero. That's the son of a whore.

Gus. And my renowned sire, Don Picaro,—

Fut. In proper sense, a rascal—O, brave Don !

Gus. Hijo di una pravada—

Piero. He goes on,

Son of a branded bitch—high-spirited Don !

Gus. Had honours both by sea and land, to wit—

Fut. The gallies and Bridewell.

Fut. I'll not endure it.

To hear a canting mongrel—bear me, lady !

Gus. 'Tis no fair play.

Fut. I care not, fair or foul.—

I from a king derive my pedigree,
King Oberon by name, from whom my father,
The mighty and courageous Mountibanco,
Was lineally descended ; and my mother
(In right of whose blood I must ever honour
The lower Germany) was a Harlequin.

Fut. He'll blow up

The Spaniard presently by his mother's side.

Fut. Her father was Grave Hans Van Heeme,
the son

Of Hogen Mogen, dat de droates did sneighen
Of veirteen hundert Spaniards in one neict.

Gus. Oh, diablo !

Fut. Ten thousand devils, nor diabolos,
Shall fright me from my pedigree.—My uncle,
Yacob Van Flagon-drought, with Abraham Snor-
ten-fert,

And yongster Brogen-foh, with four harg-
bush,

Managed by well-lined butter-bone
A thousand Spanish jobbernowls to surprise,

And beat a scone about their ears.

Gus. My fury

Is now but justice on thy forfeit life. *[Dro-*

Amor. 'Lath, they shall not fight.

Fut. Fear not, sweet lady.

Piero. Be advised, great spirits.

Fut. My fortunes bid me to be wise in duels ;
Else hang't, who cares !

Gus. Mine honour is my tutor,
Already tried and known.

Fut. Why, there's the point,
Mine honour is my tutor too. Noble men
Fight in their persons ! scorn't ! 'tis out of fashion ;
There's none but hare-brain'd youths of rattle
use it.

Piero. Yet put not up your swords ; it is the
pleasure

Of the fair lady that you quit the field,
With brandish in hand.

Fut. And now—

Your suffering vulour, as her equal favours;
You both should take a competence of kicks.

Both. How?

Ful. and Piero. Thus and thus! [*kicking them,*]
away, you brace of stinkards!

Ful. Phceugh! as it were— [*Whistles.*]

Gus. Why, since it is her pleasure,
I dare and will endure it.

Ful. Phceugh!

Piero. Away,
But stay below.

Ful. Budge not, I charge ye,
Till you have further leave.

Gus. Mine honour claims
The last foot in the field.

Ful. I'll lead the van then.

Ful. Yet more? begone!

[*Exit Ful. and Gus.*]

Are not these precious suitors—

[*Re-enter TRIPLICATO.*]

Trel. What tumults fright the house?

Ful. A brace of castles,
That flutter'd, sir, about this lovely game,
Your daughter; but they durst not give the souse,
And so took hedge.

Piero. Mere haggards, buzzards, kites.

Amor. I thorne-thuch trumpery; and will thape
my luffe,
Henthforth, ath thall my father betht direct me.

Trel. Why now thou sing'st in tunc, my Amo-
retta;
And, my good friends, you have, like wise phy-
sicians,

Prescribed a healthful diet. I shall think on
A bounty for your pains, and will present ye
To noble Aura, such as your descents
Commend; but for the present we must quit
This room to privacy: they come—

Amor. Nay, predee,
Leave me not, gentlemen.

Ful. We are your servants. [*Re-ent*

[*Enter AURIA, ADURIO, and AURELIO.*]

Aur. You are welcome, be assured you are; for
proof,
Retrieve the boldness (as you please to term it)
Of visit commands: if this man's presence
Be not a shame, dismiss him.

Adur. With favour,
Of consequence, my lord, your friend may witness
How far my reputation stands engaged
To noble reconciliation.

Aur. I observe
No party here amongst us, who can challenge
A motion of such honour

Adur. Could your looks
Borrow more clear serenity and calmness,
Than can the peace of a composed soul;
Yet, I presume, report of my attempt,
Train'd by a curiosity in youth
For scattering clouds before 'em, hath rais'd tem-
Which will at last break out. [*Peets*

Aur. Hid now, most likely,
I' the darkness of your speech.

Aurel. You may be plainer.

Adur. I shall, my lord; that I intended wrong!

Aur. Ha! wrong! to whom?

Adur. To Auria; and as for
As language could prevail, she—

Aur. Take advice,

Young lord, before your tongue betray a secret
Conceal'd yet from the world; hear and consider:
In all my flight of vanity and giddiness,
When scarce the wings of my excess were fledg'd,
When a distemperature of youthful heat
Might have excus'd disorder and ambition,
Even then, and so from thence till now the down
Of softness is exchange'd for plumes of age,
Confirm'd and harden'd, never durst I pitch
On any, howsoever likely, rest,
Where the presumption might be construed wrong;
The word is hateful, and the sense wants pardon.
For, as I durst not wrong the meanest, so
He who but only aim'd, by any boldness,
A wrong to me, should find I must not bear it;
The one is as unmanly as the other.—
Now, without interruption

Adur. Stand, Amcho,
And justify thine accusation boldly;
Spare me the needless use of my confession;
And, having told no more, than what thy jealousy
Possess'd thee with, again before my face,
Urge to thy friend the breach of hospitality
Adurni trespass in, and thou conceiv'st,
Against Spinella; [when thy] proofs grow faint,
If barely not suppos'd, I'll answer guilty:

Aurel. You come not here to have us?

Adur. No, Aurelio,
But to reply upon that brittle evidence,
To which thy cunning never shall rejoin.
I make my judge my jury; be accountant
Whether, with all the eagerness of spleen
Of a suspicious rage can plead, thou hast
Enforced the likelihood of scandal.

Aurel. Doubt not
But that I have deliver'd honest truth,
As much as I believe, and justly witness.

Adur. Loose grounds to raise a bulwark of
reproach on!

And thus for that—My errand hither is not
In whining, truant-like submission,
To cry, "I have offended, pray, forgive me;
I will do so no more!" but to proclaim
The power of virtue, whose commanding sove-
reignty

Sets bound; to rebel-bloods; and checks, restrains,
Custom of folly; by example teaches
A rule to reformation; by rewards,
Crowns worthy actions, and invites to honour.

Aurel. Honour and worthy actions best become
Their lips who practise both, and not discontinue.

Aur. Peace, peace, man; I am silent.

Adur. Some there are,
And they not few in number, who resolve
No beauty can be chaste, unless attempted;
And, for because the liberty of courtship
Flies from the wanton, on the her comes next,
Meeting oft-times too many soon seduced,
Conclude, all may be won by gifts, by service;
Or compliments of vows: and with this glass
I stood in rank; conquest secured my confidence.
Spinella—storm not, Auria—was an object
Of study for fruition; here I angled,
Not doubting the deceit could find resistance.

Aurel. After confession, follows—

Aur. Noise! observe him.

Adur. Oh, strange! by all the comforts of my
I found a woman good;—a woman good! [hopes,
Yet, as I wish belief, so do desire

A memorable mention, so much majesty
Of humbleness, and scorn, appear'd at once
In fair, in chaste, in wise Spinella's eyes,
That I grew dull in utterance, and one frown
From her, cool'd every flame of sensual appetite.

Aur. On, sir, and do not stop.

Adur. Without protests,
I pleaded merely love, used not a syllable,
But what a virgin might, without a blush,
Have listen'd to, and, not well arm'd, have pitied;
But she neglecting, cry'd, "Come, Auria, come,
Fight for thy wife at home!" then in rush'd you,
Talk'd in much fury, parted; when as soon [sir,
The lady vanish'd, after her the rest.

Aur. What follow'd?

Adur. My commission on mine error;
In execution whereof I have proved
So punctually severe, that I renounce
All memory, not to this one fault alone,
But to my other greater, and more irksome.
Now he, whoever owns a name, that construes
This repetition the report of fear,
Of falsehood, or imposture, let him tell me,
I give myself the lie, and I will clear
The injury, and man to man;—or, if
Such justice may prove doubtful, two to two,
Or three to three, or any way relieve
The opinion of my forfeit, without blemish.

Aur. Who can you think I am? did you expect
So great a tameness as you find, Adurni,
That you cast loud defiance? say—

Adur. I have robb'd you
Of rigour, Auria, by your strict self-penance,
For the presumption.

Aur. Sure, Italians hardly
Admit dispute in questions of this nature;
The trick is new.

Adur. I find my absolution,
By vows of change from all ignoble practice.

Aur. Why look ye, friend, I told you this before;
You would not be persuaded:—let me think—

[Walks apart]

Aurel. You do not yet deny that you solicited
The lady to ill purpose.

Adur. I have answer'd;
But it return'd much quiet to my mind,
Perplex'd with rare commotions.

Aur. That's the way;
It smooths all rubs.

Aurel. My lord?

Aur. Foh! I am thinking—
You may talk forward.—If it take, 'tis clear;
And then—and then,—and so—and so—

Adur. You labour
With curious engines, sure.
Aur. Fine ones! I take you
To be a man of credit; else—

Adur. Suspicion
Is needless, know me better.

Aur. Yet you must not
Part from me, sir.

Adur. For that, your pleasure.

Aur. "Come,
Fight for thy wife at home, my Auria!"—Yes,
We can fight, my Spinella, when thine honour
Relies upon a champion.—

Re-enter TRELCATIO.

Now?

Trel. My lord,
Castanna, with her sister, and Malfato
Are newly enter'd.

Aur. Be not loud; convey them
Into the gallery.—Aurelio, friend,
Adurni, lord, we three will sit in council,
And piece a hearty league, or scuffle shrewdly.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the House of MARTINO.

Enter MARTINO, BENATZI, and LEVIDOLCHE.

Mart. Ruffian, out of my doors! thou com'st
to rob me.—

An officer! what, ho!—my house is haunted
By a lewd pack of thieves, of harlots, murderers,
Rogues, vagabonds! I foster a decoy here;
And she trowls on her ragged customer,
To cut my throat for pillage.

Lev. Good sir, hear me.

Ben. Hear or not hear,—let him rave his lungs
out—whilst this woman hath abode under this
roof, I will justify myself her bedfellow in despite
of denial; in despite—those are my words.

Mart. Monstrous!

Why, sirrah, do I keep a bawdy-house,
An hospital for pandars? Oh, thou monster,
Thou she-confusion! are you grown so rampant,
That from a private wanton, thou proclaim'st
thyself

A baggage for all gamblers, lords or gentlemen,
Strangers, or home-spun yeomen, foot-posts, pages,
Roarers, or hangmen? hey-day! set up shop,
And then cry "a market open; to't, and welcome!"

Lev. This is my husband.

Mart. Husband!

Ben. Husband natural, I have married her;
and—what's your verdict on the match, signor?

Mart. Husband, and married her!

Lev. Indeed, 'tis truth.

Mart. A proper joining! give ye joy, great
mistress;
Your fortunes are advanced, marry are they.
What jointure is assured, pray? some three thou-

sand
A-year in oaths and vermin? fair preferment!
Was ever such a tatter'd rag of man's flesh,
Patch'd up for copesmate to my niece's daughter!

Lev. Sir, for my mother's name, forbear this
anger;

If I have yoked myself beneath your wishes,
Yet is my choice a lawful one: and I
Will live as truly chaste unto his bosom,
As e'er my faith hath bound me.

Mart. A sweet couple!

Ben. We are so: for mine own part, however
my outside appear ungay, I have wrestled with
death, signior Martino, to preserve your sleeps,
and such as you are, untroubled. A soldier is in

peace a mockery, a very town-bull for laughter; unthrifths, and landed babies are prey curmudgeons lay their baits for. Let the wars rattle about your ears once, and the security of a soldier is right honourable amongst ye then; that day may shine again. So to my business.

Mart. A soldier! thou a soldier! I do believe Thour't lowly; that's a pretty sign I grant:—A villainous poor banditti rather; one Can man a quean, and cant, and pick a pocket, Pad for a cloak, or hat, and, in the dark, Pistol a straggler for a quarter-ducad. A soldier! yes,—he looks as if he had not The spirit of a herring, or a tumbler.

Ben. Let age and dotage rage together! Levidolche, thou art mine; on what conditions the world shall soon witness: yet since our hands join'd, I have not interest'd my possession of thy bed; nor till I have accounted to thy injunction, do I mean: kiss me quick and resolute, so!—adieu, signor!

Lev. Dear, for love's sake, stay.

Ben. Forbear entreaties. [*Exit.*]

Mart. Ah, thou—but what? I know not how to call thee:

Fain would I smother grief, [but] out it must; My heart is broke: thou hast for many a day Been at a loss, and now art lost for ever; Lost, lost, without recovery.

Lev. With pardon,

Let me restrain your sorrows.

Mart. 'Tis impossible; Despair of rising up to honest fame Turns all the courses wild, and this last action Will roar thy infamy.—Then you are certainly Married, forsooth, unto this new-come?

Lev. Yes,

And herein every hope is brought to life, Which long hath lain in deadness; I have once Wedded Benatzi, my divorced husband. [*more*]

Mart. Benatzi! this the man?

Lev. No odd disguise

Could guard him from discovery; 'tis he, The choice of my ambition; heaven preserve me Thankful for such a bounty! yet he dreams not Of this deceit; but let me die in speaking, If I-repute not my success more happy Than any earthly blessing. Oh! sweet uncle, Rejoice with me; I am a faithful convert, And will redeem the stains of a foul name, By love and true obedience.

Mart. Force of passion

Shows me a child again. Do, Levidolche, Perform thy resolutions; those perform'd, I have been only steward for your welfare, You shall have all between ye.

Lev. Join with me, sir;

Our plot requires much speed; we must be earnest. I'll tell you what conditions threaten danger, Unless you intermediate; let us hasten, For fear we come too late.

Mart. As thou intendest.

A virtuous honesty, I am thy second To any office, Levidolche witty, My niece, my witty niece.

Lev. Let's slack no time, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in TRELCATIO'S House.*

Enter TRELCATIO, MALFATO, SPINELLA, and CASTANNA.

Trel. Kinsman and ladies, have a little patience,

All will be as you wish: I'll be your warrant, Fear nothing; Auria is a noble fellow.

I leave ye; but, be sure, I am in hearing:

Take courage. [*Exit.*]

Mal. Courage! they who have no hearts, Find none to lose; ours is as great as his, Who defies danger most.—Sure, state and ceremony

Inhabit here. Like strangers, we shall wait Formality of entertainment. Cousin, Let us return: 'tis paltry.

Spin. Gentle sir, Confine your passion; my attendance only Commends a duty.

Cast. Now, for Heaven's sake, sister!—He comes, your husband comes; take comfort, sister.

Enter AURIA and AURELIO.

Aur. Malfato!

Mal. Auria!

Aur. Cousin, would mine arms, In their embraces, might at once deliver Affectionately what interest your merit Holds in my estimation! I may chide The coyness of this intercourse betwixt us, Which a retired privacy on your part Hath pleas'd to show: if ought of my endeavours Can purchase kind opinion, I shall honour The means and practice.

Mal. 'Tis your charity.

Aurel. Worthy Malfato!

Mal. Provident Aurelio!

Aur. Castanna, virtuous maid!

Cast. Your servant, brother.

Aur. But who's that other? such a face mine eyes

Have been acquainted with; the sight resembles Something which is not quite lost to remembrance [*SPINELLA kneels.*]

Why does the lady kneel? to whom? pray rise; I shall forget civility of manners, Imagining you tender a false tribute, Or him to whom you tender it, a counterfeit. [*She rises.*]

Mal. My lord, you use a borrow'd bravery, Not suiting fair constructions: may your fortunes

Mount higher than can apprehension reach 'em! Yet this waste kind of antic sovereignty

Unto a wife who equals every best Of your deserts, achievements, or prosperity,

Bewrays a barrenness of noble nature: Let upstarts exercise uncomely roughness, Clear spirits to the humble will be humble.

You know your wife, no doubt.

Aur. 'Cry ye mercy, gentleman!—Belike you come to tutor a good earriage, Are expert in the nick on't: we shall study Instructions quaintly—"wife," you said—agreed. Keep fair, and stand the triffl.

Spin. Those words raise A lively soul in her, who almost yielded

To faintness and stupidity ; I thank ye :
Though prove what judge you will, till I can
purge

Objections which require belief and conscience,
I have no kindred, sister, husband, friend,
Or pity for my plea.

Mel. Will ye this welcome ?

We ~~are~~ *Cast.* Castanna.

Cast. Oh ! my lord,

Other respects were promised.

Aur. Said ye, lady,

"No kindred, sister, husband, friend ?"

Spin. Nor name ;

With this addition—I disclaim all benefit
Of mercy from a charitable thought ;
If one or all the subtleties of malice,
If any engineer of faithless discord,
If supposition for pretence in folly,
Can point out, without injury to goodness,
A likelihood of guilt in my behaviour,
Which may declare neglect in every duty,
Required, fit, or exacted.

Aur. High and peremptory !

The confidence is masculine.

Mel. Why not ?

An honourable cause gives life to truth,
Without controul.

Spin. I can proceed ; that tongue,
Whose venom, by traducing spotless honour,
Hath spread th' infection—is not more mine
enemy,

Than their's. or his weak and besotted brains
are,

On whom the poison of its canker'd falsehood
Hath wrought for credit to so foul a mischief.
Speak, sir, the churlish voice of this combustion,
Aurelio, speak ; nor, gentle sir, forbear
Ought what you know, but roundly use your elo-
quence

Against a mean defendant.

Mal. He's put to't ;

It seems the challenge gravels him.

Aurel. My intelligence

Was issue of my doubts, not of my knowledge.
A self-confession may crave assistance ;
Let the lady's justice [then] impose the penance.
So, in the rules of friendship, as of love,
Suspicion is not seldom an improper
Advantage for the knitting faster joints
Of faithfulest affection, by the fevers
Of casualty unless'd, where lastly error
Hath run into the toil.

Spin. Woful satisfaction

For a divorce of hearts !

Aur. So resolute ?

I shall touch nearer home : behold these hairs,
Great masters of a spirit, yet they are not
By winter of old age quite hid in snow ;
Some messengers of time, I must acknowledge,
Amongst them took up lodging ; when we first
Exchang'd our faiths in wedlock, I was proud
I did prevail with one whose youth and beauty
Deserv'd a choice more suitable in both.
Advancement to a fortune could not court
Ambition, either on my side, or hers ;
Love drove the bargain, and the truth of love
Confirm'd it, I confess'd. But disproportion
In years, amongst the married, is a reason
For change of pleasures : wherefore I reply,
Our union was not forced, 'twas by consent ;

So then the breach in such a case appears
Unpardonable :—say your thoughts.

Spin. My thoughts

In that respect are as resolute as yours.
The same ; yet herein evidence of frailty
Deserv'd not more a separation,
Than doth charge of disloyalty objected
Without or ground or witness : women's faults
Subject to punishments, and men's applauded,
Prescribe no laws in force.

Aurel. Are you so nimble ?

Mal. A soul sublimed from dross by competi-
tion,
Such as is mighty Auria's famed, descends
From its own sphere, when injuries, profound ones,
Yield to the combat of a scolding mastery,
Skirmish of words. Hath your wife lewdly
ranged,

Adulterating the honour of your bed ?
Withhold dispute ; but execute your vengeance
With unresisted rage ; we shall look on,
Allow the fact, and spurn her from our bloods :
Else, not detected, you have wrong'd her inno-
cence

Unworthily and childishly, for which
I challenge satisfaction.

Cast. 'Tis a tyranny
Over an humble and obedient sweetness,
Ungently to insult.

Enter ADURNI.

Adur. That I make good,
And must without exception find admittance,
Fitting the party who hath herein interest.
Put case I was in fault, that fault stretch'd
merely

To a misguided thought ; and who in presence,
Except the pair of sisters, fair and matchless,
Can quit an imputation of like folly ?
Here I ask pardon, excellent Spinella,
Of only you ; that granted, he amongst you,
Who calls an even reckoning, shall meet
An even accountant.

Aur. Baited by confederacy !

I must have right.

Spin. And I, my lord, my lord—
What stir and coil is here ! you can suspect ?
So reconciliation then is needless :—
Conclude the difference by revenge, or part,
And never more see one another. Sister,
Lend me thine arm ; I have assumed a courage.
Above my force, and can hold out no longer ;
Auria, unkind, unkind !

Cast. She faints.

Aur. Spinella !

Regent of my affections, thou hast conquer'd :
I find thy virtues as I left them, perfect,
Pure and unflaw'd ; for instance, let me claim
Castanna's promise.

Cast. Mine !

Aur. Yours, to whose faith
I am a guardian, not by imposition,
But by you chosen. Look you, I have fitted
A husband for you, noble and deserving ;
No shrinking back. Adurni, I present her,
A wife of worth.

Mal. How's that ?

Aur. So great a blessing
Crown'd all desires of life.—The motion, lady,
To me, I assure you, is not sudden ;

But welcomed and forethought; would you could please

To say the like!

Aur. Castanna, do.—Speak, dearest, It rectifies all crooked, vain surmises; I prithee speak.

Spin. The courtship's somewhat quick, The match it seems agreed on; do not, sister, Reject the use of fate.

Cast. I dare not question The will of heaven.

Mal. Unthought of and unlook'd for!

Spin. My ever honoured lord.

Aurel. This marriage frees Each circumstance of jealousy.

Aur. Make no scruple, Castanna, of the choice; 'tis firm and real: Why else have I so long with tameness nourish'd Report of wrongs, but that I fix'd on issue Of my desires? Italians use not dalliance, But execution: herein I degenerated From custom of our nation; for the virtues Of my Spinella rooted in my soul,

* * * * *
Yet common form of matrimonial compliments, Short-liv'd as are their pleasures.—Yet in sooth, My dearest, I might blame your causeless absence, To whom my love and nature were no strangers: But being in your kinsman's house, I honour His hospitable friendship, and must thank it. Now lasting truce on all hands.

Aurel. You will pardon A rash and over-busy curiosity.

Spin. It was to blame; but the success remits it.

Adur. Sir, what presumptions formerly have grounded

Opinion of unfitting carriage to you, On my part I shall faithfully acquit At easy summons.

Mal. You prevent the nicety; Use your own pleasure.

BENATZI rushes in with his sword drawn. Followed by LEVIDONACHE and MARTINO.

Aurel. What's the matter?

Aur. Matter?

Ben. Adurni and Malfato found together! Now for a glorious vengeance.

Lev. Hold, oh, hold him!

Aurel. This is no place for murder; yield thy sword.

Aur. Yield it, or force it; [*BEN. is disarmed.*] set you up your shambles

Of slaughter in my presence?

Adur. Let him come.

Mal. What can the ruffian mean?

Ben. I am prevented;

The temple or the chamber of the Duke, Had else not proved a sanctuary. Lord, Thou bast dishonourably wrong'd my wife.

Adur. Thy wife! I know not her, nor thee.

Aur. Fear nothing.

Lev. Yes, me you know. Heaven has a gentle mercy

For penitent offenders: blessed ladies, Repute me not a cast-away, though once I fell into some lapses, which our sex Are oft entangled by; yet what I have been Concerns me now no more, who am resolv'd

On a new life. This gentleman, Benatzi, Disguised as you see, I have re-married. I knew you at first sight, and tender constantly Submission for all errors.

Mart. Nay, 'tis true, sir.

Ben. I joy in the discovery, am thankful Unto the change.

Aur. Let wonder henceforth cease, For I am partner with Benatzi's counsels, And in them was director: I have seen The man do service in the wars late past, Worthy an ample mention; but of that At large hereafter, repetitions now Of good or bad, would straiten time, presented For other use.

Mart. Welcome, and welcome ever.

Lev. Mine eyes, sir, never shall without a blush

Receive a look from yours; please to forget All passages of rashness; such attempt Was mine, and only mine.

Mal. You have found a way To happiness; I honour the conversion.

Adur. Then I am freed.

Mal. May style your friend your servant.

Mart. Now all that's mine is theirs.

Adur. But let me add An offering to the altar of this peace.

[*Gives her money.*]

Aur. How likes Spinella this? our holiday Deserves the calendar.

Spin. This gentlewoman Reform'd, must in my thoughts live fair and worthy.

Indeed you shall. [*Offering her money.*]

Cast. And mine; the novelty

Requires a friendly love.

Lev. You are kind and bountiful.

Enter TRELCATIO, FUTELLI, AMORETTA, PIERO, driving in FULGOSO and GUZMAN.

Trel. By your leaves, lords and ladies! to your jollities,

I bring increase with mine too; here's a youngster Whom I call son-in-law, for so my daughter Will have it. [*Presenting FUT.*]

Amor. 'Tis, in sooth thee will.

Trel. Futelli

Hath wean'd her from this pair.

Piero. Stand forth, stout lovers.

Trel. Top and top-gallant pair—and for his pains,

She will have him or none. He's not the richest I'th' parish; but a wit: I say, amen, Because I cannot help it.

Amor. Tith no matter.

Aur. We'll remedy the penury of fortune; They shall with us to Corsica. Our cousin Must not despair of means, since 'tis believed Futelli can deserve a place of trust.

Fut. You are in all unfellow'd.

Amor. Wistly thpoken.

Piero. Think on Piero, sir.

Aur. Piero, yea;

But what of these two pretty ones?

Fut. I'll follow

The ladies, play at cards, make sport, and whistle, My purse shall bear me out: a lazy life Is scurvy and debow'd; fight you abroad, And we'll be gaming, whilst you fight, at home,

Run high, run low, here is a brain can do't—
But for my martial brother Don, pray ye make him
A—what-d'ye call't—a setting dog,—a sentinel;
I'll mend his weekly pay.

Gus. He shall deserve it.
Vouchsafe employment, honourable—

Don. Marry,
The Don's a generous Don.

Aur. Unfit to lose him.
Command doth limit us short time for revels;
We must be thrifty in them. None, I trust,
Repines at these delights, they are free and harm-
less:
After distress at sea, the dangers o'er,
Safety and welcomes better taste ashore.

EPILOGUE.

The court's on rising; 'tis too late
To wish the lady in her fate
Of trial now more fortunate.

A verdict in the jury's breast,
Will be giv'n up anon at least,
Till then 'tis fit we hope the best.

Else if there can be any stay,
Next sitting without more delay,
We will expect a gentle day.

THE SUN'S DARLING.

A MORAL MASQUE.

BY JOHN FORD AND THOMAS DECKER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, LORD WRIOTHESLEY, OF TITCHFIELD, ETC.

My Lord,—Herodotus reports, that the Egyptians, by wrapping their dead in glass, present them lively to all posterity; but your lordship will do more, by the vivifying beams of your acceptance revive the parents of this orphan poem, and make them live to eternity. While the stage flourished, the poem lived by the breath of general applauses, and the virtual fervour of the court; but since hath languished for want of heat, and now, near shrunk up with cold, creeps, with a shivering fear, to extend itself at the flames of your benignity. My lord, though it seems rough and forlorn, it is the issue of worthy parents, and we doubt not but you will find it accomplished with their virtue. Be pleased, then, my lord, to give it entertainment; the more destitute and needy it is, the greater reward may be challenged by your charity; and so, being sheltered under your wings, and comforted by the sunshine of your favour, it will become proof against the injustice of time, and, like one of Demetrius's statues, appear fresher and fresher to all ages. My lord, were we not confident of the excellence of the piece, we should not dare to assume an impudence to prefer it to a person of your honour, and known judgment; whose hearts are ready sacrifices to your name and honour, being, my lord, your lordship's most humble and most obligedly submissive servants,

THEOPHILUS BIRD,
ANDREW PENNYCURCK.

READER,—It is not here intended to present thee with the perfect analogy between the world and man, which was made for man; nor their co-existence, the world determining with man: this, I presume, hath been by others treated on: but, drawing the curtain of this moral, you shall find him in his progression as followeth:

THE FIRST SEASON.

Presents him in the *Twilight* of his age,
Not pot-gun-proof, and yet he'll have his page:
This small knight-errant will encounter things
Above his perch, and like the partridge springs.

THE SECOND SEASON.

Folly, his squire, the lady Humour brings,
Who in his ear far sweeter novels sings.
He follows them; forsakes the April queen,
And now the *Noon-tide* of his age is seen.

THE THIRD SEASON.

As soon, as nerv'd with strength, he becomes weak,
Folly and Humour do his reason break;
Hurry him from his *Noontide* to his *Even*:
From summer to his *Autumn* he is driven.

THE FOURTH SEASON.

And now the *Winter*, or his nonage, takes him,
The sad remembrance of his errors wakes him;
Folly and Humour fain he'd cast away,
But they will never leave him till he's clay:
Thus man as clay descends, ascends in spirit;
Dust goes to dust: the soul unto its merit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHOEBUS, the Sun.
RAYBRIGHT, the Sun's DARLING.
SPRING.
YOUTH, } her Attendants.
DELIGHT, }
HEALTH, }
SUMMER.
PLENTY.
POMONA.
CUPID.
FORTUNE.
AUTUMN.
BACCHANALIAN.

BOUNTY.
WINTER.
CONCEIT.
DETRACTION.
TIME.
PRIEST of the Sun.
HUMOUR.
FOLLY.
ÆOLUS.

A Soldier, a Spaniard, an Italian Dancer,
a French Tailor, a Forester, Masquers,
Clowns, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Temple with an Altar.*—RAY—*BRIGHT discovered asleep.*

Enter the PRIEST of the Sun.

Priest. Lest your tunes, you sweet voiced spheres,
O'ertake him:
Charm his fancies, ope his ears;
Now wake him! [Music within.]

SONG.

Fancies are but streams
Of vain pleasure;
They, who by their dreams
True joys measure,
Feasting starve, laughing weep,
Playing smart; whilst in sleep
Fools, with shadows smiling,
Wake and find
Hopes like wind,
Idle hopes, beguiling.
Thoughts fly away; Time hath passed them:
Wake now, awake! see and taste them!

Ray. [*Waking.*] That I might ever slumber,
and enjoy

Contents as happy as the soul's best wishes
Can fancy or imagine! 'tis a cruelty
Beyond example, to usurp the peace
I sat enthroned in; who was't pluck'd me from it?

Priest. Young man, look hither!

Ray. Good, I envy not
The pomp of your high office; all preferment
Of earthly glories 'ere to me diseases,
Infecting those sound parts which should preserve
The flattering retribution to my thankfulness.
The times are better to me; there's no taste
Left on the palate of my discontent
To catch at empty hopes, whose only blessedness
Depends on being miserable.

Priest. Raybright,
Thou draw'st thy great descent from my grand
The Sun, whose priest I am. [patron,

Ray. For small advantage.
He who is high-born never mounts yon battlements
Of sparkling stars, unless he be in spirit
As humble as the child of one that sweats
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thrift.

Priest. Hast thou not flow'd in honours?

Ray. Honours? I'd not be baited with my fears
Of losing them, to be their monstrous creature
An age together: 'tis besides as comfortable
To die upon the embroidery of the grass,
Unminded, as to set a world at gaze,
Whilst from a pinnacle I tumble down
And break my neck, to be talk'd of and wonder'd at.

Priest. You have worn rich habits.

[*Ray.*] Fine ass-trappings!
A pedlar's heir turn'd gallant, follows fashion,
Can, by a cross-legg'd tailor, be transform'd
Into a jack-an-apes of passing bravery.

'Tis a stout happiness to wear good clothes,
Yet live and die a fool!—*Music.*

Priest. You have had children
Of cautions to enrich your marriage-bed.

Ray. Monkeys and parakeets are as pretty
To play withal, though not indeed so gentle.
Honesty's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies
Where't grows is hard to be discover'd: 'troth, sir,
I care for no long travels with lost labour.

Priest. Pleasures of every sense have been your
Whenas you have commanded them. [servants,

Ray. To threaten ruin,
Corrupt the purity of knowledge; wrest
Desires of better life to those of this,
This scurvy one, this life scarce worth the keeping!

Priest. 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indul-
gence

To your own dull'd affections, away your judgment;
You could not else be thus lost, or suspect
The care your ancestor the Sun takes of you.

Ray. The care! the scorn he throws on me.

Priest. Fie! fie!

Have you been sent out into strange[r] lands, 'er
Seen courts of foreign kings; by them been graded
To bring home such neglect?

Ray. I have reason for it.

Priest. Pray show it.

Ray. Since my coming home I have found
More sweets in one unprofitable dream,
Than in my life's whole pilgrimage.

Priest. Your fantasy
Misleads your judgment vainly. Sir, in brief,
I am to tell you, how I have received
From your progenitor, my lord, the Sun,
A token, that he visibly will descend
From the celestial orb, to gratify
All your wild longings.

Ray. Very likely! when, pray?
The world the while shall be beholding to him
For a long night; new-married men will curse,
Though their brides tickle for't—oh! candle and
Will grow to an excessive rate i' th' city. [lanthorn

Priest. These are but flashes of a brain dis-
order'd.

Contain your float of spleen in seemly bounds;
Your eyes shall be your witness.

Ray. He may come.

Enter TIME, whipping TOLLY, in rage, before him.

Time. Hence, hence, thou shame of nature,
mankind's foil!
Time whips thee from the world, kicks thee, and
scorns thee.

Fol. Whip me from the world! why whip? am
I a dog, a cur, a mongrel? bow wow! do thy
worst, I defy thee. [Sings.]

I will roar and squander,
Cuzen and be drunk too;
I'll maintain my pander,
Keep my horse and punk too;
Brawl and scuffle,
Shift and shuffle,
Swagger in my potmeals;
Damn-me's rank with;
Do mad prank with
Roaring-boys and Oatmeals.

Pox on time, I care not;
Being past, 'tis nothing.
I'll be free and spare not;
Sorrows are life's loathing.
Melancholy
Is but folly;
Mirth and youth are plotters:
Time, go hang thee!
I will hang thee,
Though I die in totters.

And what think you of this, you old doating, moth-eaten, bearded rascal! as I am Folly by the mother's side, and a true-bred gentleman, I will sing thee to death, if thou vex me. Cannot a man of fashion, for his pleasure, put on, now and then, his working-day robes of humility, but he must presently be subject to a headle's rod of correction? Go, mend thyself, cannibal! 'tis not without need; I am sure the times were never more beggarly and proud: waiting women flaunt it in cast-suits, and their ladies fall for 'em; knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand with cap and knee to fools. Pitiful Time! pitiful Time!

Time. Out, foul, prodigious and abortive birth! Behold, the sand-glass of thy days is broke.

Fol. Bring me another; I'll shatter that too.

Time. No, thou'st mis-spent thy hours, lavish['d,] fool-like,

The circuit of thy life, in ceaseless riots;
It is not therefore fit, that thou shouldst live
In such a court, as the Sun's majesty
Vouchsafes to illuminate with his bright beams.

Fol. In any court, father bald-pate, where my granmam the Moon shows her horns, except the Consistory Court; and there she need not appear, cuckolds carry such sharp stilettos in their fore-heads. I'll live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, maugre thy scurvy and abominable beard.

Time. Priest of the Sun, 'tis near about the minute

Thy patron will descend; scourge hence this trifle:
Time is ne'er lost, till, in the common schools
Of ignorance, time meets with wilful fools. [*Exit.*]

Fol. Farewell 1538! I might have said 5000, but the other's long enough o' conscience, to be honest-condition'd—pox on him! it's a notable railing whipper, of a plain Time-whipper.

Priest. You heard the charge he left.

Fol. Ay, ay, he may give a charge; he has been a petty court-holder ever since he was a minute old; he took you for a foreman of a jury.

Ray. Pray, sir, what are you?

Fol. No matter what; what are you?

Ray. Not as you are, I thank my better fates; I am grandchild to the Sun.

Fol. And I am cousin-german, some two or three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is Folly.

Ray. Folly, sir! of what quality?

Fol. Quality! any quality in fashion; drinking, whoring, singing, dancing, dicing, swearing, roaring, foisting, lying, cogging, canting, *et cetera*. Will you have any more?

Ray. You have a merry heart, if you can guide it.

Fol. Yes, faith; so, so: I laugh not at those whom I fear; I fear not those whom I love; and I love not any whom I laugh not at: pretty strange humour, is't not?

Ray. To any one, that knows you not, it is.

Priest. You must avoid.

Fol. Away, away! I have no such meaning, indeed, la! [*Music of Recorders.*]

Priest. Hark! the fair hour is come; draw to the altar,

And, with amazement, reverence and comfort,
Behold the broad-eyed lamp of heaven descending!
Stand!—

The Sun appears above.

Fol. Oh, brave!

Priest. Stand.

SONG.

Glorious and bright! lo, here we bend
Before thy throne, trembling, attend
Thy sacred pleasures: be pleas'd then
To shower thy comforts down, that men
May freely taste, in life's extremes,
The influence of thy powerful beams.

Ray. Let not my fate too swiftly run,
Till thou acknowledge me thy son;
Oh! there's no joy even from the womb
Of frailty, till we be call'd home.

Fol. Now am I an arrant rascal, and cannot
speak one word for myself, if I were hanged.

Sun. Raybright!

Priest. It calls you; answer.

Ray. Lord and Father!

Sun. We know thy cares; appear to give release:
Boldly make thy demands, for we will please
To grant whate'er thou su'st for.

Ray. Fair-beam'd sir!

I dare not greedily prefer
Eternity of Earth's delights,
Before that duty which invites
My filial piety: in this
Your love shall perfect my heart's bliss,
If I but for one only year,
Enjoy the several pleasures here,
Which every season in his kind,
Can bless a mortal with.

Sun. I find

Thy reason breeds thy appetite, and grant it;
Thou master'st thy desire, and shalt not want it.
To the Spring garden let him be convey'd,
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid;
All the varieties the Spring can show,
Be subject to his will.

Priest. Light's lord! we go.

[*Exeunt PRIEST and RAYBRIGHT.*]

Fol. And I will follow, that am not in love with
such fopperies. [*Exit.*]

Sun. We must descend, and leave awhile our
sphere,

To greet the world.—Ha? there does now appear
A circle in this round, of beams that shine
As if their friendly lights would darken mine:
No, let them shine out still, for these are they,
By whose sweet favours, when our warmth's decay,
Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish
Our active motions, which in summer flourish,
By their fair quick'ning dews of noble loves:
Oh, may you all, like stars, whilst swift time moves,
Stand fix'd in firmaments of blest content!
Meanwhile [the] negotiations we present,
Shall strive to please.—I have the foremost tract;
Each season else brings and ends an Act.

[*The Sun disappears.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of Spring.*

Enter Spring, RAYBRIGHT, YOUTH, HEALTH, and DELIGHT.

Spring. Welcome! The mother of the year, the Spring,

That mother, on whose back Age ne'er can sit,
For Age still waits on her; that Spring, the nurse
Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made wanton;

Physician to the sick, strength to the sound,
By whom all things above and under-ground
Are quicken'd with new heat, fresh blood, brave vigour,—

That Spring, on thy fair cheeks, in kisses lays
Ten thousand welcomes, free as are those rays,
From which thy name thou borrow'st; glorious name,

RAYBRIGHT, as bright in person as in fame!

Ray. Your eyes amazed me first, but now mine ears

Feel your tongue's charm; in you move all the spheres.

Oh, lady! Would the Sun, which gave me life,
Had never sent me to you!

Spring. Why? all my veins
Shrink up, as if cold Winter were come back,
And with his frozen beard had numb'd my lips,
To hear that sigh-fly from you.

Ray. Round about me
A firmament of such full blessings shine,
I, in your sphere, seem a star more divine,
Than in my father's chariot, should I ride
One year about the world in all his pride.

Spring. Oh, that sweet breath revives me; if thou never

Part'st hence; (as part thou shalt not,) be happy ever!

Ray. I know I shall.

Spring. Thou, to ~~say~~ whose state
Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth,

wait,

I charge thee, on my darling.

Youth. Madam, I shall.
And on his smooth cheek such sweet roses set,
You still shall sit to gather them; and when
Their colours fade, [like] brave shall spring again.

Spring. Thou, without whom they that have hills
of gold

Are slaves and wretches, Health! that canst not
be sold.

Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower
Guarded, for there lies the Spring's paramour.

Health. One of my hands is writing still in
Heaven,

For that's Health's library; t' other on the Earth,
Is physic's treasurer, and what wealth those lay
Up for my queen, all shall his will obey.

Ray. Mortality sure falls from me.

Spring. Thou! to whose tunes
The five nice senses dance; thou, that dost spin
Those golden threads all women love to wind,
And but for whom, man would cut off mankind,
Delight! not base, but noble, touch thy
And fill my court with brightest Delphic

Del. Hover, you wing'd musicians, in the air!
Clouds, leave your dancing! no winds stir the air!

Health. Leave blustering March—

SONG by DELIGHT.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?

'Tis Philomel, the nightingale;

Jugg, jugg, jugg, terue she cries,

And, hating earth, to heaven she flies.

[*The cuckoo is heard.*]

Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckows sing
Cuckow, to welcome in the Spring.

Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?

'Tis the lark's silver leer-a-leer.

Chirup the sparrow flies away;

For he fell to't ere break of day.

[*The cuckoo again.*]

Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckows sing
Cuckow! to welcome in the Spring.

Spring. How does my sun-born sweetheart
like his queen,

Her court, her train?

Ray. Wondrous; such ne'er were seen.

Health. Fresher and fresher pastimes! one de-
Is a disease to th' wanton appetite. [light

Del. Music, take Echo's voice, and dance quick
rounds

To thine own times in repercussive sounds.

Spring. Enough! I will not weary thee.
[*An echo of Cornets.*]

[*Exit Del.*]

Pleasures, change!

Thou, as the Sun in a free zodiac range.

Re-enter DELIGHT.

Del. A company of rural fellows, faced
Like lovers of your laws, beg to be graced
Before your highness, to present their sports.

Spring. What is't?

Del. A morrice.

Spring. Give them our court.—

Stay, these dull birds may make thee stop thine
ear;

Take thou my lightning, none but laurel here
Shall scape thy blasting: whom thou wilt con-
found,

Smite; let those stand, who in thy choice sit
crown'd.

Ray. Let these then, I may surfeit else on
sweets;

Sound sleeps do not still lie in princes' sheets.

Spring. Beckon the rurals in; the country-gray
Seldom ploughs treason: should'st thou be stol'n
By great ones,—that's my fear.

Ray. Fear it not, lady;

Should all the world's black sorceries be laid

Enter the MORRICE-DANCERS.

To blow me hence, I move not

Spring. I am made

In that word the Earth's empress.—

A DANCE.

Are not these sports too rustic?

Ray. No; pretty and pleasing.

Spring. My youngest girl, the violet-breathing
May,

Being told by Flora that my love dwelt here,
Is come to do you service: will you please
To honour her arrival?

Ray. I shall attend.

Spring. On then, [Exeunt Morrice-dancers,
and bid my rosy-finger'd May
Rob hills and dales, with sweets to strew his way.
[Exit, followed by YOUTH and HEALTH.

Enter FOLLY, and whispers RAYBRIGHT.

Ray. An empress, say'st thou, fall'n in love with me?

Fol. She's a great woman, and all great women love to be empresses; her name, the lady Humour.

Ray. Strange name! I never saw her, knew her not;
What kind of creature is she?

Fol. Creature! of a skin soft as pomatum, sleek as jelly, white as blanched almonds; no mercer's wife ever handled yard with a prettier [hand]; breath, sweet as a monkey's; lips of cherries, teeth of pearl, eyes of diamond, foot and leg as—

Ray. And what's thy name?

Fol. 'Tis but a folly to tell it; my name is Folly.

Ray. Humour and Folly! To my listening ear The lady's praises often have been sung; Thy trumpet, sounding forth her graceful beauties, Kindles high flames within me to behold her.

Fol. She's as hot as you for your heart.

Ray. This lady, call'd the Spring, is an odd trifle.

Fol. A green-sickness thing. I came by the way of a hobby-horse letter-of-attorney, sent by my lady as a spy to you. Spring, a hot lady! a few fields and gardens lass. Can you feed upon sallads and tansies? eat like an ass upon grass every day? At my lady's comes to you now a goodly woodcock; nothing but fowl; fowl pie, potters all covered with fowl, and is not fowl very good fare?

Ray. Yea, marry is't. sir; the fowl being kept clean.

My admiration wastes itself in longings
To see this rare piece: I'll see her; what are kings,
Were not their pleasures varied? shall not mine,
then?

Should day last ever, 'twould be loath'd as night;
Change is the sauce that sharpens appetite.
The way? I'll to her:

Fol. The way is windy and narrow; for, look you, I do but wind this cornet, and if another answer it, she comes.

Ray. Be quick then!

[FOLLY winds his cornet, and is answered from without.

Enter Humour, followed by a Soldier, a Spaniard, an Italian Dancer, and a French Tailor.

Hum. Is this that flower the Spring so dotes upon?

Fol. This is that honeysuckle she sticks in her ruff.

Hum. A bedfellow for a fairy!

[Aside.

Ray. Admired perfection,
You set my praises to so high a tune,
My merits cannot reach them.

Hum. My heart-strings shall then,
As mine eye gives that sentence on thy person,
And never was mine eye a corrupt judge.
That judge to save thee would condemn a world,
And lose mankind to gain thee: 'tis not the Spring,

With all her gaudy arbours, nor perfumes
Sent up in flattering incense to the Sun,
For shooting glances at her, and for sending
Whole choirs of singers to her every morn,
With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood
As I can with one kiss.

Ray. The rose-lipp'd dawning
Is not so melting, so delicious:
Turn me into a bird, that I may sit
Still singing in such boughs.

Hum. What bird?

Fol. A ring-tail.

Hum. Thou shalt be turn'd to nothing but to nine,

My Mine of pleasures, which no hand shall rise
But this, which in warm nectar bathes the palm.
Invent some other tires! Music!—stay,—none!—

Fol. Heyday!

Hum. New gowns, fresh fashions! I'm not
brave enough

To make thee wonder at me.

Ray. Not the moon,
Riding at midnight in her crystal chariot,
With all her courtiers in their robes of stars.
Is half so glorious.

Hum. This feather was a bird of Paradise;
Shall it be your's?

Ray. No kingdom buys it from me.

Fol. Being in fool's paradise he must not lose
his bauble.

Ray. I am wrapt—

Fol. In your mother's smock.

Ray. I am wrapt above man's being, in being
sphered

In such a globe of rarities; but say, lady,
What these are that attend you?

Hum. All my attendants

Shall be to thee sworn servants.

Fol. Folly is sworn to him already never to
leave him.

Ray. He?

Fol. A French gentleman, that trails a Spanish
pike; a tailor.

Tail. Well, mounsieur; I nimble upon de
cross-caper; me take a de measure of de body
from de top a de noddle to de heel and great toe;
oh, dish be fine! dis collar is cut out in anger
scurvey; oh, dis beeshes pincha de bum; me put
one French yard into de toder hose.

Fol. No French yards; they want an [English]
yard, at least.

Ray. Shall I be brave, then?

Hum. Golden as the sun.

Ray. What's he that looks so smickly?

Fol. A flounder in a frying-pan, still skipping;
one that loves mutton so well, he always carries
capers about him; his brain, he in his legs, and
his legs serve him to no other use than to do tricks,
as if he had bought them of a juggler.—He's an
Italian dancer, his name—

Dan. Signor Lavoita, messer mio; me tesha all
de bella corantos, gagliardas, pianettas, capoe-
rettas, amorettas, dolce dolce, to declamante do
bona robas de Toscana.

Ray. I ne'er shall be so nimble.

Fol. If you pour quicksilver into your shin-
bones, he does.

Ray. This now?

Fol. A most sweet Spaniard.

Span. A conficiador, which in your tongue

is a confit-maker, of Toledo. I can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of ways—

Fol. And the throat has but one in all; oh, Toledo!

Span. In conserves, candies, marmalades, sin-cadoes, ponadoes, marablanc, bergamoto, aranzues muria, limons, berengennas of Toledo, oriones, potatoes of Malaga, and ten millions more.

Fol. Now 'tis ten millions! a Spaniard can multiply.

Span. I am your servitor.

Ray. My palate pleased too! What's this last?

Sold. I am a gun that ~~can~~ roar, two stilettoes in one sheath; I can fight and bounce too. My lady, by me, presents this sword and belt to you.

Ray. Incomparable mistress!

Hum. Put them on.

Sold. I'll drill you how to give the lie, and stab in the punto; if you dare not fight, then how to vamp a rotten quarrel without ado.

Ray. How? dare not fight! there's in me the Sun's fire.

Hum. No more of this:—(dances)—awake the music! Oyez! music!

Ray. No more of this;—this sword arms me for battle.

Hum. Come then, let thou and I rise up in arms;

The field, embraces; kisses, our alarms.

Fol. A dancer and a tailor! yet stand still? Strike up.

Re-enter SPRING, HEALTH, YOUTH, DELIGHT.

Spring. Oh, thou enticing strumpet! how durst thou

Throw thy voluptuous spells about a temple That's consecrate to me?

Hum. Poor Spring, goody herb-wife! How dar'st thou cast a glance on this rich jewel, I have bought for my own wearing?

Spring. Bought? art thou sold then?

Ray. Yes, with her gifts; she buys me with her graces.

Health. Graces? a witch!

Spring. What can she give thee?—

Ray. All things.

Spring. Which I for one bubble cannot add a sea to?

Fol. And show him a hobby-horse in my likeness.

Spring. My Raybright, hear me; I regard not these.

Ray. What dowry can you bring me?

Spring. Dowry? ha!

Is't come to this? am I held poor and base!

A girdle make whose buckles, stretch'd to th' length,

Shall reach from th' arctic to th' antarctic pole; What ground soo'er thou canst with that enclose

I'll give thee free: not a lark, that calls The morning up, shall build on any turf

But she shall be thy tenant, call thee lord, And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.

Ray. I must turn bird-catcher.

Fol. Do you think to have him for a song?

Hum. Live with me still, and all the measures, Play'd to by the spheres, I'll teach thee;

Let's but thus dally, all the pleasures

The moon beholds, her man shall reach thee.

Ray. Divinest!

Fol. Here's a lady!

Spring. Is't come to who gives most?

The self-same bay-tree, into which was turn'd

Peneian Daphne, I have still kept green;

That tree shall now be thine: about it sit

All the old poets, with fresh laurel crown'd,

Singing in verse the praise of chastity;

Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise,

Sweet cantos of thy love and mine to sing,

And invoke none but thee as Delian king.

Ray. Live by singing ballads!

Fol. Oh, base! turn poet? I would not be one myself.

Hum. Dwell in mine arms, aloft we'll hover,

And see fields of armies fighting:

Oh, part not from me! I'll discover

There all, but books of fancy's writing.

Del. Not far off stands the Hippocrenian well

Whither I'll lead thee, and but drinking there,

To welcome thee, nine Muses shall appear;

And with full bowls of knowledge thee inspire.

Ray. Hang knowledge, drown your Muses!

Fol. Aye, aye, or they'll drown themselves in sack and claret.

Hum. Do not regard their toys;

Be but my darling, age to free thee

From her curse, shall fall a-dying;

Call me thy empress; Time to see thee

Shall forget his art of flying.

Ray. Oh, my all excellence!

Spring. Speak thou for me; I am fainting.

[TO HEALTH.

Health. Leave her; take this, and travel through the world,

I'll bring thee into all the courts of kings,

Where thou shalt stay, and learn their languages;

Kiss ladies, revel out the nights in dancing,

The day [in] manly pastimes; snatch from Time

His glass, and let the golden sands run forth

As thou shalt jog them; riot it, go brave,

Spend half a world, my queen shall bear thee out:

Yet all this while, though thou climb hills of years,

Shall not one wrinkle sit upon thy brow,

Nor any sickness shake thee; Youth and Health,

As slaves, shall lackey by thy chariot wheels:

And who, for two such jewels, would not sell

Th' East and West Indies? both are thine, so

that—

Ray. What?

Fol. All lies! gallop over the world, and not grow old, nor be sick? a lie. One gallant went but into France last day, and was never his own man since; another steep'd but into the Low Countries, and was drunk dead under the table; another did but peep into England, and it cost him more in good-morrows blown up to him under his window, by drums and trumpets, than his whole voyage; besides, he ran mad upon't.

Hum. Here's my last farewell: ride along with I'll raise by art out of base earth a palace, [me]

* * * * * a crystal stream,

Whither thyself, waving

Shall call together the most glorious spirits

Of all the kings that have been in the world;

And they shall come, only to feast with thee.

Ray. Rare!

Hum. At one end of this palace shall be heard That music which gives motion to the heaven; And in the midst Orpheus shall sit and weep,

For sorrow that his lute had not the charms
To bring his fair Eurydice from hell :
Then, at ano'her end,—

Ray. I'll hear no more :
This ends your strife ; you only I adore.

[*To HUMOUR.*
Spring. Oh, I am sick at heart ! unthankful
'Tis thou hast wounded me ; farewell ! [man,
[*She is led in by DELIGHT.*

Ray. Farewell.

Fol. Health, recover her ; sirrah Youth, look to her.

Health. That bird that in her nest sleeps out the spring.

May fly in summer ; but—with sickly wing.
[*Exeunt HEALTH and YOUTH.*

Ray. I owe thee, for this pill, doctor.

Hum. The Spring will die sure.

Ray. Let her !

Hum. If she does,

Folly here is a kind of a foolish poet,
And he shall write her epitaph.

Ray. Against the morning
See it then writ, and I'll reward thee for it.
Fol. It shall not need.

Ray. 'Tis like it shall not need ;

This is your Folly ?

Hum. He shall be ever yours.

Fol. I hope ever to be mine own folly ; he's one of our fellows.

Hum. In triumph now I lead thee ;—no, be thou And lead me. [*Cæsar,*

Ray. Neither ; we'll ride with equal state
Both in one chariot, since we have equal fate.

Hum. Each do his office to this man, your lord ;

For though Delight, and Youth, and Health should leave him,

This ivory-gated palace shall receive him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Confines of Spring and Summer.*

Enter RAYBRIGHT melancholy.

Ray. Oh, my dear love the Spring, I am cheated
Thou hadst a body, the four elements [of thee !
Dwelt never in a fairer ; a mind, princely :
Thy language, like thy singers, musical.
How cool wert thou in anger ! in thy diet,
How temperate, and yet sumptuous ! thou wouldst
The weight of a sad violet in excess ; [not waste
Yet still thy board had dishes numberless :
Dumb beasts even loved thee ; once a young lark
Sat on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes,
Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies.

Enter FOLLY.

Fol. I have done, my lord ; my muse has pump'd
hard for an epitaph upon the late departed Spring,
and here her lines spring up.

Ray. Read.

Fol. Read ! so I will, please you to reach me
your high ears.

Here lies the blithe Spring,
Who first taught birds to sing ;
Yet in April herself fell a crying :
Then May growing hot,
A sweating sickness she got,
And the first of June lay a dying.

Yet no month can say,
But her merry daughter May
Stuck her coffin with flowers great plenty :
The cuckoo sung in verse
An epitaph o'er her hearse,
But assure you the lines were not dainty

Ray. No more are thine, thou idiot ! hast thou
To poison with thy nasty jigs but mine, [none
My matchless frame of nature, creation's wonder ?
Out of my sight !

Fol. I am not in it ; if I were, you'd see but
scurvily. You find fault as patrons do with books,
to give nothing.

Ray. Yes, bald one, beastly base one ; blockish
—away !

Vex me not, fool ; turn out o' doors your roarer,
French tailor, and that Spanish ginger-bread,
And your Italian skipper ; then, sir, yourself.

Fol. Myself ! Carbonado me, bastinado me,
strappado me, hang me, I'll not stir ; poor Folly,
honest Folly, jocundary Folly forsake your lordship !
no true gentleman hates me ; and how many women
are given daily to me, (if I would take 'em,) some
not far off know. Tailor gone, Spanish fig gone,
all gone, but I—

* *Enter HUMOUR.*

Hum. My waiters quitted off by you ! you flay
them !

Whence come these thunderbolts ? what furies
[haunt you ?

Ray. You.

Fol. She !

Ray. Yes, and thou,

Fol. Bow-wow !

Ray. I shall grow old, diseased, and melan-
choly ;

For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,
And that Delight my Spring bestow'd upon me :
But for you two, I should be wondrous good ;
By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, torn
From the embracements of the noblest creature—

Hum. Your Spring ?

Ray. Yes, she, even she, only the Spring.
One morning, spent with her, was worth ten nights
With ten of the prime beauties in the world :
She was unhappy never, but in two sons,
March, a rude roaring fool,—

Fol. And April, a whining puppy.

Hum. But May was a fine piece.

Ray. Mirror of faces.

Fol. Indeed May was a sweet creature ; and yet
a great raiser of Maypoles.

Hum. When will you sing my praises thus ?

Ray. Thy praises,
That art a common creature !

Hum. Common !

Ray. Yes, common :

I cannot pass through any prince's court,
Through any country, camp, town, city, village,

But up your name is cried, may curse it, a ven-
On this your debauch'd Humour!

Fol. A villain's spoke those very words, and brought
to a company of roaring-boys, that would not pay
their reckoning.

Ray. How many bastards just then?

Hum. None.

Ray. That a lie

Be judged by this your countenance.

Fol. *Squire!* worshipful!

Ray. The countenance of a courtier, he set
Belly?

Fol. The man that is fully a courtier's
humour is to be taken for a man; not to be
brought, and no more to be.

Ray. Above ladies, but not humours.

Fol. Who has a wit that but brave fords?

Ray. Your humours, but brave humours.

Fol. Oh! but their wits have tickling humours.

Hum. Yet none.

Fol. Humours, and all are your bastards
that are given to humours you, you have a com-
pany of as great names to your children as ever
went to the gallies! a collier being drunk jostled
a knight into the kennel, and cried, 'twas his
humour; the knight broke his cockcomb, and that
was his humour.

Ray. And yet you are not common!

Hum. No matter what I am:

Ray. Curst, be hantie; get you to the tomb
Of your rare mistress; dig up your dead Spring,
And kiss her, kiss her: me, have you lost.

Fol. And I scorn to be found.

Ray. Stay; must I lose all comfort? dearest,
There's such a deal of magic in those eyes, [stay:
I'm charmd to kiss thee only.

Fol. Are you so? Kiss me; I'll be kissed some-
where, I warrant.

Ray. I will not leave you folly for a world.

Fol. Nor I you for tears.

Ray. Nor thee, my love, for worlds piled upon
words.

Hum. If ever for the Spring you do but sigh,
I take my bells.

Fol. And I my hobby-horse: will you be merry
then, and sound?

Ray. As merry as the cuckows of the spring.

Fol. Again?

Ray. How, lady, lies the way?

Hum. I'll be your convoy,
And sing you the court of the Sun's Queen,
Summer, a glorious and majestic creature;
Hot as the sun, and the poor Spring as far
As a sunbeam does edrop, the moon a star.

Ray. Applaud the spheres I'd move in.—Attend
Folly. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*At the Summer's Court.*

Enter Raybright and Humour.

Ray. I wonder my humble Folly stays so long.

Hum. His countenance, foot, and counts,
I wonder.

That minute past, as the operation you.

Ray. His countenance, foot, and counts;
Both of you are a consort, and your tunes
Lull me asleep; and, when I wake, am sad.

My curstness drives from me in soft dreams:

How far must we travel? Is our motion.

[That] puts us in this heat, or is the air
In love with us, it clings with such embraces,
To keep us in this warmth?

Hum. This shows her Court
Is not far off, you cover with me;
Her countenance, foot, and counts, needless fires,
The Sun and moon, and the planets.

Hum. Has she any buildings?

Hum. Magnificent and curious: every moon
The horses of the day bait there; whilst he,
Who in a golden chariot makes them gallop
In twelve hours o'er the world, alights awhile,
To give a love-kiss to the Summer-queen.

Ray. And shall we have fine sights there?

Hum. Oh!

Ray. And hear.

More ravishing music?

Hum. All the choristers

That learn'd to sing i' the temple of the Spring;
But here attain such cunning, that when the winds
Roar and are mad, and clouds in antick gambols
Dance o'er our heads, their voices have such
They'll all stand still to listen. [chords,

Ray. Excellent.

Enter Folly.

Fol. I sweat like a pamper'd jade of Asia, and
drop like a cob-nut out of Africa—

Enter a Forester.

Fores. Back! whither go you?

[*Fol.*] Oyes! this way.

Fores. None must pass:

Here's kept no open court; our queen this day
Rides forth a-hunting, and the air being hot,
She will not have rude throngs to stifle her.
Back!

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Court of the Summer.*

Enter SUMMER and HUMOUR.

Sum. And did break her heart.

Del. Yes, with disdain.

Sum. The heart of my dear mother, the
Spring!

I'll break his heart for't: bad she not
Too tempting for a Jove?

Del. The Graces sat
On her fair eyelids ever; but his youth,
Lusting for change, so doted on a lady,
Fantastic and yet fair, a piece of wonder,
(They call her Humour, and her parasite Folly)
He cast the sweet Spring off, and turn'd us
him;

Yet his celestial kinsman, for young Raybright
Is the SUN'S DARLING, knowing his journeying
hither

To see thy glorious court, sends me before
T' attend upon you, and spend all my hours
In care for him.— [Recorders

The Sun appears above.

Sum. Obey your charge!—Oh, thou baulder

[Kneels.

Of my handmaid! landlord of my life!

My love: throne where my glories sit!

I will triumph on a silver cloud,

But not on thee.

How! [*She rises.*] Is Raybright come yet?

Del. Not yet.

Sun. Do you indulge over him;

Enter PLANT.

And lavish thou thy treasure.—

Plot. Our princely cousin
Raybright, your Darling, and the world's delight
Is come.

Sun. Who with him?

Plot. A goddess in a woman's

Attended by a prating saucy fellow.

Call'd Folly.

Sun. They'll confound him—

But he shall run [his course]—go and receive him.

[Exit PLANT.]

Sun. Your sparkling eyes, and his arrival,
Heaps of admirers; earth itself will sweat
To bear our weights. Vouchsafe, bright power, to
Winds not too rough from Æolus, to fan [borrow
Our glowing faces.

Sun. I will: ho, Æolus!

Unlock the jail, and lend a wind or two

To fan my girl, the Summer.

Æol. *(Within.)* I will.

Sun. No roarsers.

Æol. *(Within.)* No.

Sun. Quickly.

Æol. *(Within.)* Fly, you slaves! Summer
sweats; cool her.

[Hoboyes.—The SUN takes his seat above.]

*Enter RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, PLANT, FOLLY, Country-
fellows, and Wenches.*

SONG.

Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your Summer-queen;
Dress up with pink-rose and eglantine bowers,
Daffodils and the green
Sing, dance, and play,
'Tis holiday!
The Sun has bravely shine
On our land of corn.
What a pearl
Is every girl,
For mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let the weeds be away they be borne.

Bring to the Sun, to our queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports:
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
As those in princes' courts.
These and we
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow:
Skipping larks
Their bleating dams,
Mongst kids shall trip it round;
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntmen, your neat bugles shrill;
Hounds make a lusty cry;
Spring up, you falcons, the partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks fly.
Horses amain,
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase:
'Tis a sport to content a king.
So ho ho! through the skies
How the proud bird flies,
And sousing kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls; hark! how they ring—
[The Sun by degrees is seen.]

Sun. Take off; the Sun is angry, and has
A cloud to hide his face.

[drawn]

Del. He's vex'd to see

That person star shine [so] near you, at whose

The Spring felt sick and died; think what I told

His organs will till this day.

[you]

Sun. It cannot—no prince,

Though you should touch me, has touch'd mine ear.

The new power he has never saw.

A man, who's never seen, I love hate.

Ray. I'll not.

Sun. For him I love, I'll not be littering

You boast your great name.

Because you kill'd my son.

Plot. Kill'd he my son?

Plant. I will

Hold you by the hand.

Sun. You have free leave

To thrust your arm into our

As deep as I myself: Plant.

Still at your elbow; all my eyes are yours.

Attendants yours, my state and glory's yours:

But these shall be as sunbeams from a glass

Reflected on you, not to give you heat.

To doat on a smooth face, my spirit's too great.

[Flourish.—Exit, followed by Plant, and Del.]

Ray. Divinest!

Hum. Let her go.

Fol. And I'll go after; for I must and will have

a fling at one of her plum-trees.

Ray. I ne'er was scorn'd till now.

Hum. This that *Allexa*,

That Rhodian wonder gaz'd at by the Sun!—

I feared thine eyes should have beheld a face,

The moon has not a cheek so thick, so powdy.

Fol. An ouzel; this green-apple or a crab she

gave you?

Hum. She bide her share her treasure; but

who keeps it?

Fol. She points to trees great with fruit with

fruit; but when deliver'd? grapes hang in vines;

but no drawing, not a drop of wine! whole ears of

corn lay their ears together for bread, but she devour'd

a bit I can touch.

Hum. Be ruled by me once more.

Ray. In scorn,

As [s]he does me.

Fol. Scorn! If I be not deceived,

Summer go up and down with her

and that little baggage, her daughter Plant,

bring bunches of radish for a penny.

Hum. Thou shalt have nobler well-meats for

bringing thee

To a brave and bounteous housekeeper, free

Autumn.

Fol. Oh, there's a lad!—let's go then.

Re-enter PLANT.

Plot. Where is this prince's mother, for the

Must not have you [de part].

Ray. Must not?

Re-enter SUMMER.

Sun. No, must not.

I did but evade thee, like a whistling wind,

Playing with thy daughters: when I told thee

I hated thee, I lied; I dote upon thee.

Unlock my garden of the Hesperides,

By dragons kept, (the apples being pure gold)
Take all that fruit; 'tis thine.

Plen. Love but my mother,
I'll give thee corn enough to feed the world.

Ray. I need not golden apples, nor your corn;
What land soe'er the world's surveyor, the Sun,
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine:
All kingdoms I have right to; I am free
Of every country; in the four elements
I have as deep a share as an emperor;
All beasts whom the earth bears are to serve me,
All birds to sing to me; and can you catch me
With a tempting golden apple?

Plen. She's too good for thee.
When she was born, the Sun for joy did rise
Before his time, only to kiss those eyes,
Which having touch'd, he stole from them such
store
Of lights, he shone more bright than e'er before;
At which he vow'd, whenever she did die,
He'd snatch them up, and in his sister's sphere
Place them, since she had no two stars so clear.

Ray. Let him now snatch them up; away!

Hum. Away,
And leave this gipsy.
Sum. Oh, I am lost.
Itay. Lost?

Sum. Scorn'd!—
• *Ray.* Of no triumph more than love can boast.

[Exit with HUMOUR and FOLLY.]

Plen. This strumpet will confound him, she has me.

Sum. Deluded!— [Recorders.]

The SUN re-appears, with CUPID and FORTUNE.

Sun. Is Raybright gone?

Sum. Yes, and his spiteful eyes
Have shot darts through me.

Sun. I thy wounds will cure,
And lengthen out thy days; his followers gone,
Cupid and Fortune, take you charge of him.
Here thou, my brightest queen, must end thy
reign;

Some nine months hence I'll shine on thee again.
[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Court of AUTUMN.

Enter POMONA, RAYBRIGHT, CUPID, and FORTUNE.

Ray. Your entertainments, Autumn's bounteous
queen,
I have feasted me with rarities as delicate,
As the full growth of an abundant year
Can ripen to my palate.

Pom. They are but courtings
Of gratitude to our dread lord, the Sun,
From whom thou draw'st thy name: the feast of
fruits

Our gardens yield are much too coarse for thee;
Could we contract the change of nature's plenty
Into one form, and that form to contain
All delicacies, which the wanton sense
Would relish, or desire to invent, to please it,
The present were unworthy far to purchase
A sacred leave of friendship.

Ray. I have rioted
In surfeits of the ear, with various music
Of warbling birds; I have smelt perfumes of roses,
And every flower, with which the fresh-trimm'd
earth

Is mantled in: the Spring could mock my senses
With these fine barren lullabies; the Summer
Invited my then ranging eyes to look on
Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles
Of watrish petty dainties; but my taste
Is only here pleas'd: the other objects claim
The style of formal, these are real bounties.

Pom. We can transcend thy wishes; whom the
creatures

Of every age and quality post, may
From land to land and sea to sea,
Shall wait upon thy nod, Fortune, and
Love! yield thy quiver and thine arrows
To this great prince of time; bestow them,
Pour out thy mint of treasures, and let him
reign

Of what his thoughts can glory to command.

He shall give payment of a royal prize,
To Fortune judgment, and to Cupid eyes.

For. Be a merchant, I will freight thee
With all store that time is bought for.

Cup. Be a lover, I will wait thee
With success in life most sought for.

For. Be enamour'd on bright honour,
And thy greatness shall shine glorious.

Cup. Chastity, if thou smile on her,
Shall grow servile, thou victor.

For. Be a warrior, conquest ever
Shall triumphantly renown thee.

Cup. Be a courtier, beauty never
Shall but with her duty crown thee.

For. Fortune's wheel is thine, depose me;
I'm thy slave, thy power has bound me.

Cup. Cupid's shafts are thine, depose me;
Love love's love; thy grace wound me.

Both. Live, reign! pity is fame's jewel;
We obey; oh! be not cruel.

Ray. You ravish me with infinites, and lay
A bounty of more sovereignty and amazement,
Than the Atlas of mortality can support.—

Enter, behind, HUMOUR and FOLLY.

Hum. What's here?

Fol. Nay, pray observe.

Ray. Be my heart's empress, build your king-
dom there.

Hum. With what an earnestness he compli-
[ments.]

Fol. Upon my life he means to turn coster-
monger, and is projecting how to forestal the
market; I shall cry pippins rarely.

Ray. Till now my longings were no'er satisfied;
And the desires my sensual appetite

Are only fed with, barren expectations
Of what I am fill'd with.

Fol. Yes, we are filled and must be emptied,
And fruits have distended my guts into a
mass of pudding, there's no fat in them; my belly

swells, but my sides fall away : a month of such diet would make me a living anatomy.

Pom. These are too little ; more are due to him, That is the pattern of his father's glory : Dwell but amongst us, industry shall strive To make another artificial nature, And change all other seasons into ours.

Hum. Shall my heart break ? I can contain no longer.

[*Comes forward, with POLLY.*]

Ray. How fares my loved Humour ?

Hum. A little stirr'd,—no matter, I'll be merry ; Call for some music—do not ;—I'll be melancholy.

Fol. A sullen humour ; and common in a dicer that has lost all his money.

Pom. Lady, I hope 'tis no neglect of courtesy in us, that so disturbs you ; if it rise From any discontent, reveal the cause ; It shall be soon removed.

Hum. Oh, my heart!— Help to unlace my gown.

Fol. And unlace your petticoat.

Hum. Saucy, how now!—'tis well you have some sweetheart,

Some new fresh sweetheart ; [*To RAY.*]—I'm a goodly fool

To be thus play'd on, staled and foil'd.

Pom. Why, madam ?

We can be courteous without stain of honour— 'Tis not the raging of a lustful blood

That we desire to tame with satisfaction, Nor have his masculine graces in our breast Kindled a wanton fire ; our bounty gives him A welcome free, but chaste and honourable.

Hum. Nay, 'tis all one ; I have a tender heart : Come, come, let's drink.

Fol. A humour in fashion with gallants, and brought out of the Low Countries.

Hum. Fie ! there's no music in thee ;—let us sing.

Fol. Here's humour in the right trim ! a few more such toys would make the little world of man run mad as the puritan that sold his conscience for a maypole—

[*A flourish.—Shouts within.*]

Ray. The meaning of this mirth ?

Pom. My lord is coming.

Ray. Let us attend to humble our best thanks, For these high favours.

Enter AUTUMN and BACCHANALIAN.

Pom. My dearest lord, according to th' injunction

Of your command, I have, with all observance, Given entertainment to this noble stranger.

Aut. The Sun-born Raybright, minion of my love !

Let us be twins in heart ; thy grandsire's beams Shine graciously upon our fruits and vines. I am his vassal, servant, tributary ; And, for his sake, the kingdoms I possess, I will divide with thee ; thou shalt command The Lydian Tmolus, and Campanian mounts, To nod their grape-crown'd heads into thy bows, Expressing their rich juice ; a hundred grains, Both from the Beltick and Sicilian fields, Shall be congested for thy sacrifice, In Ceres' fane ; Tiber shall pay thee apples, And Sicyon olives ; all the choicest fruits, Thy father's heat doth ripen.

Ray. Make me but treasurer

Of your respected favours, and that honour Shall equal my ambition.

Aut. My Pomona,

Speed to prepare a banquet of [all] novelties. This is a day of rest, and we, the whites, Will sport before our friends, and shorten time With length of wonted revels.

Pom. I obey.

Will't please you, madam ! a retirement From these extremes in men, more tolerable, Will better fit our modesties.

Hum. I'll drink,

And be a Bacchanalian—no, I will not. Enter, I'll follow ;—stay, I'll go before.

Pom. Even what Humour pleaseth.

[*Exeunt Hum. and Pom.*]

Aut. Raybright, a health to Phoebus !

[*A flourish. Drinks.*]

These are the Pceans, which we sing to him, And yet we wear no bays ; our cups are only Crown'd with Lyncus' blood : to him a health !

[*A flourish. Drinks.*]

Ray. I must pledge that too.

Aut. Now, one other health

To our grand patron, call'd Good-fellowship ; Whose livery all our people hersabout Are clad in.

[*Irish. Drinks.*]

Ray. I am for that too.

Aut. 'Tis well ;

Let it go round ; and, as our custom is Of recreations of this nature, join Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes ; Sing ita unto Bacchus.

Fol. Hey-hoes ! a god of winds : there's at least four-and-twenty of them imprisoned in my belly ; if I sigh not forth some of them, the rest will break out at the back-door ; and how sweet the music of their roaring will be, let an Irishman judge.

Ray. He is a songetter too.

Fol. A very foolish one ; my music is natural, and came by inheritance : my father was a French nightingale, and my mother an English wagtail ; I was born a cuckoo in the spring, and lost my voice in summer, with laying my eggs in a sparrow's nest ; but I'll venture for one :—fill my dish—every one take his own, and, when I hold up my finger, off with it.

Aut. Begin.

POLLY sings.

Cast away care ; he that loves sorrow Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow ; Money is trash ; and he that will spend it, Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it. Merrily, merrily, merrily, Off, ho ! Play it off stilly, we may not part so.

Chor. Merrily, &c.

[*Here, and at the conclusion of every stanza, they drink.*]

Wine is a charm, it heats the blood too, Cowards is ill arm, if the wine be good too ; Quickens the wit, and makes the back able, Soons to submit to the watch or constable, Merrily, &c.

Pots fly short, give us more liquor, Bottoms off rout, our brains will flow quicker ; Empty the tank ; score up, we care not ; Fill us the pots again, drink on, and spare not.

Merrily, &c.

Now, have I more air than ten musicians ; besides there is a whirlwind in my brains, I could both caper and turn round.

Aut. Oh, a dance by all means !
Now cease your healths, and in an active motion
Bestir ye nimbly, to beguile the hours.

Fol. I am for you in that too ; 'twill jog down
the lees of these rouses into a freer passage ; but
take heed of sure footing, 'tis a slippery season :
many men fall by rising, and many women are
raised by falling.

A DANCE.

Aut. How likes our friend this pastime !

Ray. Above utterance.

Oh, how have I, in ignorance and dulness,
Run through the progress of so many minutes,
Accusing him, who was my life's first author,
Of slackness and neglect, whilst I have dreamt
The folly of my days in vain expense
Of useless taste and pleasure ! Pray, my lord,
Let one health pass about, whilst I bethink me
What course I am to take, for being denizen
In your unlimited courtesies.

Aut. Devise a round ;

You have your liberty.

Ray. A health to Autumn's self !
And here let time hold still his restless glass,
That not another golden sand may fall
To measure how it passeth. *[They drink.]*

Aut. Continue here with me, and by thy pre-
create me favourite to thy fair progenitor, [sauce
And be mine heir.

Ray. I want words to express
My thankfulness.

Aut. Whate'er the wanton Spring,
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to Autumn ; Summer
sweats,
Either in pasturing her furlongs, reaping
The crop of bread, ripening the fruits for food,
[While] Autumn's garner's house them. Autumn's
jollities

Feed on them ; I alone in every land,
Traffic my useful merchandize ; gold and jewels,
Lordly possessions, are for my commodities
Mortgaged and lost : I sit chief moderator
Between the cheek-parch'd Summer, and th' ex-
tremes

Of Winter's tedious frost ; nay, in myself
I do contain another teeming Spring.
Surety of health, prosperity of life
Belongs to Autumn ; if thou then canst hope
To inherit immortality in frailty,
Live here till time be spent, yet be not old.

Ray. Under the Sun, you are the year's great
emperor.

Aut. On now, to new variety of feasts ;
Princely contents are fit for princely guests.

Ray. My lord, I'll follow. *[Flourish. Exit Aut.]*
Sure, I am not well.

Fol. Surely I am half drunk, of monstrously
mistaken : you mean to stay here, belike ?

Ray. Whither should I go else ?

Fol. Nay, if you will kill yourself in your own
defence, I'll not be of your jury.

Re-enter Humour.

Hum. You have had precious pleasures, choice
of drunkenness :

Will you be gone ?

Ray. I feel a war within me,
And every doubt that resolution kills

Springs up a greater : In the year's revolution, &
There cannot be a season more delicious,
When Plenty, Summer's daughter, empties daily
Her cornucopia, fill'd with choicest viands.

Fol. Plenty's horn is always full in the city.

Ray. When temperate heat offends not with
extremes,

When day and night have their distinguishment
With a more equal measure ;—

Hum. Ha ! in contemplation ?

Fol. Troubling himself with this windy-guts,
this belly-aching Autumn, this Apple John Kent,
and warden of Fruiterers' hall.

Ray. When the bright Sun, with kindly distant
beams

Gilds ripen'd fruit ;—

Hum. And what fine meditation

Transports you thus ? You study some encomium
Upon the beauty of the garden's queen ;
You'd make the paleness to supply the vacancy
Of Cynthia's dark defect.

Fol. Madam, let but a green-sickness chamber-
maid be thoroughly steeled, if she get not a better
colour in one month, I'll be forfeited to Autumn
for ever, and fruit-eat my flesh into a consump-
tion.

Hum. Come, Raybright ; whatsoe'er suggestions
Have won on thy apt weakness, leave these empty
And hollow-sounding pleasures, that include
Only a windy substance of delight,
Which every motion alters into air ;
I'll stay no longer here.

Ray. I must.

Hum. You shall not ;

These are adulterate mixtures of vain follies :
I'll bring thee
Into the court of Winter ; there thy food
Shall not be sickly fruits, but healthful broths.
Strong meat and dainty.

Fol. Pork, beef, mutton, very sweet mutton,
veal, venison, capon, fine fat capon, partridge,
snite, plover, larks, teal, admirable teal, my lord.

Hum. Mistery there, like to another nature,
Confects the substance of the choicest fruits
In a rich candy, with such imitation
Of form and colour, 'twill deceive the eye,
Until the taste be ravish'd.

Fol. Comfits and caraways, marchpanes and
marmalades, sugar-plums and pippin-pies, ginger-
bread and walnuts.

Hum. Nor is his bounty limited ; he'll not spare
To exhaust the treasure of a thousand Indies.

Fol. Two hundred pound suppers, and neither
fiddlers nor broken glasses reckoned ; besides, a
hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you
can hold out so long.

Ray. You tell me wonders :

Be my conductress ; I'll fly this place in secret :
Three quarters of my time are almost spent,

The last remains to crown my full content.
Now, if I fail, let man's experience read me :

'Twas Humour, joined with Folly, did mislead
me.

Hum. Have this naked season,
Wherein the very trees shake off their locks,
It is so poor and barren.

Fol. And when the hair falls off, I have heard
a poet say, 'tis no good sign of a sound body.

Ray. Come, let's go taste old Winter's
delights.

And swell with pleasures our big appetites.
The Summer, Autumn, [Winter] and the Spring,
As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring,
(An emblem of four provinces we sway.)
Shall all attend our pastimes night and day;
Shall both be subject to our glorious state,

While we enjoy the blessings of our fate:
And since we have notice that some barbarous
spirits
Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words
They'll not desist, we'll force our way with swords.
[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Court of Winter.*

Enter several Clowns.

1 *Clown.* Hear you the news, neighbour!

2 *Clown.* Yes, to my grief, neighbour; they say our prince Raybright is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of courtiers: we are like to have a fine time on't, neighbours.

3 *Clown.* Our wives and daughters are, for they are sure to get by the bargain; though our barns be emptied, they will be sure to be with bairn for't. Oh, these courtiers; neighbours, are pestilent knaves; but ere I'll suffer it, I'll pluck a crow with some of 'em.

1 *Clown.* Faith, neighbour, let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men, rather than live like beasts.

2 *Clown.* Aye, like horn-beasts, neighbour: they may talk and call us rebels, but a fig for that, 'tis not a fart matter: let's be true amongst ourselves, and with our swords in hand resist his entrance.—

Enter WINTER.

Win. What sullen murmurings does your gall bring forth?

Will you prov't true, "No good comes from the north?"

Bold, saucy mortals, dare you then aspire
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire?
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence
All temperate heat's fled of obedience?
How durst you else with force think to withstand
Your prince's entry into this his land?
A prince, who is so excellently good,
His virtue is his honour, more than blood;
In whose clear nature, as two suns, do rise
The attributes of mercifu. and wisc;
Whose laws are so impartial, they must
Be counted heavenly, 'cause they're truly just:
Who does, with princely moderation, give
His subjects an example how to live;
Teaching their erring natures to direct
Their wills, to what it ought most to affect:
That as the sun does unto all dispense
Heat, light, nay life, from his full influence:
Yet you, wild fools, possess'd with giant rage,
Dare, in your lawless fury, think to wage
War against Heaven; and from his shining throne
Pull Jove himself, for you to tread upon;
Were your heads circled with his own green oak,
Yet are they subject to his thunder stroke,
And he can sink such wretches as rebel,
From Heaven's sublime height to the depth of
Hell.

1 *Clown.* The devil he can as soon! we fear no colours; let him do his worst; there's many a tall fellow, besides us, will rather die than see his living taken from them, nay, even eat up: all things are

grown so dear, there's no enduring more mouths than our own, neighbour.

2 *Clown.* Thou'rt a wise fellow, neighbour; prate's but prate. They say this prince too would bring new laws upon us, new rites into the temples of our gods; and that's abominable; we'll all be hang'd first.

Win. A most fair pretence
To found rebellion upon conscience!
Dull, stubborn fools! whose perverse judgments still

Are govern'd by the malice of your will,
Not by indifferent reason, which to you
Comes, as in droughts the elemental dew
Does on the parch'd earth; wets, but does not give
Moisture enough to make the plants to live.
Things void of soul I can you conceive, that he,
Whose every thought's an act of piety,
Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good
That ever was comprised in flesh and blood,
Cannot direct you in the fittest way
To serve those Powers, to which himself does pay
True zealous worship, nay's so near allied
To them, himself must needs be deified?

Enter FOLLY.

Fol. Save you, gentlemen! 'Tis very cold; you live in frost; you've Winter still about you.

2 *Clown.* What are you, sir?

Fol. A courtier, sir; but, you may guess, a very foolish one, to leave the bright beams of my lord, the prince, to travel hither. I have an ague on me; do you not see me shake? Well, if our courtiers, when they come hither, have not warm young wenches, good wines and fires, to heat their blood, 'twill freeze into an apoplexy. Farewell, frost! I'll go seek a fire to thaw me; I'm all ice, I fear, already. [Exit.]

1 *Clown.* Farewell, and be hang'd! ere such as these shall eat what we have sweat for, we'll spend our bloods. Come, neighbours, let's go call our company together, and go meet this prince he talks so of.

3 *Clown.* Some shall have but a sour welcome of it, if my crabtree-cudgel hold here.

Win. 'Tis, I see,
Not in my power to alter destiny;
You're mad in your rebellious minds: but hear
What I presage, with understanding clear,
As your black thoughts are misty; take from me
This, as a true and certain augury:
This prince shall come, and, by his glorious side,
Laurel-crown'd conquest shall in triumph ride,
Arm'd with the justice that attends his cause,
You shall with penitence embrace his laws:
He to the frozen northern clime shall bring
A warmth so temperate, as shall force the Spring
Usurp my privilege, and by his ray

Night shall be changed into perpetual day
Plenty and happiness shall still increase,
As does his light; and turtle-footed peace
Dance like a fairy through his realms, while all
That envy him, shall like swift comets fall
By their own fire consumed; and glorious he
Ruling, as 'twere, the force of destiny,
Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,
Then fly to Heaven, and give a new star birth

*A Flourish—Enter RAYBRIGHT, IN MOOD OF RHYTHM
and DELIGHT*

But see, our star appears, and from his eye
Fly thousand beams of sparkling majesty
Bright son of Phœbus, welcome! I begin
To feel the ice fall from my crusted skin;
For at your beams the waggoner might thaw
His chariot, axed with Rhipsean snow;
Nay, the slow moving North-star, having felt
Your temperate heat his circles would not halt

Ray. What bold rebellious cliffs dare disturb
The happy progress of our glorious peace,
Contemn the justice of our equal law,
Profane those sacred rites, which still must be
Attendant on monarchical dignity?
I came to frolic with you, and to cheer
Your drooping souls by vigour of my beams.
And have I this strange welcome? *Reverend*
Winter!

I'm come to be your guest, your bounteous free
Condition does assure [me], I shall have
A welcome entertainment

Wm. Illustrious sir! I am [not] ignorant
How much expression my true zeal will want
To entertain you fitly, yet my love
And hearty duty shall be far above
My outward welcome To that glorious light
Of Heaven, the Sun, which chases hence the
night,

I am so much a vassal, that I'll strive,
By honouring you, to keep my faith alive
To him, brave prince, through you, who do inherit
Your father's cheerful heat and quickening spirit
Thereof, as I am Winter, worn and spent
So far with age, I am Time's monument,
Antiquity's example, in my zeal
I, from my youth, a span of time will steal
To open the free treasures of my court,
And swell your soul with my delights and sport

Ray. Never till now
Did admiration beget in me truly
The rare-match'd twins, of wit, pity and pleasure
[Pity, that one]

So royal, so abundant in earthly blessings,
Should not partake the comfort of those beams,
With which the Sun, beyond extent, doth cheer
The other nations; yet my measures with you,
I from their daily glare, do get the start, as far
As Heaven's great lamp from every minor star

Bowen. Sir, you can speak well; if your tongue
delivers

The message of your heart, without some cunning
Of restraint, we may hope to enjoy
The lasting riches of your discourse hence [forth]
Without distrust or change.

Ray. Winter's sweet bride,
All conquering Bounty, queen of hearts, life's
glory

Nature's perfection; whom all love, all serve,
To whom Fortune, even in extreme's a slave,

When I fall from my duty to thy goodness,
Let me be rank'd as nothing!

Bowen. Come, you flatter me.

Ray. I flatter you! why, madam, you are
Bounty,

Sole daughter to the royal throne of peace

Hum. He minds not me now

[Aside]

Ray. Bounty's self!

For you, he is no soldier dares not fight,
No scholar he, that dares not plead your merits,
Or study your best sweetness, should the Sun,
Eclips'd for many years, forbear to shine
Upon the bosom of our naked pastures,
Yet, where you are, the glories of your smiles
Would warm the barren grounds, arm heartless
masonry,

And cherish desolation: 'deed I honour you,
And, as all others ought to do, I serve you

Hum. Are these the rare sights, these the pro-
mise'd compliments?

Wm. Attendance on our revels! let delight
Conjoin the day with sable-footed night
Both shall forsake their orbs, and in one sphere
Meet in soft mirth, and harmless pleasures here
While plump Lycaus shall, with garland crown'd
Of triumph ivy, in full cups abound
Of Cretan wine and shall dumb Ceres call
To wait on you, at Winter's festival,
While gaudy Summer Autumn, and the Spring,
Shall to my lord their choicest viands bring
We'll rob the sea, and from the subtle air
Fetch her inhabitants to supply our fare,
That, were Apicius here, he in one night
Should satiate with dainties his strong appetite.
Begin our revels then, and let all pleasure
Flow like the ocean in a boundless measure

* [4 Flourish]

Enter CONCEIT and DETRACTION

Con. Wit and pleasure soft attention
Graze the apertures of our invention

Detr. Conceit peace! for Detraction
Hath already drawn a faction
Shall divide thee

Con. Ah! tickle leave me
For in labouring to deceive me
Of a scholar's prize, thy dotage
Shall be hissed at

Detr. Here's a hot ire,
When such petty penmen covet
Fame by folly! On! I'll prove it
Scourge by thy part, and try thee
By thine own wit

Con. I defy thee
Here are nobler judges wit
Cannot suffer where they sit

Detr. Prithce, foolish Conceit, leave off thy set
speeches, and come to the conceit itself in plain
language. What goodly thing is't, in the name of
laughter?

Con. Detraction, do thy worst. Conceit ap-
pears,

In honour of the Sun, their fellow-friend,
Before thy presence know, then, that the spheres
Have for a while resign'd their orbs, and lend
Their seats to the four Elements, who join'd
With the four known Complexions, have stoned
A noble league, and severally put on
Material bodies; here amongst them none
Observe equilibrium: Earth and Air alike
Are sprightly active; Fire and Water seek

No glory of pre-eminence; Phlegm and Blood,
Choler and Melancholy, who have stood
In contraries, now meet for pleasure,
To entertain time in a courtly Measure.

Detr Impossible and improper; first, to personate innumerable creatures, and next, to compound quite opposite humours! fir, fir, fir, it's abominable!

Con Fond ignorance! how dar'st thou vainly
Impossibility, what reigns in man! [scans]
Without disorder, wisely mix'd by nature,
To fashion and preserve so high a creature?

Detr Sweet sir, when shall our mortal eyes behold this new piece of wonder? We must gaze on the stars for it, doubtless

Chorus in pens in the Masquers, (the four Elements Air, Fire, Water and Earth and the four complexions Phlegm, Blood, Choler and Melancholy) on a raised Platform

Con See, thus the clouds fly off, and run in chase,

When the Sun's bounty lends peculiar grace,
Detr Fine stuff pretty and in good earnest
but, sirrah scholar, will they come down too?

Con Behold them well, the foremost represent
Air, the most sportive of the elements [sings]

Detr A nimble rascal, I warrant him some alderman's son, wondrous giddy and light headed,
one that blew his patrimony away in feather and tobacco

Con The next near him is Fire

Detr A choleric gentleman, I should know him
a younger brother and a great spender, but seldom or never carries any money about him he was begot when the sign was in Taurus, for he roars like a bull but is indeed a bell weather

Con The third in rank is Water

Detr A phlegmatic cold piece of stuff his father, methinks should be one of the dunce-table, and one that never drank strong beer in his life, but at festival times, and then he caught the heart burning a whole vacation and half a term after

Con The fourth is Lanth

Detr A shrewd plotting-pated fellow, and a great lover of news I guess at the rest, Blood is placed near Air, Choler near Fire, Phlegm and Water are sworn brothers, and so are Earth and Melancholy

Con Fair nymph of Harmony, be it thy task
To sing them down, and rank them in a masque.

A SONG

During which, the Masquers descend upon the Stage, and take their places for the Dance

See the Elements conspire

Nimble Air does court the Earth

Water does mix with fire,

To give our prince's pleasure birth,

Each delight each joy each sweet

In one composition meet

All the seasons of the year,

Winter does invoke the Spring,

Summer does in pride appear,

Autumn forth its fruits doth bring.

And with emulation pay

Their tribute to this holy day;

In which the Darling of the Sun is come,

To make this place a new Elysium.

Chorus in Pens in the Masquers.

Win How do these pleasures please?

Hum Pleasures?

Boun Live here,

And be my lord's friend, and thy sports shall vary

A thousand ways, Idleness shall begot

Conceits, as curious as the thoughts of Change
Can aim at

Hum Trifles! Progress o'er the year

Again, my Raybright; therein like the Sun;

As he in Heaven runs his circular course,

So thou on earth run thine, for to be fed

With stale delights, breeds daintiness and contempt

Think on the Spring.

Ray She was a lovely virgin

Win My royal lord!

Without offence, be pleased but to afford

Me give you my true heart, do not scorn

My age, nor think, 'cause I appear forlorn,

I serve for no use 'tis my sharper breath

Does purge gross exhalations from the earth;

My frosts and snows do purify the air

From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair;

And though by nature cold and chill I be,

Yet I am warm in bounteous charity;

And can, my lord, by grave and sage advice,

Bring you to the happy shades of paradise

Ray That wonder! Oh, can you bring me thither?

Win I can direct and point you out a path

Hum But what's the guide?

Quicken thy spirits, Raybright, I'll not leave thee

We'll run the self-same race again, that happy race,

These lazy, sleeping, tedious Winter's nights

Become not noble action

Ray To the Spring

I am resolv'd—

[Rings]

The Sun appears

Oh, what strange light appears!

The Sun is up, sir!

Sun Wanton Darling look

And worship with amazement

Omnes Gracious lord!

Sun Thy sands are number'd, and thy glass of frailty

Here runs out to the last—Here, in this mirror,

Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes,

The season of the Spring dawns like the Morning,

Bedewing childhood with unrelush'd beauties

Of gaudy sights, the Summer as the Noon,

Shines in delight of youth, and ripens strength

To Autumn's Maturity; here the Evening grows,

And knits up all felicity in folly

Winter at last draws on the night

Yet still a humour of some warm

Untasted or untried, pure of the

Of resolution, which should bid

To a vain world of business and

The powers, from whom

pedigree

Of his creation, with

Give him Health, Wealth, Honour, for free at-

tendants

To rectify his carriage to be thankful

Again to them, man should gather his riots,

His bosom's whorls and

Humour

His Reason's dangerous seducer, Folly.
Then shall,
Like four straight pillars, the four Elements
Support the godly structure of mortality ;
Then shall the four Complexions, like four heads
Of a clear river, streaming in his body,
Nourish and comfort every vein and sinew ;
No sickness of contagion, no grim death
Or deprivation of Health's real blessings,
Shall then affright the creature built by Heaven,

Reserv'd to immortality. Henceforth
In peace go to our altars, and no more
Question the power of supernal greatness,
But give us leave to govern as we please
Nature and her dominion, who from us
And from our gracious influence hath both being,
And preservation ; no replies, but reverence.
Man hath a double guard, if time can win him ;
Heaven's power above him, his own peace within
him. [Exeunt.]

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

BY ROWLEY, DEKKER, FORD, &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR ARTHUR CLARINGTON.
Old THORNEY, a Gentleman.
CARTER, a rich Yeoman.
Old BANKS, a Countryman.
HATCLIFFE.
W. MAGG.
W. HANLUC.
HOWLAND, and several other Countrymen.
WARBECK, }
SOMERTON, } *Sailors to CARTER'S Daughters.*
FRANK, THORNEY'S Son.
CUDDY BANKS, the Clerk.
MORRICE-DANCERS.

SAWGUT, an old Fiddler.

Justice, Constable, Officers, *Serving-Men and*
Maids.

Dog, a Familiar.
A Spirit.

Mother SAWYER, the WITCH.

ANN, HATCLIFFE'S Wife.

SUBAN, }
KATHERINE, } *CARTER'S Daughters.*
WINNIFREDE, Sir ARTHUR'S Maid.

SCENE,—THE TOWN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD OF EDMONTON: IN THE END OF THE LAST ACT, LONDON.

THE WHOLE ARGUMENT IS THIS DISTICH:

Forced marriage, murder; murder blood requires;
Reproach, revenge; revenge, hell's help desires.

PROLOGUE.

THE town of Edmonton hath lent the stage
A Devil and a Witch, both in an age.
To make comparisons it were uncivil,
Between so even a pair, a Witch and Devil:
But as the year doth with his plenty bring,
As well a latter as a former spring,

So hath this Witch enjoy'd the first; and reason
Presumes she may partake the other season:
In acts deserving name, the proverb says,
"Once good and ever;" why not so in plays?
Why not in this? since, gentlemen, we flatter
No expectation; here is mirth and matter.

MASTER BIRD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Neighbourhood of EDMONTON.*
A Room in the House of Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.

Enter FRANK THORNEY and WINNIFREDE.

Frank. Come, wench; why, here's a business
soon dispatch'd.

Thy heart I know is now at ease: thou need'st not
Fear what the tattling gossips in their cups
Can speak against thy fame; thy child shall know
Whom to call dad now.

Win. You have [here] discharg'd
The true part of an honest man; I cannot

Request a fuller satisfaction
Than you have freely granted: yet methinks
'Tis an hard case, being lawful man and wife,
We should not live together.

Frank. Had I fail'd

In promise of my truth to thee, we must
Have then been ever sunder'd; now the longest
Of our forbearing either's company,
Is only but to gain a little time
For our continuing thrift; that so, hereafter,
The heir that shall be born may not have cause
To curse his hour of birth, which made him feel
The misery of beggary and want;

Two devils that are occasions to enforce
A shameful end. My plots aim but to keep
My father's love.

Win. And that will be as difficult
To be preserv'd, when he shall understand
How you are married, as it will be now,
Should you confess it to him.

Frank. Fathers are
Won by degrees, not bluntly, as our masters
Or wronged friends are; and besides I'll use
Such dutiful and ready means, that ere
He can have notice of what's past, th' inheritance
To which I am born heir, shall be assured;
That done, why let him know it: if he like it not,
Yet he shall have no power in him left
To cross the thriving of it.

Win. You who had
The conquest of my maiden-love, may easily
Conquer the fears of my distrust. And whither
Must I be hurried?

Frank. Prithce do not use
A word so much unsuitable to the constant
Affections of thy husband: thou shalt live
Near Waltham-Abbey, with thy uncle Selman;
I have acquainted him with all at large:
He'll use thee kindly; thou shalt want no pleasures,
Nor any other fit supplies whatever
Thou canst in heart desire.

Win. All these are nothing
Without your company.

Frank. Which thou shalt have
Once every month at least.

Win. Once every month!
Is this to have an husband?

Frank. Perhaps oftener;
That's as occasion serves.

Win. Ay, ay; in case
No other beauty tempt your eye, whom you
Like better, I may chance to be remember'd,
And see you now and then. Faith; I did hope
You'd not have us'd me so: 'tis but my fortune.
And yet, if not for my sake, have some pity
Upon the child I go with; that's your own:
And 'less you'll be a cruel-hearted father,
You cannot but remember that.
Heaven knows, how—

Frank. To quit which fear at once,
As by the ceremony late perform'd,
I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge,
As any double thought; once more, in hearing
Of Heaven and thee, I vow that never henceforth
Disgrace, reproof, lawless affections, threats,
Or what can be suggested 'gainst our marriage,
Shall cause me falsify that bridal oath
That binds me thine. And, Winnifrede, whenever
The wanton heats of youth, by subtle baits
Of beauty, or what woman's art can practise,
Draw me from only loving thee, let Heaven
Influct upon my life some fearful ruin!
I hope thou dost believe me.

Win. Swear no more;
I am confirm'd, and will resolve to do
What you think most behoveful for us.

Frank. Thus then:
Make thyself ready; at the furthest house
Upon the green, without the town, your uncle
Expects you. For a little time, farewell!

Win. Sweet,
We shall meet again as soon as thou canst possibly?
Frank. We shall. One kiss—away! [*Exit Win.*]

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.

Sir Ar. Frank Thorney!

Frank. Here, sir.

Sir Ar. Alone? then must I tell thee in plain
terms,

Thou hast wrong'd thy master's house basely and

Frank. Your house, sir? [lewdly.]

Sir Ar. Yes, sir: if the nimble devil
That wanton'd in your blood, rebell'd against
All rules of honest duty, you might, sir,
Have found out some more fitting place than here,
To have built a stews in. All the country whispers
How shamefully thou hast undone a maid,
Approv'd for modest life, for civil carriage,
Till thy prevailing perjuries enticed her
To forfeit shame. Will you be honest yet,
Make her amends and marry her?

Frank. So, sir,
I might bring both myself and her to beggary;
And that would be a shame worse than the other.

Sir Ar. You should have thought on this before,
and then

Your reason would have overweigh'd the passion
Of your unruly lust. But that you may
Be left without excuse, to save the infamy
Of my disgraced house, and 'cause you are
A gentleman, and both of you my servants,
I'll make the maid a portion.

Frank. So you promised me
Before, in case I married her. I know
Sir Arthur Clarington deserves the credit
Report hath lent him; and presume you are
A debtor to your promise: but upon
What certainty shall I resolve? Excuse me,
For being somewhat rude.

Sir Ar. It is but reason.
Well, Frank, what think'st thou of two hundred
And a continual friend? [pounds,

Frank. Though my poor fortunes
Might happily prefer me to a choice
Of a far greater portion; yet to right
A wronged maid, and to preserve your favour,
I am content to accept your proffer.

Sir Ar. Art thou?

Frank. Sir, we shall every day have need to
The use of what you please to give. [employ

Sir Ar. Thou shalt have it.

Frank. Then I claim
Your promise.—We are man and wife.

Sir Ar. Already?

Frank. And more than so, [sir,] I have pro-
mised her
Free entertainment in her uncle's house
Near Waltham-Abbey, where she may securely
Sojourn, till time and my endeavours work
My father's love and liking.

Sir Ar. Honest Frank!

Frank. I hope, sir, you will think I cannot keep
Without a daily charge. [her,

Sir Ar. As for the money,
'Tis all thine own; and though I cannot make thee
A present payment, yet thou shalt be sure
I will not fail thee.

Frank. But our occasions—

Sir Ar. Nay, nay,
Talk not of your occasions: trust my bounty,
It shall not sleep.—Hast married her i'faith.
Frank?

'Tis well, 'tis passing well!—then, Winnifrede,
Once more thou art an honest woman. Frank,

Thou hast a jewel, love her; she'll deserve it.
And when to Waltham?

Frank. She is making ready;
Her uncle stays for her.

Sir Ar. Most provident speed.
Frank, I will be [thy] friend, and such a friend!—
Thou wilt bring her thither?

Frank. Sir, I cannot; newly
My father sent me word I should come to him.

Sir Ar. Marry, and do; I know thou hast a wit
To handle him.

Frank. I have a suit to you.

Sir Ar. What is it?

Anything, Frank; command it.

Frank. That you'll please
By letters to assure my father, that
I am not married.

Sir Ar. How?

Frank. Some one or other
Hath certainly inform'd him, that I purposed
To marry Winnifrede; on which he threaten'd
To disinherit me:—to prevent it,
Lowly I crave your letters, which he seeing
Will credit; and I hope, ere I return,
On such conditions as I'll frame, his lands
Shall be assured.

Sir Ar. But what is there to quit
My knowledge of the marriage?

Frank. Why, you were not
A witness to it.

Sir Ar. I conceive; and then—
His land confirm'd, thou wilt acquaint him tho-
roughly

With all that's past.

Frank. I mean no less.

Sir Ar. Provided
I never was made privy to't.

Frank. Alas, sir,
Am I a talker?

Sir Ar. Draw thyself the letter,
I'll put my hand to't. I commend thy policy,
Thou'rt witty, witty, Frank; nay, nay, 'tis fit:
Dispatch it.

Frank. I shall write effectually. *[Exit.]*

Sir Ar. Go thy way, cuckoo!—have I caught
the young man?

One trouble then is freed. He that will feast
At other's cost, must be a bold-faced guest.—

Enter WINNIFREDE in a riding-suit.

Win, I have heard the news, all now is safe;
The worst is past: thy lip, wench! *(kisses her.)*
I must bid

Farewell, for fashion's sake; but I will visit thee
Suddenly, girl. This was cleanly carried:
Ha! was't not, Win?

Win. Then were my happiness,
That I in heart repent I did not bring him
The dower of a virginity. Sir, forgive me;
I have been much to blame: had not my laun-
dress

Given way to your immoderate waste of virtue,
You had not with such eagerness pursued
The error of your goodness.

Sir Ar. Dear, dear Win,
I hug this art of thine; it shows how cleanly
Thou canst beguile, in case occasion serve
To practise; it becomes thee: now we share
Free scope enough, without controul or fear,
To interchange our pleasures; we will surfeit

In our embraces, wench. Come, tell me, when
Wilt thou appoint a meeting?

Win. What to do?

Sir Ar. Good, good! to con the lesson of our
Our secret game. *[Loves,*

Win. Oh, blush to speak it further.

As you are a noble gentleman, forget
A sin so monstrous; 'tis not gently done,
To open a cured wound: I know you speak
For trial; 'troth, you need not.

Sir Ar. I for trial?

Not I, by this good sun-shine!

Win. Can you name

That syllable of good, and yet not tremble
To think to what a foul and black intent
You use it for an oath? Let me resolve you:
If you appear in any visitation,
That brings not with it pity for the wrongs
Done to abused Thorney, my kind husband;
If you infect mine ear with any breath
That is not thoroughly perfumed with sighs
For former deeds of lust; may I be curs'd
Even in my prayers, when I vouchsafe
To see or hear you! I will change my life,
From a loose whore to a repentant wife.

Sir Ar. Wilt thou turn monster now? art not
asham'd

After so many months to be honest at last?
Away, away! fie on't!

Win. My resolution

Is built upon a rock. This very day
Young Thorney vow'd, with oaths not to be
doubted,

That never any change of love should cancel
The bonds in which we are to either bound.
Of lasting truth: and shall I then for my part
Unfile the sacred oath set on record
In Heaven's book? Sir Arthur, do not study
To add to your lascivious lust, the sin
Of sacrilege; for if you but endeavour
By any unchaste word to tempt my constancy,
You strive as much as in you lies to ruin
A temple hallow'd to the purity
Of holy marriage. I have said enough;
You may believe me.

Sir Ar. Get you to your nunnery,
There freeze in your old cloister: this is fine!

Win. Good angels guide me! Sir, you'll give
me leave

To weep and pray for your conversion.

Sir Ar. Yes;

Away to Waltham. Pox upon your honesty!
Had you no other trick to fool me? well,
You may want money yet.

Win. None that I'll send for

To you, for hire of a damnation.

When I am gone, think on my just complaint;
I was your devil; oh, be you my saint! *[Exit.]*

Sir Ar. Go thy ways; as changeable a baggage
As ever cozen'd knight; I'm glad I am rid of her.
Honest! marry hang her! Thorney is my debtor;
I thought to have paid him too; but fools have
fortune. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—EDMONTON. A Room in CARTER'S House.

Enter Old THORNEY and CARTER.

Thor. You offer, master Carter, like a gentleman;
I cannot find fault with it, 'tis so fair.

Car. No gentleman I, master Thorney; spare the mastership, call me by my name, John Carter. Master is a title my father, nor his before him, were acquainted with; honest Hertfordshire yeomen; such an one am I; my word and my deed shall be proved one at all times. I mean to give you no security for the marriage-money.

Thor. How! no security? although it need not so long as you live; yet who is he has surety of his life one hour? Men, the proverb says, are mortal; else, for my part, I distrust you not, were the sum double.

Car. Double, treble, more or less, I tell you, master Thorney, I'll give no security. Bonds and bills are but terriors to catch fools, and keep lazy knaves busy; my security shall be present payment. And we here, about Edmonton, hold present payment as sure as an alderman's bond in London, master Thorney.

Thor. I cry you mercy, sir, I understood you not.

Car. I like young Frank well, so does my Susan too; the girl has a fancy to him, which makes me ready in my purse. There be other suitors within, that make much noise to little purpose. If Frank love Sue, Sue shall have none but Frank: 'tis a mannerly girl, master Thorney, though but an homely man's daughter; there have worse faces looked out of black bags, man.

Thor. You speak your mind freely and honestly. I marvel my son comes not; I am sure he will be here some time to-day.

Car. To-day or to-morrow, when he comes he shall be welcome to bread, beer, and beef, yeoman's fare; we have no kickshaws: full dishes, whole belly-fulls. Should I diet three days at one of the slender city-suppers, you might send me to Barber-Surgeon's hall the fourth day, to hang up for an anatomy.—Here come they that—

Enter WARBECK with SUSAN, SOMERTON with KATHRINE.

How now, girls! every day play-day with you? Valentine's day, too, all by couples? Thus will young folks do when we are laid in our graves, master Thorney; here's all the care they take. And how do you find the wenches, gentlemen? have they any mind to a loose gown and a strait shoe? Win 'em and wear 'em; they shall choose for themselves by my consent.

War. You speak like a kind father. Sue, thou hear'st.

The liberty that's granted thee; what sayest thou? Wilt thou be mine?

Sus. Your what, sir? I dare swear Never your wife.

War. Canst thou be so unkind, Considering how dearly I affect thee, Nay, dote on thy perfections?

Sus. You are studied, Too scholar-like, in words I understand not. I am too coarse for such a gallant's love As you are.

War. By the honour of gentility—

Sus. Good sir, no swearing; yea and nay with us Prevail above all oaths you can invent.

War. By this white hand of thine—

Sus. Take a false oath! Fie, fie! flatter the wise; fools not regard it, And one of these am I.

War. Dost thou despise me?

Car. Let them talk on, master Thorney; I know Sue's mind. The fly may buzz about the candle, he shall but singe his wings when all's done; Frank, Frank is he has her heart.

Som. But shall I live in hope, Kate?

Kath. Better so,

Than be a desperate man.

Som. Perhaps thou think'st it is thy portion I level at: wert thou as poor in fortunes As thou art rich in goodness, I would rather Be suitor for the dower of thy virtues, Than twice thy father's whole estate; and, prithee, Be thou resolv'd so.

Kath. Master Somerton, It is an easy labour to deceive A maid that will believe men's subtle promises Yet I conceive of you as worthily As I presume you to deserve.

Som. Which is,

As worthily in loving thee sincerely, As thou art worthy to be so beloved.

Kath. I shall find time to try you.

Som. Do, Kate, do;

And when I fail, may all my joys forsake me!

Car. Warbeck and Sue are at it still. I laugh to myself, master Thorney, to see how earnestly he beats the bush, while the bird is flown into another's bosom. A very unthrift, master Thorney; one of the country roaring-lads; we have such as well as the city, and as arrant rake-hells as they are, though not so nimble at their prizes of wit. Sue knows the rascal to an hair's-breadth, and will fit him accordingly.

Thor. What is the other gentleman?

Car. One Somerton; the honestest man of the two, by five pound in every stone-weight. A civil fellow; he has a fine convenient estate of land in West-ham, by Essex: master Ranges, that dwells by Enfield, sent him hither. He likes Kate well; I may tell you, I think she likes him as well: if they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that Warbeck is such another—I use him kindly for master Somerton's sake; for he came hither first as a companion of his: honest men, master Thorney, may fall into knaves' company now and then.

War. Three hundred a year jointure, Sue.

Sus. Where lies it!

By sea or land? I think by sea.

War. Do I look like a captain?

Sus. Not a whit, sir.

Should all that use the seas be reckon'd captains, There's not a ship should have a scullion in her To keep her clean.

War. Do you scorn me, mistress Susan?

Am I a subject to be jeer'd at?

Sus. Neither

Am I a property for you to use

As stale to your fond wanton loose discourse:

Pray, sir, be civil.

War. Will be angry, wasp?

Car. God-a-mercy, Sue! she'll firk him on my life, if he fumble with her.

Enter FRANK.

Master Francis Thorney, you are welcome indeed; your father expected your coming. How does the right worshipful knight, Sir Arthur Clarington, your master?

Frank. In health this morning. Sir, my duty,

Thor. Now

You come as I could wish.

War. Frank Thorne? ha!

[*Aside.*

Sus. You must excuse me.

Frank. Virtuous mistress Susan.

Kind mistress Katherine.

[*Kisses them.*

Gentlemen to both

Good time o' th' day.

Som. The like to you.

War. 'Tis he:

A word, friend. (*Aside to Som.*) On my life, this is the man

Stands fair in crossing Susan's love to me.

Som. I think no less: be wise and take no notice on't;

He that can win her, best deserves her.

War. Marry

A serving man! mew!

Som. Prithee, friend, no more.

Car. Gentlemen all, there's within a slight dinner ready, if you please to taste of it. Master Thorne, master Francis, master Somerton!—Why, girls! what, huswives! will you spend all your forenoon in tittle-tattle! away; it's well, 'faith. Will you go in, gentlemen?

Thor. We'll follow presently; my son and I have a few words of business.

Car. At your pleasure.

[*Exeunt all but THORNEY and FRANK.*

Thor. I think you guess the reason, Frank, for I sent for you.

[*which*

Frank. Yes, sir.

Thor. I need not tell you

With what a labyrinth of dangers daily

The best part of my whole estate's encumber'd;

Nor have I any clue to wind it out,

But what occasion proffers me; wherein,

If you should falter, I shall have the shame,

And you the loss. On these two points rely

Our happiness or ruin. If you marry

With wealthy Carter's daughter, there's a portion

Will free my land; all which I will instate,

Upon the marriage, to you: otherwise

I must be of necessity enforced

To make a present sale of all; and yet,

For ought I know, live in as poor distress,

Or worse, than now I do; you hear the sum:

I told you thus before; have you consider'd on't?

Frank. I have, sir; and however I could wish

To enjoy the benefit of single freedom,

For that I find no disposition in me

To undergo the burden of that care

That marriage brings with it; yet to secure

And settle the continuance of your credit,

I humbly yield to be directed by you

In all commands.

Thor. You have already used

Such thriving protestations to the maid,

That she is wholly your's; and—speak the truth,—

You love her, do you not?

Frank. 'Twere pity, sir,

I should deceive her.

Thor. Better you had been unborn.

But is your love so steady that you mean,

Nay more, desire, to make her your wife?

Frank. Else, sir,

It were a wrong not to be righted.

Thor. True,

It were: and you will marry her?

Frank. Heaven prosper it, I do intend it.

Thor. Oh, thou art a villain!

A devil like a man! Wherein have I

Offended all the powers so much, to be

Father to such a graceless, godless son?

Frank. To me, sir, this! oh, my cleft heart!

Thor. To thee,

Son of my curse. Speak truth and blush, thou monster!

Hast thou not married Winnifrede, a maid

Was fellow-servant with thee?

Frank. Some swift spirit

Has blown this news abroad; I must outface it.

[*Aside.*

Thor. Do you study for excuse? why all the is full on't.

[*country*

Frank. With your license, 'tis not charitable,

I'm sure it is not fatherly, so much

To be o'ersway'd with credulous conceit

Of mere impossibilities; but fathers

Are privileged to think and talk at pleasure.

Thor. Why, canst thou yet deny thou hast no wife?

Frank. What do you take me for? an atheist?

One that nor hopes the blessedness of life

Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due

To such as make the marriage-bed an inn,

Which travellers, day and night,

After a toilsome lodging, leave at pleasure?

Am I become so insensible of losing

The glory of creation's work, my soul!

Oh, I have lived too long!

Thor. Thou hast, dissembler.

Dar'st thou perséver yet, and pull down wrath

As hot as flames of hell, to strike thee quick

Into the grave of horror? I believe thee not;

Get from my sight!

Frank. Sir, though mine innocence

Needs not a stronger witness than the clearness

Of an unperish'd conscience; yet for that

I was inform'd, how mainly you had been

Possess'd of this untruth,—to quit all scruple

Please you peruse this letter; 'tis to you.

Thor. From whom?

Frank. Sir Arthur Clarington, my master.

Thor. Well, sir.

[*Reads.*

Frank. On every side I am distracted;

Am waded deeper into mischief

Than virtue can avoid; but on I must:

Fate leads me; I will follow.—[*Aside.*] There you read

What may confirm you.

Thor. Yes, and wonder at it.

Forgive me, Frank; credulity abus'd me.

My tears express my joy; and I am sorry

I injured innocence.

Frank. Alas! I knew

Your rage and grief proceeded from your love

To me; so I conceiv'd it.

Thor. My good son,

I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter;

Bear thou with mine.

Frank. The peace is soon concluded.

Re-enter Old CARTER and SUSAN.

Car. Why, master Thorne, do you mean to talk out your dinner? the company attends your coming. What must it be, master Frank? or son Frank? I am plain Dunstable.

Thor. Son, brother, if your daughter like to have it so.

Frank. I dare be confident, she is not alter'd from what I left her at our parting last:—Are you, fair maid?

Sus. You took too sure possession Of an engaged heart.

Frank. Which now I challenge.

Car. Marry, and much good may it do thee, son. Take her to thee; get me a brace of boys at a burthen, Frank; the nursing shall not stand thee in a pennyworth of milk; reach her home and spare not: when's the day?

Thor. To-morrow, if you please. To use ceremony

Of charge and custom were to little purpose; Their loves are married fast enough already

Car. A good motion. We'll e'en have an household dinner, and let the fiddlers go scrape: let the bride and bridegroom dance at night together; no matter for the guests:—to-morrow, Sue, to-morrow. Shall's to dinner now?

Thor. We are on all sides pleased, I hope.

Sus. Pray Heaven I may deserve the blessing sent me!

Now my heart's settled.

Frank. So is mine.

Car. Your marriage-money shall be received before your wedding-shoes can be pulled on. Blessing on you both!

Frank. [Aside.] No man can hide his shame from Heaven that views him;

In vain he flees whose destiny pursues him.

[Exeunt]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Fields near EDMONTON.

Enter ELIZABETH SAWYER, gathering sticks.

Saw. And why on me? why should the envious world

Throw all their scandalous malice upon me? 'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant, And like a bow buckled and bent together, By some more strong in mischiefs than myself, Must I for that be made a common sink, For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues To fall and run into? Some call me Witch, And being ignorant of myself, they go About to teach me how to be one; urging, That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so) Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn, Themselves, their servants, and their babes at This they enforces upon me; and in part [nurse. Make me to credit it; and here comes one Of my chief adversaries.

Enter Old BANKS.

Banks. Out, out upon thee, witch!

Saw. Dost call me witch?

Banks. I do, witch, I do; and worse I would, knew I a name more hateful. What makest thou upon my ground?

Saw. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.

Banks. Down with them when I bid thee, quickly; I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.

Saw. You won't, churl, cut-throat, miser!—there they be; [Throws them down.] would they stuck across thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff.

Banks. Say'st thou me so, hag? Out of my ground!

[Beats her.

Saw. Dost strike me, slave, curmudgeon! Now thy bones aches, thy joints cramps, and convulsions stretch and crack thy sinews!

Banks. Cursing, thou hag! take that, and that.

[Beats her, and exits.

Saw. Strike, do!—and wither'd may that hand and arm

Whose blows have lamed me, drop from the rotten trunk!

Abuse me? beat me! call me hag and witch!

What is the name? where, and by what art learn'd, What spells, what charms or invocations? May the thing call'd Familiar be purchased?

Enter CUDDY BANKS, and several other Clowns.

Cud. A new head for the tabor, and silver tipping for the pipe; remember that: and forget not five leash of new bells.

1 Cl. Double bells;—Crooked-Lane—you shall have 'em straight in Crooked-Lane:—double bells all, if it be possible.

Cud. Double bells? double coxcombs! trebles, buy me trebles, all trebles; for our purpose is to be in the altitudes.

2 Cl. All trebles? not a mean?

Cud. Not one. The morrice is so cast, we'll have neither mean nor base in our company, fellow Rowland.

3 Cl. What! nor a counter?

Cud. By no means, no hunting counter; leave that to the Enfield Chase men: all trebles, all in the altitudes. Now for the disposing of parts in the Morrice, little or no labour will serve.

2 Cl. If you that be minded to follow your leader, know me, (an ancient honest belonging to our house,) for a fore-horse [i'th''] and fore-gallant in a morrice, my father's was not unfurnish'd.

3 Cl. So much for the fore-horse, but what a good Hobby-horse?

Cud. For a Hobby-horse? I'll see you nacked, Midsummer-moon, let me see you nacked, the Hobby-horse is the Hobby-horse. No more of that, a morrice will suffer all.

1 Cl. Ay.

Cud. Ay.

2 Cl. Strange?

Cud. Yes, and more sudden. Remember the fore-gallant, and the hobby-horse! the whole body of your morrice will be darkened.—There be of us—but no matter:—forget the hobby-horse!

1 Cl. Cuddy Banks!—have you forgot since he paced it from Enfield Chase to Edmonton?—Cuddy, honest Cuddy, cast thy stuff.

Cud. Suffer may ye all! it shall be known, I

can take my ease as well as another man. Seek your hobby-horse where you can get him.

1 *Cl.* Cuddy, honest Cuddy, we confess, and are sorry for our neglect.

2 *Cl.* The old horse shall have a new bridle.

3 *Cl.* The caparisons new painted.

4 *Cl.* The tail repair'd.

1 *Cl.* The snaffle and the bosses new saffroned over.

1 *Cl.* Kind,—

2 *Cl.* Honest,

3 *Cl.* Loving, ingenious—

4 *Cl.* Affable, Cuddy.

Cud. To show I am not flint, but affable, as you say, very well stuff, a kind of warm dough or puff-paste, I relent, I connive, most affable Jack. Let the hobby-horse provide a strong back, he shall not want a belly when I am in him—but [seeing the witch]—uda me, mother Sawyer!

1 *Cl.* The old witch of Edmonton!—if our mirth be not cross'd—

2 *Cl.* Bless us, Cuddy, and let her curse her t'other eye out. What dost now?

Cud. "Ungirt, unblest," says the proverb; but my girdle shall serve [for] a riding knot; and a fig for all the witches in Christendom! What wouldst thou!

1 *Cl.* The devil cannot abide to be crossed.

2 *Cl.* And scorns to come at any man's whistle.

3 *Cl.* Away—

4 *Cl.* With the witch!

All. Away with the Witch of Edmonton!

[*Exeunt in strange postures.*]

Saw. Still vex'd! still tortured! that curmudgeon Banks

Is ground of all my scandal; I am shunn'd And hated like a sickness; made a scorn To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old beldams Talk of familiars in the shape of mice, Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what, That have appear'd, and suck'd, some say, their blood;

But by what means they came acquainted with them, I am now ignorant. Would some power, good or bad,

Instruct me which way I might be revenged Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself, And give him leave to dwell within

This ruin'd cottage, ready to fall with age!

Alas! all goodness, be at hate with prayer,

At study cease, imprecations,

At venomous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,

Anything that's ill; so I might work

Evil upon this miser, this black cur,

With curses and bites, and suck his very blood

Of his and of my credit. 'Tis his

To be a witch, as to be damned; vengeance, shame, ruin light upon that canker!

[*Enter a Black Dog.*]

Dog. Ho! have I found thee cursing? now thou Mine own. [art]

Saw. Thine! what art thou?

Dog. He thou hast so often—

Importuned to appear to thee, the devil.

Saw. Bless me! the devil!

Dog. Come, do not fear; I love thee much too To hurt or fright thee; if I seem terrible, [well] It is to such as hate me. I have found Thy love unfeign'd; have seen and pitied

Thy open wrongs, and come, out of my love, To give thee just revenge against thy foes.

Saw. May I believe thee?

Dog. To confirm't, command me

Do any mischief unto man or beast.

And I'll effect it, on condition

That, uncompell'd, thou make a deed of gift

Of soul and body to me.

Saw. Out, alas!

My soul and body?

Dog. And that instantly

And seal it with thy blood: if thou deniest,

I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.

Saw. I know not where to seek relief: but shall I,

After such covenants seal'd, see full revenge

On all that wrong me?

Dog. Ha, ha! silly woman!

The devil is no liar to such as he loves—

Didst ever know or hear the devil a liar

To such as he affects?

Saw. Then I am thine; at least so much of me

As I can call mine own—

Dog. Equivocations?

Art mine or no? speak, or I'll tear—

Saw. All thine.

Dog. Seal't with thy blood.

[*She pricks her arm, which he sucks.—Thunder and lightning.*]

See! now I dare call thee mine!

For proof, command me; instantly I'll run

To any mischief; goodness can I none.

Saw. And I desire as little. There's an old churl,

One Banks—

Dog. That wrong'd thee, command thee, call'd thee witch.

Saw. The same; first than him I'd be revenged

Dog. Thou shalt; do but name how?

Saw. Go, touch his life.

Dog. I cannot.

Saw. Hast thou not vow'd? Go, kill the slave.

Dog. I will not.

Saw. I'll cancel then my gift.

Dog. Ha, ha!

Saw. Do! laugh!

Why wilt not kill him?

Dog. Fool, because I cannot.

Though we have power, know, it is circumscribed,

And tied in limits: though he be curst to thee,

Yet of himself, he is loving to the world,

And charitable to the poor; now men, that,

As he, love goodness, though in smallest measure,

Live without compass of our reach: his cattle

And corn I'll kill and milder; but his life

(Until I take him, as I late found thee,

Cursing and swearing) I have no power to touch.

Saw. Work on his corn and cattle then.

Dog. I shall.

The Witch of EDMONTON shall see his fall;

If she at least put credit in my power,

And in mine only; make orisons to me,

And none but me.

Saw. Say how, and in what manner.

Dog. I'll tell thee: when thou wishest ill,

Corn, man, or beast wouldst spoil or

kill,

Turn thyback against the sun.

And mumble this short orison,

If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,
Sanctificetur nomen tuum.

Saw. If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,
Sanctificetur nomen tuum.

Dog. Perfect : farewell ! Our first-made promises

We'll put into execution against Banks. *[Exit*

Saw. Contaminetur nomen tuum. I'm an expert scholar ;

Speak Latin, or I know not well what language,
As well as the best of 'em—but who comes here ?

Re-enter CUDDY BANKS.

The son of my worst foe.

To death pursue 'em,
Et sanctificetur nomen tuum.

Cud. What's that she mumbles ? the devil's paternoster ! would it were else !—Mother Sawyer, good-morrow.

Saw. Ill-morrow to thee, and all the world that
A poor old woman. *[flout*

To death pursue 'em,
And sanctificetur nomen tuum.

Cud. Nay, good gammer Sawyer, whate'er it
pleases my father to call you, I know you are—

Saw. A witch.

Cud. A witch ? would you were else, I'faith !

Saw. Your father knows I am, by this.

Cud. I would he did !

Saw. And so in time may you.

Cud. I would I might else ! But witch or no witch, you are a motherly woman ; and though my father be a kind of God-bless-us, as they say, I have an earnest suit to you ; and if you'll be so kind to ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous to cob you another.

Saw. What's that ? to spurn, beat me, and call
As your kind father doth ? *[me witch,*

Cud. My father ! I am ashamed to own him.
If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money to buy thee a plaster ; *(gives her money)*
and a small courtesy I would require at thy hands.

Saw. You seem a good young man, and—I
must dissemble,

The better to accomplish my revenge.— *[Aside.*
But—for this silver, what wouldst have me do ?
Bewitch thee ?

Cud. No, by no means ; I am bewitch'd already :
I would have thee so good as to unwitch me, or
witch another with me for company.

Saw. I understand thee not ; be plain, my son.

Cud. As a pike-staff, mother. You know Kate
Carter ?

Saw. The wealthy yeoman's daughter ? what of

Cud. That same party has bewitch'd me. *[her ?*

Saw. Bewitch'd thee ?

Cud. Bewitch'd me, *hiss gumbus.* I saw a
little devil fly out of her eye like a but-bolt, which
sticks at this hour up to the feathers in my heart.
Now, my request is, to send one of thy what-d'yecall-
ems, either to pluck that out, or stick another
as fast in her's : do, and here's my hand, I am
thine for three lives.

Saw. We shall have sport. *(Aside.)—Thou art
in love with her ?*

Cud. Up to the very hilts, mother.

Saw. And thou wouldst have me make her love
thee too !

Cud. I think I shall prove a witch in earnest.
*(Aside.)—Yes, I could find in my heart to strike
her three quarters deep in love with me too.*

Saw. But dost thou think that I can do't, and I
alone ?

Cud. Truly, mother witch, I do verily believe
so ; and, when I see it done, I shall be half per-
suaded so too.

Saw. It is enough ; what art can do, be sure of.
Turn to the west, and whatsoe'er thou hear'st,
Or seest, stand silent, and be not afraid.

*[She stamps on the ground ; the Dog appears, and
jawns, and leaps upon her.*

Cud. Afraid, mother witch !—"turn my face to
the west !" I said I should always have a back-
friend of her ; and now it's out. An her little
devil should be hungry, come sneaking behind me,
like a cowardly catchpole, and clap his talons on
my haunches—"Tis woundy cold sure—I dudder
and shake like an aspen leaf every joint of me.

Saw. To scandal and disgrace pursue 'em,
Et sanctificetur nomen tuum. *[Exit Dog.*

How now, my son, how is't ?

Cud. Scarce in a clean life, mother witch.—But
did your goblin and you spout Latin together ?

Saw. A kind of charm I work by ; didst thou
hear me ?

Cud. I heard I know not the devil what mum-
ble in a scurvy base tone, like a drum that had
taken cold in the head the last muster. Very
comfortable words ; what were they ? and who
taught them you ?

Saw. A great learned man.

Cud. Learned man ! learned devil it was as
soon ! But what ! what comfortable news about
the party ?

Saw. Who ? Kate Carter ? I'll tell thee. Thou
know'st the stile at the west end of thy father's
pease-field ; be there to-morrow night after sun-
set : and the first live thing thou seest, be sure to
follow, and that shall bring thee to thy love.

Cud. In the pease-field ? has she a mind to cod-
lings already ? The first living thing I meet, you
say, shall bring me to her ?

Saw. To a sight of her, I mean. She will seem
wantonly coy, and flee thee ; but follow her close
and boldly : do but embrace her in thy arms once,
and she is thine own.

Cud. "At the stile, at the west-end of my
father's pease-land, the first live thing I see, follow
and embrace her, and she shall be thine." Nay,
an I come to embracing once, she shall be mine ;
I'll go near to make a taglet else. *[Exit.*

Saw. A ball well banded ! now the set's half
won ;

The father's wrong I'll wreak upon the son. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.—CARTER'S House.

Enter CARTER, WARBECK, and EDMONTON.

Car. How now, gentlemen ! cloudy ? I know,
master Warbeck, you are in a fog about my daugh-
ter's marriage.

Wat. And can you blame me, sir ?

Car. Nor you me justly. Wedding and hanging
are tied up both in a proverb ; and destiny is the
juggler that unties the knot : my hope is, you are
reserved to a richer fortune than my poor daughter.

War. However, your promise—

Car. Is a kind of debt, I confess it.

War. Which honest men should pay.

Car. Yet some gentlemen break in that point, now and then, by your leave, sir.

Som. I confess thou hast had a little wrong in the wench; but patience is the only salve to cure it. Since Thorney has won the wench, he has most reason to wear her.

War. Love in this kind admits no reason to wear her.

Car. Then Love's a fool, and what wise man will take exception?

Som. Come, frolick, Ned; were every man master of his own fortune, Fate might pick straws, and Destiny go a wool-gathering.

War. You hold your's in a string though: 'tis well; but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like usage ere long.

Som. In my love to her sister Katherine? Indeed, they are a pair of arrows drawn out of one quiver, and should fly at an even length; if she do run after her sister,—

War. Look for the same mercy at my hands, as I have received at thine.

Som. She'll keep a surer compass; I have too strong a confidence to mistrust her.

War. And that confidence is a wind that has blown many a married man ashore at Cuckold's Haven, I can tell you; I wish your's more prosperous though.

Car. Whate'er you wish, I'll master my promise to him.

War. Yes, as you did to me.

Car. No more of that, if you love me: but for the more assurance, the next offer'd occasion shall consummate the marriage; and that once seal'd—

Som. Leave the manage of the rest to my care.

Enter FRANK THORNEY and SUSAN.

But see, the bridegroom and bride come; the new pair of Sheffield knives, fitted both to one sheath.

War. The sheath might have been better fitted, if somebody had their due; but—

Som. No harsh language, if thou lovest me, Frank Thorney has done—

War. No more than I, or thou, or any man, things so standing, would have attempted.

Som. Good-morrow, master bridegroom.

War. Come, give thee joy: may'st thou live long and happy—
choice!

Frank. I thank ye, gentlemen; kind master Warbeck,
I find you loving.

War. Thorney, that creature,—(much good do thee with her!)

Virtue and beauty hold fair mixture in her; She's rich, no doubt, in both; yet were she fairer, Thou art right worthy of her: love her, Thorney, 'Tis nobleness in thee, in her but duty. The match is fair and equal, the success I leave to censure; farewell, mistress bride! Till now elected thy old scorn deride. *[Exit.]*

Som. Good master Thorney—

Car. Nay, you shall not part till you see the barrels run a-tilt, gentlemen. *[Exit with SOMERSET.]*

Sus. Why change you your face, sweetheart?

Frank. Who, I? for nothing.

Sus. Dear, say not so; a spirit of your constancy

Cannot endure this change for nothing.—

I have observ'd strange variations in you.

Frank. In me?

Sus. In you, sir.

Awake, you seem to dream, and in your sleep You utter sudden and distracted accents, Like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving husband, If I

May dare to challenge any interest in you,

Give me the reason fully; you may trust

My breast as safely as your own.

Frank. With what?

You half amaze me; prithee—

Sus. Come, you shall not, Indeed you shall not shut me from partaking The least dislike that grieves you; I am all your's.

Frank. And I all thine.

Sus. You are not, if you keep

The least grief from me; but I find the cause, It grew from me.

Frank. From you?

Sus. From some distaste

In me or my behaviour: you are not kind

In the concealment. 'Las, sir, I am young,

Silly and plain; more, strange to those contents

A wife should offer: say but in what I fail,

I'll study satisfaction.

Frank. Come; in nothing.

Sus. I know I do; knew I as well in what,

You should not long be sullen. Prithee, love,

If I have been immodest or too bold,

Speak't in a frown; if peevishly too nice,

Shew't in a smile; thy liking is the glass

By which I'll habit my behaviour.

Frank. Wherefore

Doest weep now?

Sus. You, sweet, have the power

To make me passionate as an April day;

Now smile, then weep; now pale, then crimson red:

You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,

To make it ebb or flow into my face,

As your looks change.

Frank. Change thy conceit, I prithee;

Thou art all perfection: Diana herself

Swells in thy thoughts, and moderates thy beauty.

Within thy left eye amorous Cupid sits

Feathering love-shafts, whose golden heads he dipp'd.

* * * in thy chaste breast; in the other lies

Blushing Adonis scarf'd in modesties;

And still as wanton Cupid blows love-fires,

Adonis quenches out unchaste desires:

And from these two I briefly do imply

A perfect emblem of thy modesty.

Then, prithee dear, maintain no more dispute,

For where thou speak'st, it's fit all tongues be mute.

Sus. Come, come, these golden strings of flattery

Shall not tie up my speech, sir; I must know

The ground of your disturbance.

Frank. Then look here;

For here, here is the sex in which this hydra

Of discontent grows rank.

Sus. Heaven shield it! where?

Frank. In mine own bosom, here the cause has root;

The poison'd leeches twist about my heart,

And will, I hope, confound me.

Sus. You speak riddles

Frank. Take't plainly then; 'twas told me by a woman.

Known and approved in palmistry,
I should have two wives.

Sus. Two wives? sir, I take it
Exceeding likely; but let not conceit hurt you:
You are afraid to bury me?

Frank. No, no, my Winnifrede.

Sus. How say you? Winnifrede! you forget me.

Frank. No, I forget myself, Susan.

Sus. In what?

Frank. Talking of wives, I pretend Winnifrede.
A maid that at my mother's waited on me
Before myself.

Sus. I hope, sir, she may live
To take my place; but why should all this move you?

Frank. The poor girl, — she has 't before thee,
And that's the fiend torments me. *[Aside.]*

Sus. Yet why should this
Raise mutiny within you? such presages
Prove often false; or say it should be true!

Frank. That I should have another wife?

Sus. Yes, many;
If they be good, the better.

Frank. Never any
Equal to thee in goodness.

Sus. Sir, I could wish I were much better for you.

Yet if I knew your fate,
Ordain'd you for another, I could wish
(So well I love you and your hopeful pleasure)
Me in my grave, and my poor virtues added
To my successor.

Frank. Prithce, please, talk not
Of death or graves; these art so rare a goodness,
As Death would rather put itself to death,

Than murder thee: but we, as all things else,
Are mutable and changing.

Sus. Yet you still move

In your first sphere of discontent. Sweet, chase
Those clouds of sorrow, and shine clearly on me.

Frank. At my return I will.

Sus. Return? ah me!

Will you then leave me?

Frank. For a time I must:

But how? as birds their young, or loving bees
Their hives, to fetch home richer dainties.

Sus. Leave me!

Now has my fear met its effect. You shall not,
Cost it my life, you shall not.

Frank. Why? your reason?

Sus. Like to the lapwing have you all this while,
With your false love, deluded me; pretending
Counterfeit senses for your discontent!
And now at last it is by chance stole from you.

Frank. What? what by chance?

Sus. Your pre-appointed meeting:
Of single combat with young Warbeck.

Frank. Ha!

Sus. Even so: dissemble not; 'tis too apparent.
Then, in his look, I read it: — deny it not,
I see't apparent; cost it my undoing,
And unto that my life, I will not leave you.

Frank. Not until when?

Sus. Till he and you be friends.
Was this your cunning? — and then fling me off
With an old witch, two wives, and Winnifrede!
You are not so kind indeed as I imagined.

Frank. And you more fond by far than I ex-
pected — *[Aside]*

It is a virtue that attends thy kind —
But of our business within. — and by this kiss,
I'll anger thee no more; 'twill, chuck, I will not.

Sus. You shall have no just cause.

Frank. Dear Sue, I shall not. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forest Field.*

Enter Cuddy Banks, with the Morris Dancers.

Cud. Nay, Cuddy, prithce do not leave us
To part all this night, we shall not meet
Again.

2 Cl. Prithce, Banks, keep together now.
Cuddy's word would serve; but
as you are so fond to tell you again, I
have a little business, an hour's work; it
may serve but for an hour's, as luck may serve;
and then I'll be home, and along with you. Have
we a witch in the morrice?

1 Cl. No, no, no, Banks's part but Maid
Marian, and the hobby-horse.

Cud. I'll have a witch; I have a witch.

1 Cl. Faith, Banks's wench is so common
now-a-days, that the countess will not be re-
garded. They say we have three or four in
Edmonton, besides another Sawyer.

2 Cl. I would she would dance her part with me.
I do would not I; for if she comes, the
devil and all comes along with her.

Cud. Well, I'll have a witch; I have loved a
witch ever since I played at cherry-pit. Leave

me, and get my horse dress'd; give him oats; but
water him not till I come. Whither do we foot it
first?

2 Cl. To Sir Arthur Clarington's first; then
whither thou wilt.

Cud. Well, I am content; but we must up to
Carter's, the rich yeoman; I must be seen on
hobby-horse there.

1 Cl. Oh, I smell him now! — I'll lay my ears
Banks is in love, and that's the reason he would
walk melancholy by himself.

Cud. Hah! who was that said I was in love?

1 Cl. Not I.

2 Cl. Nor I.

Cud. Go to, no more of that; what I under-
stand what you speak, I know what you say;
believe that.

1 Cl. Well, 'twas I, I'll not deny it; I should
no hurt in't; I have seen you walk up to Carter's
of Chessum, Banks, were not you there last
Shrove-tide?

Cud. Yes, I was ten days together there the last
Shrove-tide.

2 Cl. How could that be, when there are but
seven days in the week?

• *Cud.* Prithee peace! I reckon *stila noxa* as a traveller; thou understandst as a fresh-water farmer, that never saw'st a week beyond sea. Ask any soldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight days in the week there, hard by. How dost thou think they rise in High Germany, Italy, and those remoter places?

3 *Cl.* Aye, but simply there are but seven days in the week yet.

Cud. No, simply as thou understandst. Prithee look but in the lover's almanack; when he has been but three days absent, "Oh, says he, I have not seen my love these seven years!" there's a long cut! When he comes to her again and embraces her, "Oh, says he, now methinks I am in Heaven;" and that's a pretty step! he that can get up to Heaven in ten days, need not repent his journey; you may ride a hundred days in a caroch, and be farther off than when you set forth. But I pray you, good morrice-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

1 *Cl.* Well, since he will be alone, we'll back again and trouble him no more.

All. But remember, Banks.

Cud. The hobby-horse shall be remembered. But hark you; get Poldavis, the barber's boy, for the witch; because he can show his art better than another.

[*Exeunt all but Cud.*]

Well, now to my walk. I am near the place where I should meet—I know not what: say I meet a thief? I must follow him, if to the gallows; say I meet a horse, or hare, or hound? still I must follow: some slow-paced beast, I hope; yet love is full of lightness in the heaviest lovers. Ha! my guide is come.

Enter Dog

A water-dog! I am thy first man, sculler; I go with thee; ply no other but myself. Away with the boat! land me but at Katherine's Dock, my sweet Katherine's Dock, and I'll be a fare to thee. That way? nay, which way thou wilt; thou know'st the way better than I:—fine gentle cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him. We go a-ducking, spaniel; thou shalt fetch me the ducks, pretty kind rascal.

Enter a Spirit, wizarded. He throws off his mask, &c. and appears in the shape of KATHERINE.

Spir. Thus throw I off mine own essential horror, And take the shape of a sweet lovely maid Whom this fool dotes on; we can meet his folly, But from his virtues must be run-aways. We'll sport with him; but when we reckoning call,

We know where to receive; the witch pays for all.

[*Dog barks.*]

Cud. Ay? is that the watchword? She's come. [*Sees the Spirit.*] Well, if ever we be married, it shall be at Barking-church, in memory of thee; now come behind, and pur.

And have I lost thee, sweet Kate?
I will teach thee to walk so late.

Oh see, we meet in-midnight. [*The Spirit retires as he advances.*] What! dost thou trip from me? Oh, that I were upon my hobby-horse, I would mount after thee so nimble! "Stay nymph, stay nymph," sing'd Apollo.

Tarry and kiss me; sweet nymph, stay!
Tarry and kiss me, sweet.
We will to Chosum Street,
And then to the house stands in the highway.

Nay, by your leave, I must embrace you.

[*Exit, following the Spirit.*]

[*Within.*] Oh, help, help! I am drown'd, I am drown'd!

Re-enter Cuddy seat.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cud. This was an ill night to go a-wooding in; I find it now in Pond's almanack: thinking to land at Katherine's Dock, I was almost at Grave-end. I'll never go to a wench in the dog-days again; yet 'tis cool enough. Had you never a paw in this dog-trick? a mango take that black hide of your's! I'll throw you in at Limehouse, in some tanner's pit or other.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cud. How now? who's that laughs at me? Hark to him! [*Dog barks.*—Peace, peace! thou didst but thy kind neither; 'twas my own fault.

Dog. Take heed how thou trustest the devil another time.

Cud. How now! who's that speaks? I hope you have not your reading tongue about you?

Dog. Yes, I can speak.

Cud. The devil you can! you have read *Aesop's* fables then: I have play'd one of your parts there; the dog that catch'd at the shadow in the water. Pray you, let me catechize you a little; what might one call your name, dog?

Dog. My dame calls me Tom.

Cud. 'Tis well, and she may call me Ass; so there's an whole one betwixt us, Tom-Ass: she said, I should follow you indeed. Well, Tom, give me thy fist, we are friends; you shall be mine ingler: I love you; but I pray you let's have no more of these ducking devices.

Dog. Not, if you love me. Dogs love whom they are beloved; cherish me and I'll do anything for thee.

Cud. Well, you shall have joints and livers; I have butchers to my friends that shall bury 'em, and I will keep crusts and bones for you, if you'll be a kind dog, Tom.

Dog. Anything; I'll help thee to thy love.

Cud. Wilt thou? that promise shall I keep: a brown loaf, though I steal it out of any cupboard you'll get stolen goods, shall I not?

Dog. Oh, best of all the promises that dogs can give.

Cud. You shall not have, I'll give you that; if you love fish, I'll help you to fish; I'm acquainted with a fishmonger.

Dog. Mangle and soles? Oh, sweetest, nothing stuff, those.

Cud. One thing I would request you, when you have play'd the knavish part with me, that you would mingle amongst our dancing-masters in the morning. You are dainty!

Dog. Yes, yes, anything; I'll be there, by reason to any but thyself! Get thee gone before I lose my patience. I have work to-night; I serve more masters, more dainty than thou.

Cud. He can serve Mephistopheles and the devil too.

Dog. It shall concern thee, and thy love's purchase.

There's a gallant rival loves the maid,
And likely is to have her. Mark what a mischief,
Before the morrice ends, shall light on him!

Cud. Oh, sweet ningle, thy neuf once again;
friends must part for a time—farewell, with this
remembrance; shalt have bread too when we
meet again. If ever there were an honest devil,
'twill be the devil of Edmonton, I see. Fare-
well, Tom, I prithee dog me as soon as thou
canst. *[Exit.]*

Dog. I'll not miss thee, and be merry with thee.
Those that are joys denied, must take delight
In sins and mischiefs; 'tis the devil's right. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—The Neighbourhood of EDMONTON.

Enter FRANK THORNEY, and WINNIPEDE in boy's clothes.

Frank. Prithce no more! those tears give
nourishment

To weeds and briars in me, which shortly will
O'ergrow and top my head; my shame will sit
And cover all that can be seen of me.

Win. I have not shown this cheek in company;
Pardon me now: thus singled with yourself,
It calls a thousand sorrows round about,
Some eying before, and some on either side,
But infinite behind; all chain'd together—
Your second adulterous marriage leads;
That is the sad eclipse, the effects must follow.
As plagues of shame, spite, scorn, and obloquy.

Frank. Why? hast thou not left one hour's
patience

To add to all the rest? one hour bears us
Beyond the reach of all these enemies.
Are we not now set forward in the flight,
Provided with the dowry of my sin,
To keep us in some other nation?
While we together are, we are at home
In any place.

Win. 'Tis foul ill-gotten coin,
Far worse than usury or extortion.

Frank. Let

My father then make the restitution,
Who forced me take the bribe: it is his gift
And patrimony to me; so I receive it.
He would not bless, nor look a father on me,
Until I satisfied his angry will:
When I was sold, I sold myself again
(Some knaves have done't in lands, and I in body)
For money, and I have the hire. But, sweet,
no more,

'Tis hazard of discovery, our discourse;
And then prevention takes off all our hopes:
For only but to take her leave of me,
My wife is coming.

Win. Who coming? your wife!

Frank. No, no; thou art here: the woman—I
knew

Not how to call her now; but after this day
She shall be quite forgot, and have no name
In my remembrance. See, see! she's come.

Enter SUSAN.

Go lead
The horses to th' hill's top; there I'll meet thee.
Sus. Nay, with your favour let him stay a little;
I would part with him too, because he is
Your sole companion; and I'll begin with him,
Reserving you the last.

Frank. Ay, with all my heart.

Sus. You may hear, if it please you, sir.

Frank. No, 'tis not fit:

Some rudiments, I conceive, they must be,
To overlook my slippery footings: and so—

Sus. No, indeed, sir.

Frank. Tush, I know it must be so,
And it is necessary: on! but be brief.

[Walks forward.]

Win. What charge soe'er you lay upon me,
mistress,

I shall support it faithfully (being honest)

To my best strength.

Sus. Believe't shall be no other.

I know you were commended to my husband
By a noble knight.

Win. Oh gods!—oh, mine eyes!

Sus. How now? what ail'st thou, lad?

Win. Something hit mine eye, (it makes it
water still.)

Even as you said "commended to my hus-
band."—

Some dor, I think it was.—I was, forsooth,
Commended to him by Sir Arthur Clarington.

Sus. Whose servant once my Thorney was him-
self.

That title, methinks, should make you almost
fellows;

Or at the least much more than a [mere] servant;
And I am sure he will respect you so.

Your love to him then needs no spur for me,

And what for my sake you will ever do,

'Tis fit it should be bought with something more

Than fair entreats; look! here's a jewel for thee,

A pretty wanton label for thine ear;

And I would have it hang there, still to whisper

These words to thee, *Thou hast my jewel with
thee.*

It is but earnest of a larger bounty,
When thou return'st with praises of thy service,
Which I am confident thou wilt deserve.

Why, thou art many now besides thyself:

Thou may'st be servant, friend, and wife to him;

A good wife is them all. A friend can play

The wife and servant's part, and shift enough;

No less the servant can the friend and wife:

'Tis all but sweet society, good counsel,

Interchang'd loves; yes, and counsel-keeping

Frank. Not done yet?

Sus. Even now, sir.

Win. Mistress, believe my vows: your severe
eye,

Were't present to command, your bounteous
hand,

Were it then by to buy or bribe my service,

Shall not make me more dear or near unto him,

Than I shall voluntary. I'll be all your charge.

Servant, friend, wife to him.

Sus. Thou?

Now blessings go with thee for't! courtesies

Shall meet thee coming home

Win. Pray you say plainly,

Mistress, are you jealous of him? if you be,

I'll look to him that way too.

Sus. Say'st thou so?

I would thou hadst a woman's bosom now;

We have weak thoughts within us. Alas!

There's nothing so strong in us as suspicion;

But I dare not, nay, I will not think

So hardly of my Thorney.

Win. Believe it, mistress,
I'll be no pandar to him; and if I find
Any loose lubrick scapes in him, I'll watch him,
And at my return, protest I'll show you all:
He shall hardly offend without my knowledge.

Sus. Thine own diligence is that I press,
And not the curious eye over his faults.
Farewell! if I should never see thee more,
Take it for ever.

Frank. Prithce take that along with thee.

[*Gives his sword to WICKENPICKER.*

And haste thee

To the hill's top; I'll be there instantly.

Sus. No haste, I prithce; slowly as thou canst—

[*Exit Win.*

Pray let him

Obeys me now: 'tis happily his last
Service to me.—

My power is e'en a-going out of sight.

Frank. Why would you delay?

We have no other business now but to part.

Sus. And will not that, sweet-heart, ask a long
time?

methinks it is the hardest piece of work
That e'er I took in hand.

Frank. Fie, fie! why look,
I'll make it plain and easy to you—farewell!

[*Kisses her*

Sus. Ah, 'las! I am not half perfect in it yet;
I must have it read o'er an hundred times:
Pray you take some pains, I confess my dullness.

Frank. What a thorn this rose grows on! Part-
ing were sweet;

But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it! [*Aside*
Come, again and again, farewell!—[*Kisses her.*]

Yet wilt return?

All questions of my journey, my stay, employment,
And revisitat'ion, fully I have answered all;
There's nothing now behind but—nothing.

Sus. And that nothing is more hard than any-
thing,

Than all the everythings. This request—

Frank. What is't?

Sus. That I may bring you through one pasture
more

Up to yon knot of trees; amongst those shadows
I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.

Frank. Why 'tis granted; come, walk then.

Sus. Nay, not too fast;

They say, slow things have best perfection;

The gentle shower wets to fertility,

The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty.

The baser beasts take strength even from the

womb;

But the lord lion's whelp is feeble long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Field, with a clump of Trees.

Enter Dog.

Dog. Now for an early mischief and a sudden!
The mind's about it now; one touch from me
Soon sets the budy forward.

Enter FRANK and SUSAN.

Frank. Your request
Is out; yet will you leave me?

Sus. What? so churlishly?

You'll make me stay for ever,
Rather than part, with such a sound from you.

Frank. Why, you almost anger me.—'Pray
you be gone.

You have no company, and 'tis very early;
Some hurt may betide you homewards.

Sus. Tush! I fear none:

To leave you is the greatest hurt I can suffer:
Besides, I expect your father and mine own,
To meet me back, or overtake me with you;
They began to stir when I came after you:
I know they'll not be long.

Frank. So! I shall have more trouble,—

[*The Dog rubs against him*

thank you for that:

Then, I'll ease all at once. [*Aside.*] 'Tis done now;
What I ne'er thought on.—You shall not go back.

Sus. Why, shall I go along with thee? sweet

Frank. No, to a better place. [*music!*

Sus. Any place I;

I'm there at home, where thou pleasest to have me.

Frank. At home? I'll leave you in your last
I must kill you. [*lodging;*

Sus. Oh fine! you'd fright me from you.

Frank. You see I had no purpose; I'm unarm'd:
'Tis this minute's decree, and it must be;
Look, this will serve your turn. [*Draws a knife.*

Sus. I'll not turn from it,

If you be earnest, sir: yet you may tell me,
Wherefore you'll kill me.

Frank. Because you are a whore.

Sus. There's one deep wound already; a whore!
'Twas ever farther from me than the thought
Of this black hour; a whore?

Frank. Yes, I will prove it,
And you shall confess it. You are my whore,
No wife of mine; the word admits no second.
I was before wedded to another; have her still.

I do not lay the sin unto your charge,

'Tis all mine own: your marriage was my theft;

For I espoused your dowry, and I have it:

I did not purpose to have added murder.

The devil did not prompt me: till this minute,

You might have safe return'd; now you cannot.

You have dogg'd your own death. [*Stabs her.*

Sus. And I deserve it;

I'm glad my fate was so intelligent:

'Twas some good spirit's motion. Die? oh, 'twas
How many years might I have slept in sin, [time!]

[The] sin of my most hatred; too, adultery!

Frank. Nay sure 'twas likely that the most was
For I meant never to return to you [*past;*

After this parting.

Sus. Why then I thank you more;
You have done lovingly, leaving yourself,

That you would thus bestow me on another.

Thou art my husband, Death, and I embrace thee

With all the love I have. Forget the stain

Of my unwitting sin; and then I come

A crystal virgin to thee: my soul's purity

Shall, with bold wings, ascend the doors of Mercy;

For innocence is ever her companion.

Frank. Not yet mortal? I would not linger

you, Or leave you a tongue to blab. [*Stabs her again.*

Sus. Now heaven reward you ne'er the worse
for me!

I did not think that death had been so sweet,
Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die better,

Had I stay'd forty years for preparation;

For I'm in charity with all the world.

Let me for once be thine example, heaven;

Do to this man, as I him free forgive,
And may he better die, and better live! [*Dies.*]

Frank. 'Tis done; and I am in! once past our height,

We scorn the deep'st abyss. This follows now,
To heal her wounds by dressing of the weapon.
Arms, thighs, hands, any place; we must not fail

[Wounds himself.]
Light scratches, giving such deep ones: the best I can

To bind myself to this tree. Now's the storm,
Which, if blown o'er, many fair days may follow.

[Binds himself to a tree: the Dog lies him behind, and cait.]

So, so! I'm fast; I did not think I could
Have done so well behind me. How prosperous and

Effectual mischief sometimes is!—*[Aloud.]*—Help!
Murder, murder, murder! *[help!]*

Enter CARTER and Old THORNEY.

Car. Ha! whom tolls the bell for?

Frank. Oh, oh!

Thor. Ah me!

The cause appears too soon; my child, my son.

Car. Susan, girl, child! not speak to thy father? ha!

Frank. Oh lend me some assistance to o'er take
This hapless woman.

Thor. Let 'a o'er take the murderers.

Speak whilst thou canst, anon may be too late;
I fear thou hast death's mark upon thee too.

Frank. I know them both; yet such an oath is
As pulls damnation up if it be broke; *[pass'd]*
I dare not name 'em: think what forced men do.

Thor. Keep oath with murderers! that were a
To hold the devil in. *[conscience]*

Frank. Nay, sir, I can describe 'em,
Shall show them as familiar as their names:

The taller of the two at this time wears
His satin doublet white, but crimson lined;
Hose of black satin, cloak of scarlet—

Thor. Warbeck,

Warbeck!—do you list to this, sir?

Car. Yes, yes, I listen you; here's nothing to
be heard.

Frank. The other's cloak branch'd velvet, black,
velvet lined his suit.

Thor. I have them already; Somerton, Somerton!

Binal revenge, all this. Come, sir, the first work
Is to pursue the murderers, when we have
Remov'd these mangled bodies hence.

Car. Sir, take that carcase there, and give me
this.

I will not own her now; she's none of mine.
Bob me off with a dumb show! no, I'll have life.
This is my son, too, and while there's life in him,
'Tis half mine; take you half that silence for't.—
When I speak I look to be spoken to:
Forgetful slut!

Thor. Alas! what grief may do now!

Look, sir, I'll take this load of sorrow with me.

[Exit, with SUSAN in his arms.]

Car. Ay, do; and I'll have this. How do you,
sir?

Frank. O, very ill, sir.

Car. Yes,

I think so; but 'tis well you can speak yet:
There's no music but in sound; sound it must be.

I have not wept these twenty years before,
And that I guess was ere that girl was born;
Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,
My heart's so full, I could weep night and day.

[Exit with FRANK.]

SCENE III.—Before Sir ARTHUR's House.

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, WARBECK, and SOMERTON.

Sir Ar. Come, gentlemen, we must all help to
The nimble-footed youth of Edmonton, *[grace]*
That are so kind to call us up to-day
With an high Morrice.

War. I could wish it for the best, it were the
worst now. Absurdity is, in my opinion, ever the
best dancer in a morrice.

Som. I could rather sleep than see them.

Sir Ar. Not well, sir?

Som. Faith not ever thus leaden; yet I know
no cause for't.

War. Now am I, beyond mine own condition,
highly disposed to mirth.

Sir Ar. Well, you may have a morrice to help
both;

To strike you in a dump, and make him merry.

Enter SAWGUT, the Fiddler, with the Morrice-dancers, &c.

Saw. Come, will you set yourselves in morrice-
ray? the fore-bell, second-bell, tenor, and great-
bell; Maid Marian for the same bell. But where's
the weather-cock now? the Hobby-horse?

1 Cl. Is not Banks come yet? What a spite
'tis!

Sir Ar. When set you forward, gentlemen?

1 Cl. We stay but for the hobby-horse, sir; all
our footmen are ready.

Som. 'Tis marvel your horse should be behind
your foot.

2 Cl. Yes, sir, he goes further about; we can
come in at the wicket, but the broad gate must be
opened for him.

*Enter CUDDY BANKS, with the Hobby-horse, followed by
Dog.*

Sir Ar. Oh, we staid for you, sir.

Cud. Only my horse wanted a shoe, sir; but we
shall make you amends ere we part.

Sir Ar. Ay? well said; make 'em drink ere
they begin.

Enter Servants with beer.

Cud. A bowl, I prithee, and a little for my
horse; he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I
must drink to him, he'll not pledge else *[drinks]*.
Here, Hobby,—*[holds the beer to the hobby-horse]*
—I pray you: no? not drink! You see, gentle-
men, we can but bring our horse to the water; he
may choose whether he'll drink or no. *[Drinks
again.]*

Som. A good moral made plain by history.

1 Clown. Strike up, father Sawgut, strike up.

Saw. E'en when you will, children. *[Cuddy
mounts the hobby.]*—Now in the name of—the
best foot forward!—*[Endeavours to play; but the
fiddle gives no sound.]*—How now! not a word in
thy guts? I think, children, my instrument has
caught cold on the sudden.

Cud. My niggles' knavery; black Tom's doing.

[Aside.]

All. Why, what mean you, father Sawgut?

Cud. Why, what would you have him do? you hear his fiddle is speechless.

Saw. I'll lay mine ear to my instrument, that my poor fiddle is bewitched. I play'd *The Flow-ers in May* e'en now, as sweet as a violet; now 'twill not go against the hair: you see I can make no more music than a beetle of a cow-turd.

Cud. Let me see, father Sawgut; [*takes the fiddle*] say once you had a brave hobby-horse, that you were beholden to. I'll play and dance too.—Ningle, away with it.

[*Gives it to the Dog, who plays the Morrice.*]

All. Ay, marry, sir!

THE DANCE.

Enter a Constable and Officers.

Con. Away with jollity! 'tis too sad an hour. Sir Arthur Clarrington, your own assistance, in the king's name, I charge, for apprehension Of these two murderers, Warbeck and Somerton.

Sir Ar. Ha! flat murderers?

Som. Ha, ha, ha! this has awaken'd my melancholy.

War. And struck my mirth down flat.—Murderers?

Con. The accusation's flat against you, gentlemen.

Sir, you may be satisfied with this.

[*Shows his warrant.*]

I hope you'll quietly obey my power;
'Twill make your cause the fairer.

Both. Oh, with all our hearts, sir.

Cud. There's my rival taken up for hangman's meat; Tom told me he was about a piece of villany.—Mates and morrice-men, you see here's no longer piping, no longer dancing; this news of murder has slain the morrice. You that go the foot-way, fare ye well; I am for a gallop. Come, ningle.

[*Canter off with the hobby, and Dog.*]

Saw. [*Strikes his fiddle, which sounds as before.*] Ay? nay, an my fiddle be come to himself again, I care not. I think the devil has been abroad amongst us to-day; I'll keep thee out of thy fit now, if I can.

[*Exit with the Morrice Dancers.*]

Sir Ar. These things are full of horror, full of pity.

But if this time be constant to the proof,
The guilt of both these gentlemen I dare take
On mine own danger; yet, howsoever, sir,
Your power must be obey'd.

War. Oh, most willingly, sir.

'Tis a most sweet affliction; I could not meet
A joy in the best shape with better will;
Come, fear not, sir; nor judge, nor evidence
Can bind him o'er, who's freed by conscience.

Som. Mine stands so upright to the middle zone,
It takes no shadow to't, it goes alone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—EDMONTON. *The Street.*

Enter Old Banks, and several Countrymen.

Banks. My horse this morning runs most piteously of the glanders, whose nose yesternight was as clean as any man's here now coming from the barber's; and this, I'll take my death upon't, is long of this jadish witch, mother Sawyer.

1 Coun. I took my wife and a serving man in our town of Edmonton, thrashing in my barn together, such corn as country-wenchies carry to market; and examining my pole-cat why she did so, she swore in her conscience she was bewitch'd: and what witch have we about us, but mother Sawyer?

2 Coun. Rid the town of her, else all our wives will do nothing but dance about other country may-poles.

3 Coun. Our cattle fall, our wives fall, our daughters fall, and maid-servants fall; and we ourselves shall not be able to stand, if this beast be suffered to graze amongst us.

Enter W. HAMEL, with thatch and a lighted link.

Haw. Burn the witch, the witch, the witch, the witch!

All. What has't got there?

Haw. A handful of thatch, pluck'd off a hovel of her's; and they say, when 'tis burning, if she be a witch, she'll come running in.

Banks. Fire it, fire it; I'll stand between thee and home, for any danger. [*Haw sets fire to the thatch.*]

Enter Mother Sawyer, running.

Saw. Diseases, plagues, the curse of an old wo—
Follow and fall upon you! [*man*]

All. Are you come, you old trot?

Banks. You hot whore, must we fetch you with fire in your tail?

1 Coun. This thatch is as good as a jury to prove she is a witch.

All. Out, witch! beat her, kick her, set fire on her.

Saw. Shall I be murdered by a bed of serpents? Help, help!

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARRINGTON, and a Justice.

All. Hagg her, beat her, kill her!

Just. How now? forbear this violence.

Saw. A crew of villains, a knot of bloody hang-Set to torment me, I know not why. [*men,*]

Just. Alas, neighbour Banks, are you a ringleader in mischief? fie! to abuse an aged woman.

Banks. Woman? a she-hell-cat, a witch! To prove her one, we no sooner set fire on the thatch of her house, but in she came running, as if the devil had sent her in a barrel of gunpowder; which trick as surely proves her a witch, as the pox in a snuffling nose is a sign a man is a whore-master.

Just. Come, come; firing her thatch? ridiculous!

Take heed, sirs, what you do; unless your proofs
Come better arm'd, instead of turning her
Into a witch, you'll prove yourselves stark fools.

All. Fools!

Just. Arrant fools.

Banks. Pray, master Justice what-do-you-call-'em, hear me but in one thing. This grumbling devil owes me, I know, no good-will ever since I fell out with her.

Saw. And brak'st my back with beating me.

Banks. I'll break it worse.

Saw. Wilt thou?

Just. You must not threaten her, 'tis against
Go on. [law;

Banks. So, sir, ever since, having a dun cow
tied up in my back-side, let me go thither, or but
cast mine eye at her, and if I should be hang'd, I
cannot choose, though it be ten times in an hour,
but run to the cow, and taking up her tail, kiss
(saving your worship's reverence) my cow behind,
that the whole town of Edmonton has been ready
to bepiss themselves with laughing me to scorn.

Just. And this is long of her?

Banks. Who the devil else? for is any man such
an ass to be such a baby, if he were not bewitch'd?

Sir Ar. Nay, if she be a witch, and the harms
she does end in such sports, she may scape burn-
ing.

Just. Go, go; pray vex her not; she is a sub-
And you must not be judges of the law, [ject,
To strike her as you please.

All. No, no, we'll find cudgel enough to strike
her.

Banks. Ay; no lips to kiss but my cow's!—
[*Exeunt BANKS and Countrymen.*

Saw. Rots and foul maladies eat up thee and
• thine!

Just. Here's none now, mother Sawyer, but this
gentleman,

Myself, and you; let us, to some mild questions,
Have your mild answers: tell us honestly,
And with a free confession, (we'll do our best
To wean you from it,) are you a witch, or no?

Saw. I am none.

Just. Be not so furious.

Saw. I am none.

None but base curs so bark at me; I am none.
Or would I were! if every poor old woman,
Be trod on thus by slaves, reviled, kick'd, beaten,
As I am daily, she to be revenged
Had need turn witch..

Sir Ar. And you to be revenged

Have sold your soul to th' devil.

Saw. Keep thine own from him.

Just. You are too saucy and too bitter.

Saw. Saucy?

By what commission can he send my soul

(On the devil's errand more than I can his?

Is he a landlord of my soul, to thrust it

When he list out of door?

Just. Know whom you speak to.

Saw. A man; perhaps no man. Men in gay
clothes,

Whose backs are laden with titles and honours,
Are within far more crooked than I am,
And if I be a witch, more witch-like.

Sir Ar. You are a base hell-hound.—

And now, sir, let me tell you, far and near
She's bruited for a woman that maintains
A spirit that sucks her.

Saw. I defy thee.

Sir Ar. Go, go;

I can, if need be, bring an hundred voices,
E'en here in Edmonton, that shall loud proclaim
Thee for a secret and pernicious witch.

Saw. Ha, ha!

Just. Do you laugh? why laugh you?

Saw. At my name,

The brave name this knight gives me, witch.

Just. Is the name of witch so pleasing to thine
ear?

Sir Ar. 'Pray, sir, give way; and let her tongue
gallop on.

Saw. A witch! who is not?

Hold not that universal name in scorn then.

What are your painted things in princes' courts,
Upon whose eye-lids lust sits, blowing fires
To burn men's souls in sensual hot desires;
Upon whose naked paps, a letcher's thought
Acts sin in fouler shapes than can be wrought?

Just. But those work not as you do.

Saw. No, but far worse.

These, by enchantments, can whole lordships
change

To trunks of rich attire; turn ploughs and teams
To Flanders mares and coaches; and huge trains
Of servitors, to a French butterfly.

Have you not city-wenchies, who can turn
Their husbands' wares, whole standing shops of
wares,

To sumptuous tables, gardens of stolen sin;
In one year wasting, what scarce twenty win?
Are not these witchies?

Just. Yes, yes; but the law
Casts not an eye on these.

Saw. Why then on me,
Or any lean old beldam? Reverence once
Had wont to wait on age; now an old woman,
I'll-favour'd grown with years, if she be poor,
Must be call'd bawd or witch. Such so abused,
Are the coarse witchies; t'other are the fine,
Spun for the devil's own wearing.

Sir Ar. And so is thine.

Saw. She, on whose tongue a whirlwind sits to
blow

A man out of himself, from his soft pillow,
To lean his head on rocks and fighting waves,
Is not that scold a witch? The man of law
Whose honey'd hopes the credulous client draws,
(As bees by tinkling basons) to swarm to him,
From his own hive, to work the wax in his;
He is no witch, not he!

Sir Ar. But these men-witchies
Are not in trading with hell's merchandize,
Like such as you, that for a word, a look,
Denial of a coal of fire, kill men,
Children, and cattle.

Saw. Tell them, sir, that do so:

Am I accus'd for such a one!

Sir Ar. Yes; 'twill be sworn.

Saw. Dare any swear I ever tempted maiden
With golden hooks flung at her chastity,
To come and lose her honour? and being lost,
To pay not a denier for't? Some slaves have done
it.

Men-witchies can, without the fangs of law
Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit
Away for true gold. [pieces

Sir Ar. By one thing she speaks,
I know now she's a witch, and dare no longer
Hold conference with the fury.

Just. Let's then away.

Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray.

[*Exeunt Sir ARTHUR and Justice*

Saw. For his confusion.

Enter Dog.

My dear Tom-boy, welcome!

I'm torn in pieces by a pack of curs

Clapt all upon me, and for want of thee :
Comfort me ; thou shalt have the teat anon.

Dog. Bow, wow ! I'll have it now.

Saw. I am dried up

With cursing and with madness ; and have yet
No blood to moisten these sweet lips of thine.
Stand on thy hind-legs up—kiss me, my Tommy,
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow,
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy
Of thy fine tricks. What hast thou done ? let's
tickle.

Hast thou struck the horse lame as I bid thee ?

Dog. Yes ;

And nipp'd the sucking child.

Saw. Ho, ho, my dainty,

My little pearl ! no lady loves her hound,
Monkey, or paraquit, as I do thee.

Dog. The maid has been churning butter nine
hours ; but it shall not come.

Saw. Let 'em eat cheese and choke.

Dog. I had rare sport

Among the clowns i' th' morrice.

Saw. I could dance

Out of my skin to hear thee. But, my curl pate,
That jade, that foul-tongued whore, Nan Ratcliffe,
Who for a little soap lick'd by my sow,
Struck, and almost had lamed it ;—did not I charge
thee

To pinch that quean to th' heart ?

Dog. Bow, wow, wow ! look here else.

Enter ANN RATCLIFFE, mad.

Ann. See, see, see ! the man i' th' moon has
built a new windmill, and what running there is
from all quarters of the city to learn the art of
grinding !

Saw. Ho, ho, ho ! I thank thee, my sweet mon-
grel.

Ann. Hoyda ! a pox of the devil's false hopper !
all the golden meal runs into the rich knaves'
purses, and the poor have nothing but bran. Hey
derry down ! are not you mother Sawyer ?

Saw. No, I am a lawyer.

Ann. Art thou ? I prithee let me scratch thy
face ; for thy pen has flay'd off a great many men's
skins. You'll have brave doings in the vacation ;
for knaves and fools are at variance in every vil-
lage. I'll sue mother Sawyer, and her own sow
shall give in evidence against her.

Saw. Touch her. [*To the Dog, who rubs against her.*]

Ann. Oh ! my ribs are made of a pauced hose,
and they break. There's a Lancashire hornpipe in
my throat ; hark, how it tickles it, with doodle
doodle, doodle, doodle ! welcome, serjeants ! wel-
come, devil ! hands, hands ! hold hands, and dance
a-round, a-round, a-round. [*Dancing.*]

Re-enter Old BANKS, CUDDY, RATCLIFFE, and Countrymen.

Rat. She's here ; alas ! my poor wife is here.

Banks. Catch her fast, and have her into some
close chamber, do ; for she's as many wivcs are,
stark mad.

Cud. The witch ! mother Sawyer, the witch,
the devil !

Rat. Oh, my dear wife ! help, sirs !

[*She is carried off.*]

Banks. You see your work, mother Bumby.

Saw. My work ? should she and all you here
run mad,
Is the work mine ?

Cud. No, on my conscience, she would not
hurt a devil of two-years old.

Re-enter RATCLIFFE.

How now ? what's become of her ?

Rat. Nothing ; she's become nothing, but the
miserable trunk of a wretched woman. We were
in her hands as reeds in a mighty tempest : spite
of our strengths, away she brake ; and nothing in
her mouth being heard, but " the devil, the witch,
the witch, the devil ! " she beat out her own brains,
and so died.

Cud. It's any man's case, be he never so wise,
to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

Banks. Masters, be ruled by me ; let's all to a
Justice. Hag, thou hast done this, and thou shalt
answer it.

Saw. Banks, I defy thee.

Banks. Get a warrant first to examine her, then
ship her to Newgate ; here's enough, if all her
other villainies were pardon'd, to burn her for a
witch. You have a spirit, they say, comes to you
in the likeness of a dog ; we shall see your cur at
one time or other : if we do, unless it be the devil
himself, he shall go howling to the gaol in one
chain, and thou in another.

Saw. Be hang'd thou in a third, and do thy
worst !

Cud. How, father ? you send the poor dumb
thing howling to the gaol ? he that makes him
howl, makes me roar.

Banks. Why, foolish boy, dost thou know
him ?

Cud. No matter if I do or not ; he's bailable, I
am sure, by law ;—but if the dog's word will not
be taken, mine shall.

Banks. Thou bail for a dog !

Cud. Yes, or bitch either, being my friend. I'll
lie by the heels myself, before puppison shall ; his
dog-days are not come yet, I hope.

Banks. What manner of dog is it ? didst ever
see him ?

Cud. See him ? yes, and given him a bone to
gnaw twenty times. The dog is no court-foisting
hound, that fills his belly full by base wagging his
tail ; neither is it a citizen's water-spaniel, enticing
his master to go a-ducking twice or thrice a week,
whilst his wife makes ducks and drakes at home :
this is no Paris-garden bandog neither, that keeps
a bow-wow-wow-ing, to have butchers bring their
curs thither ; and when all comes to all, they run
away like sheep : neither is this the black dog of
Newgate.

Banks. No good-man son-fool ; but the dog of
hell-gate.

Cud. I say, good-man father-fool, it's a lie.

All. He's bewitch'd.

Cud. A gross lie, as big as myself. The devil
in St. Dunstan's will as soon drink with this poor
cur, as with any Temple-bar-laundress, that washes
and wrings lawyers.

Dog. Bow, wow, wow, wow !

All. Oh, the dog's here, the dog's here !

Banks. It was the voice of a dog.

Cud. The voice of a dog ? if that voice were a
dog's, what voice had my mother ? so am I a dog :
bow, wow, wow ! It was I that bark'd so, father,
to make coxcombs of these clowns.

Banks. However, we'll be coxcomb'd no longer :
away, therefore, to the justice for a warrant ; and

then, Gammer Gurton, have at your needle of witchcraft.

Saw. And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peevish fools!

[*Exeunt BANKS, NAT. and Countrymen.*
Cud. Ningle, you had like to have spoiled all with your bow-ings. I was glad to put them off with one of my dog-tricks, on a sudden; I am bewitch'd, little Cost-me-nought, to love thee,—a pox,—that morrice makes me spit in thy mouth.—I dare not stay; farewell, ningle; you whoreson dog's nose! farewell, witch! [*Exit.*]

Dog. Bow, wow, wow, wow!

Saw. Mind him not, he's not worth thy worrying;

Run at a fairer game: that foul-mouth'd knight,
Scurvy Sir Arthur, fly at him, my Tommy,
And pluck out's throat.

Dog. No, there's a dog already biting,—his conscience.

Saw. That's a sure blood-hound. Come, let's home and play;

Our black work ended, we'll make holyday. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Bed-room in CARTER'S House.
—FRANK in a slumber.

Enter KATHERINE.

Kath. Brother, brother! so sound asleep? that's well.

Frank. (*Waking.*) No, not I, sister; he that's wounded here,

As I am, (all my other hurts are bitings
(Of a poor flea,) but he that here once bleeds,
Is maim'd incurably.

Kath. My good sweet brother;
(For now my sister must grow up in you,)
Though her loss strikes you through, and that I
The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel [*feel*
To kill me too, by seeing you cast away
In your own helpless sorrow. Good love, sit up;
And if you can give physio to yourself,
I shall be well.

Frank. I'll do my best.

Kath. I thank you:

What do you look about you for?

Frank. Nothing, nothing;
But I was thinking, sister—

Kath. Dear heart, what?

Frank. Who but a fool would thus be bound to
Having this room to walk in? [*a bed,*

Kath. Why do you talk so?

Would you were fast asleep.

Frank. No, no; I am not idle.

But here's my meaning; being robb'd as I am,
Why should my soul, which married was to her's,
Live in divorce, and not fly after her?
Why should not I walk hand in hand with Death,
To find my love out?

Kath. That were well indeed,
Your time being come; when Death is sent to call
No doubt you shall meet her. [*you,*

Frank. Why should not I
Go without calling?

Kath. Yes, brother, so you might;
Were there no place to go to when you're gone,
But only this.

Frank. Troth, sister, thou say'st true;
For when a man has been an hundred years

Hard travelling o'er the tottering bridge of age.
He's not the thousandth part upon his way:
All life is but a wandering to find a home;
When we are gone, we're there. Happy were man,
Could here his voyage end; he should not then
Answer, how well or ill he steer'd his soul,
By heaven's or by hell's compass; how he put in
(Losing bless'd goodness' shore) at such a sin;
Nor how life's dear provision he has spent,
Nor how far he in's navigation went
Beyond commission: this were a fine reign,
To do ill, and not hear of it again;
Yet then were man more wretched than a beast;
For, sister, our dead pay is sure the best.

Kath. 'Tis so, the best or worst; and I wish
Heaven

To pay (and so I know it will) that traitor,
That devil Somerton (who stood in mine eye
Once as an angel) home to his deservings:
What villain but himself, once loving me,
With Warbeck's soul would pawn his own to hell,
To be revenged on my poor sister!

Frank. Slaves!

A pair of merciless slaves! speak no more of them.

Kath. I think this talking hurts you.

Frank. Does me no good, I'm sure;
I pay for't everywhere.

Kath. I have done then.

Eat if you cannot sleep; you have these two days
Not tasted any food:—Jane, is it ready?

Frank. What's ready? what's ready?

Kath. I have made ready a roasted chicken for
you. [*Enter Maid with the chicken.*

Sweet, wilt thou eat?

Frank. A pretty stomach on a sudden, yes,—
There's one i' th' house can play upon a lute;
Good girl, let's hear him too.

Kath. You shall, dear brother. [*Exit Maid.*
Would I were a musician, you should hear
How I would feast your ear!—[*Lute plays within.*]
stay, mend your pillow,

And raise you higher.

Frank. I am up too high,
Am I not, sister, now?

Kath. No, no; 'tis well.

Fall to, fall to. A knife! here's ne'er a knife.
Brother, I'll look out your's. [*Takes up his vest*

Enter Dog, shrugging as it were for joy, and dances.

Frank. Sister, O sister,
I'm ill upon a sudden, and can eat nothing.

Kath. In very deed you shall; the want of food
Makes you so faint. Ha!—[*Sees the bloody knife.*]
here's none in your pocket:

I will go fetch a knife. [*Exit hastily.*

Frank. Will you? 'tis well, all's well.

FRANK searches first one pocket then the other, finds the knife, and then lies down.—The spirit of SUMER comes to the bed's side: he starts at it, and then turns to the other side, but the spirit is there—meanwhile enter WINIFRED as a page, and stands sorrowfully at the foot of the bed. FRANK terrified, sits up, and the spirit vanishes.

Frank. What art thou?

Win. A lost creature.

Frank. So am I too. Win?

Ah, my she-page!

Win. For your sake I put on
A shape that's false; yet do I wear a heart
True to yours and your own.

Frank. 'Would mine and thine
Were fellows in one house! kneel by me here.
On this side now! how dar'st thou come to mock
On both sides of the bed? [me

Win. When?

Frank. But just now:

Outface me, stare upon me with strange postures;
Turn my soul wild by a face in which were drawn
A thousand ghosts leapt newly from their graves,
To pluck me into a winding-sheet!

Win. Believe it,

I came no nearer to you than yon place,
At your bed's feet; and of the house had leave,
Calling myself your horse-boy, in to come
And visit my sick master.

Frank. Then 'twas my fancy;

Some windmill in my brains for want of sleep.

Win. Would I might never sleep, so you could
rest!

But you have pluck'd a thunder on your head,
Whose noise cannot cease suddenly; why should
Dance at the wedding of a second wife, [you
When scarce the music which you heard at mine
Had ta'en a farewell of you? O, this was ill!
And they who thus can give both hands away,
In th' end shall want their best limbs.

Frank. Winnifrede,—

The chamber door's fast?—

Win. Yes.

Frank. Sit thee then down;
And when thou'st heard me speak, melt into tears:
Yet I, to save those eyes of thine from weeping,
Being to write a story of us two,
Instead of ink, dipp'd my sad pen in blood.
When of thee I took leave, I went abroad
Only for pillage, as a freebooter,
What gold see'er I got, to make it thine.
To please a father, I have Heaven displeased;
Striving to cast two wedding-rings in one,
Through my bad workmanship I now have none;
I have lost her and thee.

Win. I know she's dead;

But you have me still.

Frank. Nay, her this hand
Murdered; and so I lose thee too.

Win. Oh me!

Frank. Be quiet; for thou art my evidence,
Jury and judge: sit quiet, and I'll tell all.

[While they are conversing in a low tone, Old CARTER and KATHERINE meet at the door of the room.

Kath. I have run madding up and down to find
Being laden with the heaviest news that ever [you,
Poor daughter carried.

Car. Why? is the boy dead?

Kath. Dead, sir!

Oh, father, we are cozen'd; you are told
The murderer sings in prison, and he laughs here.
This villain kill'd my sister; see else, see,

[Takes up his vest; and shows the knife to her
father, who seizes it.

A bloody knife in's pocket!

Car. Bless me, patience!

[Dog paws softly at FRANK, and exit.

Frank. [Seeing them.] The knife! the knife!

Kath. What knife? [the knife!

Frank. To cut my chicken up, my chicken;—
Be you my carver, father.

Car. That I will.

Kath. How the devil steels our brows after
doing ill!

Frank. My stomach and my sight are taken
from me;

All is not well within me.

Car. I believe thee, boy: I that have seen so
many moons clap their horns on other men's fore-
heads to strike them sick; yet mine to scape, and
be well! I that never cast away a fee upon urinals,
but am as sound as an honest man's conscience
when he's dying, I should cry out as thou dost,
"All is not well within me," felt I but the bag of
thy imposthumes. Ah poor villain! ah my wounded
rascal! all my grief is, I have now small hope of
thee.

Frank. Do the surgeons say my wounds are
dangerous, then?

Car. Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but
one.

Frank. Would he were here to open them.

Car. I'll go to fetch him; I'll make an holiday
to see thee as I wish. [Exit.

Frank. A wond'rous kind old man.

Win. Your sin's the blacker,
So to abuse his goodness.—[Aside to FRANK.]—
Master, how do you? [Aloud.

Frank. Pretty well now, boy; I have such odd
qualms

Come cross my stomach:—I'll fall to; boy, cut
me—

Win. You have cut me, I'm sure;—a leg or

Frank. No, no, no; a wing— [wing, sir?
Would I had wings but to soar up yon tower!

But here's a clog that hinders me.

[Re-enter CARTER, followed by Servants, with
the body of HUSAN in a coffin.

What's that?

Car. That? what? oh, now I see her; 'tis a
young wench, my daughter, sirrah, sick to the
death; and hearing thee to be an excellent rascal
for letting blood, she looks out at a casement, and
cries, "Help! help! stay that man! him I must
have or none."

Frank. For pity's sake remove her; see, she
With one broad open eye still in my face! [stares

Car. Thou puttest both her's out, like a villain
as thou art; yet, see! she is willing to lend thee
one again, to find out the murderer, and that's
thyself.

Frank. Old man, thou liest.

Car. So shalt thou—in the gaol. Run for

Kath. Oh thou merciless slave! [officers.
She was (though yet above ground) in her grave
To me; but thou hast torn [her] up again—
Mine eyes, too much drow'd, now must feel
more rain.

Car. Fetch officers. [Exit KATH. with Servants.

Frank. For whom?

Car. For thee, sirrah! sirrah! Some knives
have foolish posies upon them, but thine has a
villainous one; look!—[showing the bloody knife]
—oh, it is enamelled with the heart-blood of thy
hated wife, my beloved daughter! What say'st
thou to this evidence? is't not sharp? does't not
strike home? thou canst not answer honestly, and
without a trembling heart, to this one point, the
terrible bloody point.

Win. I beseech you, sir,

Strike him no more; you see he's dead already.

Car. Oh, sir! you held his horses; you are as
arrant a rogue as he: up go you too.

Frank. As you're a man, throw not upon that Your loads of tyranny, for she is innocent. [*woman*
Car. How? how? a woman! Is't grown to a fashion for women in all countries to wear the breeches?

Win. I am not as my disguise speaks me, sir, his page;

But his first, only wife, his lawful wife.

Car. How? how? more fire i' th' bed-straw!

Win. The wrongs which singly fell upon your On me are multiplied; she lost a life; [daughter, But I an husband and myself must lose, If you call him to a Bar for what he has done.

Car. He has done it then!

Win. Yes, 'tis confess'd to me.

Frank. Dost thou betray me?

Win. Oh pardon me, dear heart! I am mad to lose thee,

And know not what I speak; but if thou didst, I must arraign this father for two sins, Adultery and murder.

Re-enter KATHERINE.

Kath. Sir, they are come

Car. Arraign me for what thou wilt, all Middlesex knows me better for an honest man, than the middle of a market-place knows thee for an honest woman. Rise, sirrah, and don your tacklings; rig yourself for the gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back: your trull shall to the gaol with you; there be as fine Newgate birds as she, that can draw him in: pox on's wounds!

Frank. I have serv'd thee, and my wages now are paid;

Yet my worst punishment shall, I hope, be staid.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Witch's Cottage.*

Enter Mother SAWYER.

Saw. Still wrong'd by every slave? and not a dog

Bark in his dame's defence? I am call'd witch, Yet am myself bewitch'd from doing harm.

Have I giv'n up myself to thy black lust Thus to be scorn'd? Not see me in three days!

I'm lost without my Tomalin; prithee come, Revenge to me is sweeter far than life: Thou art my raven, on whose coal-black wings Revenge comes flying to me. Oh my best love! I am on fire, even in the midst of ice,

Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel Thy curl'd head leaning on them; come, then, my darling,

If in the air thou hover'st, fall upon me In some dark cloud; and as I oft have seen Dragons and serpents in the elements, Appear thou now so to me. Art thou i' th' sea? Muster up all the monsters from the deep, And be the ugliest of them; so that my bulch Shew but his swarth cheek to me, let earth cleave,

And break from hell, I care not! could I run Like a swift powder-mine beneath the world, Up would I blow it all, to find out thee, Though I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come! I must then fall to my old prayer:

Sancibibetur nomen tuum.

Not yet come! [the] worrying of wolves, biting of mad dogs, the manges, and the—

Enter Dog, white.

Dog. How now! whom art thou cursing?

Saw. Thee!

Ha! no, 'tis my black cur I am cursing, For not attending on me.

Dog. I am that cur.

Saw. Thou liest: hence! come not nigh me.

Dog. How, wow!

Saw. Why dost thou thus appear to me in white,

As if thou wert the ghost of my dear love?

Dog. I am dogged, [and] list not to tell thee; yet,—to torment thee,—my whiteness puts thee in mind of thy winding-sheet.

Saw. Am I near death?

Dog. Yes, if the dog of hell be near thee; when the devil comes to thee as a lamb, have at thy throat!

Saw. Off, cur!

Dog. He has the back of a sheep, but the belly of an otter: devours by sea and land. "Why am I in white?" didst thou not pray to me?

Saw. Yes, thou dissembling hell-hound, Why now in white more than at other times?

Dog. Be blasted with the news! whiteness is day's foot-boy, a forerunner to light, which shows thy old rivell'd face: villainies are stripp'd naked; the witch must be beaten out of her cock-pit.

Saw. Must she? she shall not; thou'rt a lying spirit:

Why to mine eyes art thou a flag of truce? I am at peace with none; 'tis the black colour Or none, which I fight under: I do not like Thy puritan paleness; glowing furnaces Are far more hot than they which flame outright. If thou my old dog art, go and bite such As I shall set thee on.

Dog. I will not.

Saw. I'll sell myself to twenty thousand fiends To have thee torn in pieces then.

Dog. Thou canst not; thou art so ripe to fall into hell, that no more of my kennel will so much as bark at him that hangs thee.

Saw. I shall run mad.

Dog. Do so, thy time is come to curse, and rave, and die; the glass of thy sins is full, and it must run out at gallows.

Saw. I cannot, ugly cur, I'll confess nothing; And not confessing, who dare come and swear I have bewitch'd them? I'll not confess one mouthful.

Dog. Choose, and be hang'd or burn'd.

Saw. Spite of the devil and thee, I'll muzzle up my tongue from telling tales.

Dog. Spite of thee and the devil, thou'lt be condemn'd.

Saw. Yes! when?

Dog. And ere the executioner catch thee full in's claws, thou'lt confess all.

Saw. Out, dog!

Dog. Out, witch! thy trial is at hand :
Our prey being had, the devil does laughing stand.
[Goes aside.]

Enter Old BANKS, HATCLIFFE, and Countrymen.

Banks. She's here; attach her. Witch, you must go with us. *[They seize her.]*

Saw. Whither? to hell?

Banks. No, no, no, old crone; your mittimus shall be made thither, but your own jailors shall receive you. Away with her!

Saw. My Tommy! my sweet Tom-boy! Oh, thou dog!

Dost thou now fly to thy kennel and forsake me!
Plagues and consumptions— *[She is carried off.]*

Dog. Ha, ha, ha!

Let not the world witches or devils condemn;
They follow us, and then we follow them.

Enter CUDDY BANKS.

Cud. I would fain meet with mine ingle once more; he has had a claw amongst them: my rival that loved my wench is like to be hang'd like an innocent. A kind cur where he takes, but where he takes not, a dogged rascal; I know the villain loves me. *[Dog barks.]* No! art thou there? *[Seeing the Dog.]* that's Tom's voice, but 'tis not he; this is a dog of another hair, this. Bark, and not speak to me? not Tom then; there's as much difference betwixt Tom and this, as betwixt white and black.

Dog. Hast thou forgot me?

Cud. That's Tom again; prithee, ningle, speak, is thy name Tom?

Dog. Whilst I serv'd my old dame Sawyer, it was; I am gone from her now.

Cud. Gone? away with the witch then too! she'll never thrive if thou leavest her; she knows no more how to kill a cow, or a horse, or a sow, without thee, than she does to kill a goose.

Dog. No, she has done killing now, but must be killed for what she has done; she's shortly to be hang'd.

Cud. Is she? in my conscience if she be, 'tis thou hast brought her to the gallows, Tom.

Dog. Right; I serv'd her to that purpose; 'twas part of my wages.

Cud. This was no honest servant's part, by your leave, Tom. This remember, I pray you, between you and I; I entertain'd you ever as a dog, not as a devil.

Dog. True;

And so I used thee doggedly, not devilishly;
I have deluded thee for sport to laugh at;
The wench thou seek'st after thou never spak'st with,

But a spirit in her form, habit, and likeness.
Ha, ha!

Cud. I do not then wonder at the change of your garments, if you can enter into shapes of women too.

Dog. Any shape, to blind such silly eyes as thine; but chiefly those coarse creatures, dog, or cat, hare, ferret, frog, toad.

Cud. Louse or flea?

Dog. Any poor vermin.

Cud. It seems you devils have poor thin souls,

that you can bestow yourselves in such small bodied. But pray you, Tom, one question at parting; (I think I shall never see you more;) where do you borrow those bodies that are none of your own?—the garment-shape you may hire at brokers.

Dog. Why would'st thou know that, fool? it avails thee not.

Cud. Only for my mind's sake, Tom, and to tell some of my friends.

Dog. I'll thus much tell thee: thou never art so distant

From an evil spirit, but that thy oaths, Curses, and blasphemies pull him to thine elbow; Thou never tell'st a lie, but that a devil is within hearing it; thy evil purposes are ever haunted; but when they come to act, As thy tongue slandering, bearing false witness, Thy hand stabbing, stealing, cozening, cheating, He's then within thee: thou play'st, he bets upon thy part;

Although thou lose, yet he will gain by thee.

Cud. Ay? then he comes in the shape of a rook?

Dog. The old cadaver of some self-strangled wretch

We sometimes borrow, and appear humane;
The carcass of some disease-slain strumpet
We varnish fresh, and wear as her first beauty.
Didst never hear? if not, it has been done;
An hot luxurious lecher in his twines,
When he has thought to clip his dalliance,
There has provided been for his embrace
A fine hot flaming devil in her place.

Cud. Yes, I am partly a witness to this; but I never could embrace her; I thank thee for that, Tom. Well, again I thank thee, Tom, for all this counsel; without a fee, too! there's few lawyers of thy mind now. Certainly, Tom, I begin to pity thee.

Dog. Pity me! for what?

Cud. Were it not possible for thee to become an honest dog yet?—'tis a base life that you lead, Tom, to serve witches, to kill innocent children, to kill harmless cattle, to destroy corn and fruit, and so forth: 'twere better yet to be a butcher and kill for your self.

Dog. Why, these are all my delights, my pleasures, fool.

Cud. Or, Tom, if you could give your mind to ducking, (I know you can swim, fetch, and carry,) some shopkeeper in London would take great delight in you, and be a tender master over you: or if you have any mind to the game, either at hull or bear, I think I could prefer you to Moll Cutpurse.

Dog. Ha, ha! I should kill all the game, bulls, bears, dogs and all: not a cub to be left.

Cud. You could do, Tom; but you must play fair, you should be staved off else. Or if your stomach did better like to serve in some nobleman's, knight's, or gentleman's kitchen, if you could brook the wheel, and turn the spit (your labour could not be much) when they have roast meat, that's but once or twice in the week at most; here you might lick your own toes very well: or if you could translate yourself into a lady's arming puppy, there you might lick sweet lips, and do many pretty offices; but to creep under an old witch's coats, and suck like a great

puppy!—fie upon't! I have heard beastly things of you, Tom.

Dog. Ha, ha!

The worst thou heard'st of me the better 'tis; Shall I serve thee, fool, at the self-same rate!

Cud. No, I'll see thee hang'd, thou shalt be damn'd first! I know thy qualities too well, I'll give no suck to such whelps; therefore, henceforth I defy thee. Out! and avaunt!

Dog. Nor will I serve for such a silly soul. I am for greatness now, corrupted greatness, There I'll shug in, and get a noble countenance; Serve some Briarean foot-cloth strider, That has an hundred hands to catch at bribes, But not a finger's nail of charity. Such, like the dragon's tail, shall pull down hun-

dreds
To drop and sink with him: I'll stretch myself, And draw this bulk small as a silver wire, Enter at the least pore tobacco-fume Can make a breach for: hence, silly fool! I scorn to prey on such an atom soul.

Cud. Come out, come out, you cur! I will beat thee out of the bounds of Edmonton, and to-morrow we go in procession, and after thou shalt never come in again: if thou dost to London, I'll make thee go about by Tyburn, stealing in by Thieving-lane. If thou canst rub thy shoulder against a lawyer's gown, as thou passest by Westminster-hall, do; if not, to the stairs amongst the ban-dogs, take water, and the devil go with thee!

[*Exit, followed by Dog barking.*]

SCENE II.—LONDON. The neighbourhood of Tyburn.

Enter Justice, Sir ARTHUR SOMERSTON, WARBECK, CARTER, and KATHERINE.

Just. Sir Arthur, though the bench hath mildly censured your errors, yet you have indeed been the instrument that wrought all their misfortunes; I would wish you paid down your fine speedily and willingly.

Sir Ar. I shall need no urging to it.

Car. If you should, 'twere a shame to you; for, if I should speak my conscience, you are worthier to be hang'd of the two, all things considered; and now make what you can of it: but I am glad these gentlemen are freed.

War. We knew our innocence.

Som. And therefore fear'd it not.

Kath. But I am glad that I have you safe.

[*A noise within.*]

Just. How now? what noise is that?

Car. Young Frank is going the wrong way.—Alas, poor youth! now I begin to pity him.

Enter Old THORNTY and WINIFRED weeping.

Thor. Here let our sorrows wait him; to press nearer

The place of his sad death, some apprehensions May tempt our grief too much, at height already;—Daughter, be comforted.

Win. Comfort and I

Are too far separated to be join'd But in eternity; I share too much Of him that's going thither.

War. Poor woman, 'twas not thy fault; I

grieve to see thee weep for him that hath my pity too.

Win. My fault was lust, my punishment was shame.

Yet I am happy that my soul is free Both from consent, fore-knowledge, and intent, Of any murder, but of mine own honour; Restored again by a fair satisfaction, And since not to be wounded.

Thor. Daughter, grieve not For what necessity forceth; Rather resolve to conquer it with patience. Alas, she faints!

Win. My griefs are strong upon me; My weakness scarce can bear them.— [*A great cry within.*—Away with her! Hang her, witch!

Enter to Execution Mother SAWYER; Officers with halberds, followed by a crowd of country people.

Car. The witch, that instrument of mischief!—Did not she witch the devil into my son-in-law, when he kill'd my poor daughter? Do you hear, mother Sawyer?

Saw. What would you have?

Cannot a poor old woman have your leave To die without vexation?

Car. Did not you bewitch Frank, to kill his wife? He could never have done't without the devil.

Saw. Who doubts it? but is every deyl mine?

Would I had one now whom I might command To tear you all in pieces! Tom would have done't,

Before he left me.

Car. Thou didst bewitch Ann Ratcliffe to kill herself.

Saw. Churl, thou liest; I never did her hurt: would you were all as near your ends as I am, that gave evidence against me for it!

Coun. I'll be sworn, master Carter, she bewitch'd Gammer Washbowl's sow to cast her pigs a day before she would have farrowed: yet they were sent up to London, and sold for as good Westminster dog-pigs, at Bartholomew-fair, as ever great-belly'd ale-wife longed for.

Saw. These dogs will mad me; I was well resolv'd

To die in my repentance. Though 'tis true I would live longer if I might, yet since I cannot, pray torment me not; my conscience is settled as it shall be: all take heed How they believe the devil; at last he'll cheat you.

Car. Thou'dst best confess all truly.

Saw. Yet again?

Have I scarce breath enough to say my prayers, And would you force me to spend that in bawling?

Bear witness, I repent all former evil; There is no damned conjuror like the devil.

All. Away with her, away! [*She is led off.*]

Enter FRANK to Execution, Officers, &c.

Thor. Here's the sad object which I yet must meet

With hope of comfort, if a repentant end Make him more happy than misfortune would Suffer him here to be.

Fran. Good sirs, turn from me;
You will revive affliction almost kill'd
With my continual sorrow.

Thor. Oh, Frank, Frank!
Would I had sunk in mine own wants, or died
But one bare minute ere thy fault was acted!

Frank. To look upon your sorrows executes
me,
Before my execution.

Win. Let me pray you, sir—

Frank. Thou much-wrong'd woman, I must
sigh for thee,

As he that's only loath to leave the world
For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,
Unfriended; and for me to beg a pity
From any man to thee when I am gone,
Is more than I can hope; nor, to say truth,
Have I deserv'd it: but there is a payment
Belongs to goodness from the great Exchequer
Above; it will not fail thee, Winnifrede;
Be that thy comfort.

Thor. Let it be thine too,
Untimely lost young man.

Frank. He is not lost.
Who bears his peace within him: had I spun
My web of life out at full length, and dream'd
Away my many years in lusts, in surfeits,
Murders of reputations, gallant sins
Commended or approved; then, though I had
Died easily, as great and rich men do,
Upon my own bed, not compell'd by justice,
You might have mourn'd for me indeed; my
miseries

Had been as everlasting, as remediless:
But now the law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd,
With greater rigour my unhappy fact,
Than I myself have every little sin.
My memory can reckon from my childhood:
A court hath been kept here, where I am found
Guilty: the difference is, my impartial judge
Is much more gracious than my faults are mon-
strous

*** to be nam'd; yet they are monstrous.

Thor. Here's comfort in this penitence.

Win. It speaks

How truly you are reconciled, and quickens
My dying comfort, that was near expiring
With my last breath: now this repentance makes
thee

As white as innocence; and my first sin with
thee.

Since which I knew none like it, by my sorrow
Is clearly cancell'd. Might our souls together
Climb to the height of their eternity,
And there enjoy what earth denied us, happi-
ness!

But since I must survive, and be the monu-
ment

Of thy loved memory, I will preserve it
With a religious care, and pay thy ashes
A widow's duty, calling that end best,
Which, though it stain the name, makes the soul
blest.

Frank. Give me thy hand, poor woman; do
not weep:

Farewell! thou dost forgive me!

Win. 'Tis my part
To use that language.

Frank. Oh! that my example
Might teach the world hereafter what a curse

Hangs on their heads, who rather choose to
marry

A goodly portion than a dower of virtues!—
Are you there, gentlemen? there is not one
Amongst you whom I have not wrong'd; you
most, [To CARTEL

I robb'd you of a daughter;—but she is
In heaven; and I must suffer for it willingly.

Car. Ay, ay, she's in heaven, and I am glad to
see thee so well prepared to follow her. I forgive
thee with all my heart; if thou hadst not had ill
counsel, thou would'st not have done as thou
didst; the more shame for them!

Som. Spare your excuse to me, I do conceive
What you would speak; I would you could as
easily

Make satisfaction to the law, as to
My wrongs: I am sorry for you.

War. And so am I,
And heartily forgive you.

Kath. I will pray for you,
For her sake, who, I'm sure, did love you
dearly.

Sir Ar. Let us part friendly too; I am ashamed
Of my part in thy wrongs.

Frank. You are all merciful,
And send me to my grave in peace. Sir Arthur,
Heaven send you a new heart!—lastly, to you,
sir;

And though I have deserv'd not to be call'd
Your son, yet give me leave upon my knees,
To beg a blessing. [Kneels.

Thor. Take it; let me wet
Thy cheeks with the last tears my griefs have left
me.

O Frank, Frank, Frank!

Frank. Let me beseech you, gentlemen,
To comfort my old father, keep him with you;
Love this distressed widow; and as often
As you remember what a graceless man
I was, remember likewise that these are
Both free, both worthy of a better fate,
Than such a son or husband as I have been.
All help me with your prayers. On, on: 'tis
just

That law should purge the guilt of blood and lust.
[He is led off by the Officers.

Car. Go thy ways; I did not think to have shed
one tear for thee, but thou hast made me water
my plants spite of my heart. Master Thorney,
cheer up, man; whilst I can stand by you, you shall
not want help to keep you from falling: we have
lost our children both on's the wrong way, but
we cannot help it; better or worse, 'tis now as
'tis.

Thor. I thank you, sir; you are more kind
than I
Have cause to hope or look for.

Car. Master Somerton, is Kate yours or no?

Som. We are agreed.

Kath. And but my faith is pass'd, I should fear
to be married, husbands are so cruelly unkind.
Excuse me that I am troubled.

Som. Thou shalt have no cause.

Just. Take comfort, mistress Winnifrede. Sir
Arthur,

For his abuse to you and to your husband,
Is by the bench enjoind to pay you down
A thousand marks,

Sir Ar. Which I will soon discharge.

Win. Sir, 'tis too great a sum to be employ'd
Upon my funeral.

Car. Come, come; if luck had serv'd, Sir
Arthur, and every man had his due, somebody
might have tottered ere this, without paying fines;
like it as you list. Come to me, Winnifrede, shalt
be welcome. Make much of her, Kate, I charge

you; I do not think but she's a good wench, and
bath had wrong as well as we. So let's every man
home to Edmonton with heavy hearts, yet as merry
as we can, though not as we would.

Just. Join friends in sorrow; make of all the
Harms past may be lamented, not redrest. (Exit)

[Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by WINNIFREDE.

I AM a widow still, and must not sort
A second choice, without a good report;
Which though some widows find, and few deserve,
Yet I dare not presume; but will not swerve
From modest hopes. All noble tongues are free;
The gentle may speak one kind word for me.

